TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1832.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the discontinuance of some of the Steam-packets, and the consequent early period of the month at which it was supposed necessary that this number should go to press, several Articles, by our most valued distant Contributors, reached us too late; particularly "Financial Reform," "The Tendency of Sir Walter Scott's Writings," and "The Reformer;" and, in consequence of a press of Articles that could not stand over till next month, our Articles on Tithe Fallacies, Austin's Lectures on Jurisprudence, and some others not of merely temporary interest, have been reserved for our December Number. For several excellent Tales we have not yet found it possible to make room; more than one Tale being inadmissible in the same Number. To the Authors of "Paddy Foorhane's Fricassee," "The Ventilators," "The Priest's Horse," and "A Tale of Sheffield," we are under particular obligations. Their esteemed contributions shall appear with all possible dispatch. Poems by the Authors of "Night-burial at Sea," "Eikon Basilike," "The Spring Day," Captain Calder Campbell, and several other Contributors, shall speedily appear.

To all of our Correspondents we return our sincere thanks for their readiness to contribute to this Magazine. It is peculiarly gratifying to us, to think that not a few of the most distinguished writers of the day have given this Periodical the honour and advantage of their steady support in preference to other Monthly Periodicals; a preference which has been solely owing to a community of principles, and to our known earnestness in the cause of the people; and to no pecuniary advantages held out to these writers by this vehicle for their thoughts, more than they would have readily found elsewhere. So abundant have we found talent on the liberal side of politics, that, for several months, we have not been able to use a fourth part of the able political articles voluntarily sent us.

All prose articles which do not suit us, we return as early as we can; but the poetical contributions sent us are so numerous that we can neither engage to return those which do not suit, nor to intimate their unsuitableness in any way save by not inserting them within three or four numbers after their receipt. It will readily be understood, from what we have said as to the number of *good* articles sent us, that we have to return many for no reason derogatory to their merit, but simply for want of room. Our reluctance to return to the authors, contributions with which we are greatly pleased, often induces us to retain articles for months, in the hope of finding space for them.

TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE RADICAL POETS.

Ebenezer Elliott, Author of *Corn Law Rhymes, The Village Patriarch, Splendid Village*, &c. &c. &c.; Crabbe, Burns, Cowper, Southey, Pollok, a Country Curate, &c. &c. &c.

"What is poetry?" has often been asked. To this question, Lord Bacon, a true poet, though he wrote in prose, replies,—"It is something divine; because it raises the mind, and hurries it into sublimity, by conforming the shows of things to the desires of the soul; instead of subjecting the soul to external things, as reason and history do." What is poetry? we ask of Hazlitt, another of the poets, who neither submitted to the links of rhyme, nor more majestic bondage of blank verse; and he poetically replies,—"Poetry is that fine particle within us that expands, rarifies, refines, raises our whole being—without it man's life is poor as beasts';" and he eloquently illustrates the definition,—"The child is a poet, in fact, when he first plays at hide-and-seek, or repeats the tale of Jack the Giant Killer; the shepherd lad is a poet, when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the countryman, when he gazes after the Lord Mayor's Show; the miser, when he hugs his gold; the courtier, when he builds his hope upon a smile; the savage, when he paints his idol with blood; the slave who worships a tyrant, and the tyrant who fancies himself a God; the vain, the ambitious, the proud, the choleric man; the hero and the coward, the beggar and the king, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, all live in a world of their own making; and the poet does no more than describe what all others think and act." These are subtle and exalted descriptions of poetry—passionate and imaginative poetry; but they are not complete. What is poetry? we inquire of Ebenezer Elliott, a Radical Poet, and he forcibly and briefly answers,—"What *is* poetry but impassioned truth?" The definition is clear and complete as regards his own writings, and applies, with nearly equal propriety, to those of Crabbe, the *Great Founder* of the *Radical School;* in which the Sheffield worker in iron and in steel is rather his steady and unflinching fellow-labourer than imitative dis-

ciple. His poetical Radicalism is as original and vigorous as is his genius.

The definition of Elliott applies with equal exactness to all the *Radical* poetry of the writers whose names are arranged at the head of this article. They make a formidable list; yet it would not be difficult to swell it; and every day is witnessing conversions among the living versemen, and making additions to the number of the *Radical Poets.* The late volume of Mr. Proctor (Barry Cornwall) places him fairly in the category; and the author of the *Village Workhouse* has enrolled himself frankly and at once a volunteer under the Radical banner. The Radicalism of Burns*—who died so early as to have scarcely begun to live to reflection, and who spent his noble mind in feeling—is but incidentally visible, though its character and genuineness cannot be mistaken. It runs through his tale of the *Twa Dogs*, forms the depressing theme of his elegiac verses, *Man was Made to Mourn*, and triumphs in his glorious song,—

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the goud, for a' that!"

A deep-hidden vein of Radicalism runs through all the poetry of Cowper, occasionally breaking out both in his sarcasm, and pathetic regrets over the changed condition of the poor, and the manners of the rural population; and in his keen satire and sweeping denunciations of the profligacy and degeneracy of the higher orders; the corruption of modern statesmen, and of the clergy and magistracy; and the gradual demoralization of the people from impolitic or wicked laws; the Excise, with its legalized perjuries, its bounty on intemperance, and mockery of the sanctity of oaths; the State Lottery, and the military mania. But Cowper is, on Radical subjects, now comparatively an old writer. The materials of Radicalism have increased ten-fold since the author of the *Task* and of *Expostulation* laid aside his pen. He had closed his books before the consequences of the late war were even guessed at by the "terrible sagacity" of the poet. The bulk of Crabbe's writings were, in point of time, twenty or more years later, and, in point of fact, and of the extraordinary position of the country, a full century later. Crabbe, again, had, in his turn, ceased to write before the evils of the system were felt in their utmost rigour—evils which are hurrying us to Heaven knows where. The gentle and benevolent spirit of Cowper was spared the pain of witnessing in *his* England, beloved with all her faults, the train of miseries produced by an enormous expenditure corrupting the few and grinding the many, and the consequent monstrous abuse of the poor laws; or the evils which false policy has created, and entailed on production, and the fearfully increased distress of a wretched, starving, and, by consequence, an ignorant and reckless population, madly aggravating every misery of their actual condition, by their own thoughtlessness.

Grahame, the friend of liberty, and the most soft-hearted of all poets, is also the gentlest of Radicals. Who can forget his affecting descriptions of the sufferings and feelings of the rural population, groaning under the proud man's contumely, or driven from their ancestral fields by

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* We shall have an early opportunity of shewing our readers Burns as a MAN and a POET, in the light in which he should be viewed, and in the portraiture of one amply qualified by kindred genius and feeling to appreciate him truly—Allan Cunningham.

"stern monopoly;" or his touching pictures of the city mechanic, "plying the sickly trade?" The tenderness and benevolence of his nature was yet more strongly excited by the condition of children in factories, and those brought from their native cottages and burn-sides, to the dark unwholesome cellars, and stifling garrets, of the city lanes. Many of his descriptions, and most pathetic remonstrances and appeals, are of the finest essence of Radicalism. Who can ever forget such passages as these?

——— "Oft from their high
And wretched roof they look, trying through clouds
Of driving smoke, a glimpse of the green fields
To gain; while at the view they feel their hearts
Sickening within them. Ah, these vain regrets
For happiness, that now is but a dream,
Are not their sorest evil. No! disease,
(The harvest of the crowded house of toil,)
Approaches, withering fast the opening bloom
Of infant years."

"Oh, that heart-wringing cry
To take them *home*—to take them home again!"

It need scarcely be told that the Laureate was, in his earlier years, a thorough, and indeed, a bitter Radical poet. His anti-manufacturing, anti-Malthusian, and anti-Macculloch opinions, make him still something "more than kin though less than kind" to a large section of the Radicals; however indignantly he might disclaim the relationship. Mr. Southey may have done severe, and, we doubt not, very sincere penance for those sins of his youth, *Wat Tyler*, and the *Battle of Blenheim;* but the spirit of the *Wanderer*, the *Eclogues*, and the *Wedding*, will continue to animate his poetry, while he trusts himself with popular subjects. Not one of the poets we have mentioned are so directly and zealously teachers in the school of which Crabbe is the Chief, as the Laureate was. The constraining power of the Spirit of Truth has made this an age fertile of Balaams; and Mr. Southey is of the number of the prophets.

Crabbe, whom we hold as the Founder of the Radical school, is emphatically the poet of low, of *mean*, and of suffering life. He has never yet found a true critic, though the progress of events has now given him many intelligent interpreters. No one appears to have either fathomed the Radical depths of his mind, or to have comprehended the most important purpose which may be educed from his writings. It cannot be said that he has manifested any pre-concerted design of drawing attention to the condition of the poor, and the prospects of society. But he was a deeply reflective and an actively benevolent man, of acute observation and profound thought. The discharge of his duty as a conscientious clergyman, brought him into close and constant contact with the poor; and his heart and mind from their overflowing fulness, poured forth treasured hoards of thought and feeling, in humorous, playful, sarcastic, and most pathetic verse, describing especially the condition of the lower classes, with great power, with minute fidelity, and in the spirit of "impassioned truth." His mind was full of his subject, and he was earnest and sincere in the deliverance of the prophet-message intrusted to him. But the mode was of lesser concernment; one man employs the lofty seraph-tone of Milton; another, the quaint para-

phrastic style of Bunyan. Crabbe had his own peculiar signs, though it is clear that he labours with the mighty reality, if not always with the consciousness of a great moral and political purpose, which his critics not perceiving, have judged him by the ordinary vulgar rules and standards of poetical jurisdiction, never once hitting upon the fundamental principle of his compositions. He is the Hogarth of the poets, and the critics read him like a child, nor understand half the meanings figured forth by his successive pictures. These meanings are beginning to glimmer upon them now. It is now seen that *Radical* wrongs and evils are at the foundation of all the speculations he has illustrated in *tale* and elegy—that the *poor* are ever present with him. They may not at all times claim his respect, but they engross his thoughts and his care, and very much of his affection. If he dwell quite enough upon their debasing pursuits, and the mean concomitant vices of extreme poverty and extreme ignorance, he does not neglect their redeeming qualities. He loves to paint their piety, patience, resignation; and their tenacity and delicacy of affection; their inborn sense of the manly and independent in character, and all "the virtues of the lowly train." The living truth of his descriptions has been universally acknowledged; and, than some of them, there are none in the language more powerful in simple pathos, and piteous and tender beauty, whether in thought or expression. Yet in the delineations of the master-poet of the suffering poor, pain must predominate. He, in fact, becomes oppressive and afflicting. The reader is looking in the verse of Crabbe for what he has accustomed himself to expect from all poetry,—pleasure, however melancholy or serious its prevailing character may be; and he quarrels with the author for not ministering the sweetened or the spiced draught, for which the poet has never bargained. The fastidious recoil, with somewhat of disgust, from his wholesome potions, distilled of rue and euphrasy, and all bitter but salutary herbs; and persons of keen sensibility on the hopeless, sickening view of society which he presents, are, with some shew of justice, tempted to retort upon him his own powerful words:—

> "I'll know no more;—my heart is torn
> By sights of wo it cannot heal!
> Long shall I see these things forlorn,
> And oft again their woes shall feel,
> As each upon the mind shall steal."———

A clear apprehension of the latent purpose of Crabbe and of Elliott will enable the reader to overcome this nausea. The poetry of both is something entirely different from the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of ordinary minstrelsy, or "the voices of those who play sweetly upon the instrument." They probe the festering sore to the bottom; and tear away the veiling rags which, in our impatient selfishness, we are content to see interposed between the foul, eating ulcer and our daintiness; but this disgust is given only that the canker may be thoroughly exposed and examined, and skilfully salved. Neither of the Radical bards seems to give himself much concern whether his passionate representations of truth be what are conventionally considered fit for the purposes of poetry or not; contented if, by rousing, agitating, and affecting our feelings, they can awaken the torpid sense to the justice which society owes to its outcast, and its degraded and suffering members. The admonitions both have received, not to write in verse what must give pain, are about as reasonable as forbidding a physician to administer a healing draught in

a glass vessel, as such vessels are usually consecrated to vinous beverages and social potations.

We need not longer detain the reader from the avowed Radical poet, by citing from the writings of Crabbe proofs of how closely their feelings and opinions were akin.

Ebenezer Elliott is an original writer in an imitative age; and a powerful one at a time tending in literature to feebleness and effeminacy. He is himself; and in manner resembles no one else. Like every other original writer, he draws from the great mine of nature; but he works a vein which is wholly his own; and the ore he hammers out—for he is not skilful in refining processes or in the use of crucibles and alembics—bears his own deep and distinct impress,—Nature's broad arrow stamping every ingot. There is, accordingly, almost nothing which the Radical poet has written that could have been the composition of any other man. The shaping and cast of his thoughts are as much his own as the garb of strong and glowing words in which they are clothed. He is "a self-educated poet;" and it were to be wished that some one would, once for all, explain this parrot phrase, and fix the limits which divide the taught from the "self-taught" poets. To the latter class belong Shakspeare, Burns, and Elliott; to the former class, Milton, Wordsworth, and Byron. But were Milton and Byron poets because they studied at Oxford and Cambridge; and was Shakspeare an infinitely greater poet than either, because he could only have transiently smelt the air of the former learned city in passing through it, a fugitive adventurer? This phrase, "self-educated" poet, has, we suspect, no fixed meaning of any kind, if it have any meaning at all; and we imagine that the elements of all literary education, reading and writing, once attained, every poet may be described as "self-educated." Burns has said that no poet ever met the Muse, until he had learned to wander, solitarily,

> "Adown some wimpling burn's meander,
> And no' think lang."

The only essential difference, we apprehend, between man and man, in whom the native genius lurks, over which time and the hoar can have influence, may be the enjoyment of leisure, and an employment favourable to the ripening and development of the poetical character. Like the business of Burns, for example,

> "In glory and in joy,
> Following his plough upon the mountain's side;"

while Elliott's toilsome and noisy Cyclop calling, though it could not preclude the reception and gradual accumulation of poetical ideas, must have been adverse and retarding to their germination and development. The superincumbent weight of circumstances must have pressed heavily upon him; but the undying, unquenchable principle was there. The seed slowly received into a soil so naturally fertile and congenial, might long lie hidden; but gently nourished and quickened at last by the sun of truth and the dews of heaven, like the chilled and retarded buds and blossoms of a hyperborean region, it sprung at length into "the bright, consummate flower."

We do not exactly know how long Mr. Elliott may have been writing poetry; but he must have been revolving it, and brooding over it, for many years, and long maintaining a manly vigorous struggle, though, so far as we see, all his more important compositions have been published

within the last three years. Though our information is neither full nor perfect, every thing about the mental constitution and intellectual growth of "a self-educated mind" belonging to Elliott's class, is at present doubly interesting and curious, even though it may be far from arriving at the maturity and manly vigour of his disciplined understanding. These are the men, the influence of whose opinions is already strongly and directly felt in public affairs. They are the sinews of our society, and they must soon be more. With their virtue and intelligence, or their profligacy and ignorance, the weal or wo of Britain is bound up; and, apart from poetical accomplishment, we linger on the character of Elliott, as on a bright augury; trusting that, though far superior in poetic genius, he may be in knowledge and principle only a fair specimen of tens of thousands of our artisans. He says himself, in a private letter to a friend, that there was no early sign of the elemental poet about him, nor indeed bright promise of any kind. But it must be noticed that he has no faith in original genius. He, however, confesses to that inborn propensity which is the unfailing and least equivocal mark of the genuine poetic temperament—the love of nature. The love of nature and the education of Jacobinism formed the *Radical Poet*. Elliott was born rather more than fifty years since, in a village near the town of Sheffield. There,—we use his own strong words, and none can be found so fit,—he is still "a dealer in steel, working hard every day; literally *labouring* with head and hands, and alas with my heart too! If you think the steel trade, in those profitless days, is not a heavy, hard-working trade, come and break out a ton." A man of his knowledge and energy was not likely to remain the mere workman of another. Elliott, though labouring with his hands and head, is his own master, as well as his children's provider. But we must briefly advert to his origin and his youth. His father, a man of education and of great natural humour, was a commercial clerk in an iron establishment, and also a Jacobin, the name given in those days to the friends of liberty by the artifice of its enemies, and meant to express the last degree of whatever was ruffianly and opprobrious. He was, his son writes, "a Jacobin, marked as such, and hunted, literally hunted out of society on that account. The yeomanry used to amuse themselves, periodically, by backing their horses through his windows. "I," says Elliott, "*I have not forgotten the English Reign of Terror;* there you have the source of my political tendencies." This holds in thousands of instances besides that of Mr. Elliott. The blood of the martyrs of freedom in the end of the last century has been the fruitful seed of liberty in this. The children of the persecuted then, are among the most determined of the Radicals now. Young Elliott excelled all his companions in kite-making, and such feats of boyish mechanical dexterity; but nevertheless obtained the reputation of a dunce, and almost a fool; and to prove that he deserved it he chose to play truant for weeks and months on end, preferring to hunt lizards, and search out bird nests in the Threybergh woods to the first four rules of Arithmetic. "To those wild wanderings," he says in the letter to a friend quoted above, "I impute the love of Nature and her wonders, which will quit me but with life." Though averse to school learning, Elliott speaks with the utmost affection and respect of his early teacher, Joseph Ramsbottom.—What a name! Mr. Croker or Mr. Hooke might exclaim, for one whom Elliott describes "as one of those unsophisticated beings, whom the *improved* state of society will no longer permit to subsist among us. He was disinterestedness personified; a man of

genius, of infantine kindness, of patriarchal simplicity; the gentlest and most benevolent of human creatures: humble, pious, industrious, resigned, he lived and died as few can live and die." He was an able mathematician and ingenious mechanic, and distinguished by a fondness for flowers.—Had the *Radical Poet* been trained at Harrow or Eton, we should, as soon as he became popular, have heard among the great a great deal about his tutors; and on as just a principle we here notice "the best of men, Joseph Ramsbottom."

As Elliott was a suspected dunce only for liking the woods and moors better than Dilworth or Cocker, his father gave up the point of school learning, and sent him into the Foundry with which he was himself connected, upon the foreman (a shrewd man, belike,) giving the comforting assurance that the lad was after all no fool. Like the sturdy energetic Radical he afterwards grew, Elliott put his soul into his business, and soon gave promise of becoming a first-rate workman. "At this period," he says, in the letter noticed above, "I was saved or lost by an accident;"—"saved," assuredly, if by this is meant that his character was, from this time, determined to poetry; or to pursuits which led to it. A young relative was taking in a work on botany, with coloured prints of plants, in monthly numbers, and Elliott was allowed to peruse it, and taught by a common mechanical process to trace the plates. He thus became a draughtsman, and a lover of plants; which again led him back to the woods, and away from the ale-house, whither he owns he had sometimes gone with the other workmen. About this same time his brother bought a copy of Thomson's Seasons, which, being a good reader, he read aloud to the family, until the reputed dunce silently obtained some faint glimmering perception of the beauty of the descriptions. When Giles laid down the book, Ebenezer took it up, and carried it into the garden, whither he duly went to compare the poet's descriptions with the natural living flowers.

On holydays he still sought the woods to gather flowers. Poets call their writings "garlands, and wreaths, and chaplets." How long Elliott's poetry continued literally so, we cannot tell; nor yet when his mute, or flower-worship of Nature burst forth into words—the strong, fervid, earnest words of "impassioned truth."

When he first published is equally a secret to us; but he did publish long ago, and fortunately found his poetry completely neglected:—Fortunately, we say advisedly; for though there may be minds to whom neglect is annihilation, there are others more nervous and more sternly-strung, to whom it gives strength, pride, self-reliance, and instant and complete emancipation from the trammels of codes of opinion, and the systems of schools of criticism. Something worse than neglect, made, or shewed Lord Byron to be a great poet; and had Elliott's first attempts been received with maukish praise, and the fulsome empty airs of modern patronage, we might have found him still dallying with "subjects fit for poetry," instead of seeing him the masculine, original, and energetic Radical poet, which, left to himself, and taking counsel of his own mind only, he has become. By the time the critics and self-elected guardians of literature began to claim jurisdiction over him, Elliott had luckily learned to think and judge for himself, and, we suspect, to imagine that he was at least as much in the secret of where his strength lay as any one of them.

We cannot pretend to give an abstract of the poems of Elliott; though, in attempting some account of them, we believe we shall perform an ac-

ceptable service to the public, at least in this end of the island ; and to the friends of liberty, and of the improvement of mankind everywhere. *Corn-Law Rhymes* is a title to which few persons affix any intelligible idea ; and those who chance to be acquainted with the poetry of Elliott, only through this small volume, must have a very inadequate notion indeed of the high poetical merit of the *Village Patriarch*, of *Love*, and of the *Splendid Village*.

Love is a sentimental and descriptive poem, containing passages of touching beauty and pathos. It may be the most sustained and equal of all Mr. Elliott's productions, though it is far inferior in vigour, force, and power, to his subsequent writings. The *Corn-Law Rhymes* is a mere collection of pieces of very unequal merit, and is somewhat indebted to the attraction of a quaint name ; but of his more regular efforts, every one has been a decided improvement on that which preceded it. From *Love* we extract a few lines, following the opening apostrophe to "Love the eldest Muse." They are recommended by referring to the domestic circumstances of the author, for which reason we prefer them to more brilliant passages :—

"Love, 'twas my heart that named thee! sweetest word,
Here, or in highest Heav'n pronounced or heard!
Whether by seraph near the throne above,
Or soul-sick maiden in the vernal grove,
Or matron, with her first-born on her knee,
Or, sweeter, lisp'd by rose-lipp'd infancy!
Yes, Love, my heart did name thee! not because
Thy mandate gave the bright-hair'd comet laws ;
Nor that thy hand, in good almightiest, showers
The everblooming, fiery-petall'd flowers
Wide o'er the fields of hyacinthine Heav'n ;
But that to me thy richest smile hath giv'n
Bliss, tried in pain. And mid my rosy boys,
In joy and grief, I sing thy griefs and joys.
Bless'd is the hearth, when daughters gird the fire,
And sons, that shall be happier than their sire,
Who sees them crowd around his evening chair,
While love and hope inspires his wordless pray'r.
Oh, from their home paternal may they go,
With little to unlearn, though much to know!
Them may no poison'd tongue, no evil eye
Curse for the virtues that refuse to die,
The generous heart, the independent mind,
Till truth, like falsehood, leaves a sting behind!
May temperance crown their feast, and friendship share!
May pity come, Love's sister spirit, there!
May they shun baseness, as they shun the grave!
May they be frugal, pious, humble, brave!
Sweet peace be theirs, the moonlight of the breast,
And occupation, and alternate rest,
And, dear to care and thought, the rural walk!
Theirs be no flower that withers on the stalk,
But roses cropp'd, that shall not bloom in vain,
And hope's bless'd sun, that sets to rise again!
Be chaste their nuptial bed, their home be sweet,
Their floor resound the trade of little feet ;
Bless'd beyond fear and fate, if bless'd by thee,
And heirs, oh, Love, of thine eternity!"

Though *Love* is not the characteristic volume of the *Radical poet*, we must give one or two more passages. This is from an address to conjugal and maternal love :

"Oh, bless'd, who drinks the bliss that Hymen yields,
And plucks life's roses in his quiet fields!
Though in his absence hours seem lengthen'd years,
His presence hallows separation's tears.
Oh, clasp'd in dreams, for his delay'd return
Fond arms are stretch'd, and speechless wishes burn!
Love o'er his fever'd soul sheds tears more sweet
Than angels' smiles, when parted angels meet:
To him no fabled paradise is given;
His very sorrows charm, and breathe of heav'n.
And soon the fairest form that walks below
Shall bless the name of parent in her wo;
Soon o'er her babe shall breathe a mother's pray'r,
And kiss its father's living picture there,
While the young stranger on life's dangerous way
Turns with a smile his blue eye to the day."

The second book of this poem opens finely with an apostrophe to the faithful, conjugal love, and domestic bliss of virtuous Poverty. It is so amiable, and the lesson so nobly Radical, that we cannot resist this passage.

"Oh, faithful Love, by Poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
Ev'n as thy taper gives intensest light,
When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.
Oh, if thou e'er hast wrong'd her, if thou e'er
From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear
To flow unseen,—repent, and sin no more!
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;
Gold, weigh'd against her heart, is light—is vile,
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing sink to sleep,
And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep;
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dash'd o'er,
Another comes to wet it as before;)
Yet, while in gloom your freezing day declines,
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green;
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
Let Luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,
And, while he feeds him, blush, and tremble, too!
But, Love and Labour, blush not, fear not, you!
Your children, (splinters from the mountain's side,)
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of Men, be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the wo-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair,
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.
Burns o'er the plough sung sweet his woodnotes wild,
And richest SHAKSPEARE was a poor man's child.
Sire green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils, as thou hast endured.
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice!

Hear Hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice!
See Freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise.
And Hampden, Russell, Sidney, in their eyes!
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
All hearths but thine, let him behold them, too,
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo!"

The story of the blind-struck bride, is full of interest and subdued pathos, and knowledge of that most wayward thing, a human heart, which, though not naturally either cruel or bad, is yet not under the guidance of steady principle, and the influence of early-formed good habits.

But it is in the *Village Patriarch* that the opinions and tendencies of Elliott are first distinctly evolved. He feels like a true and reflecting Englishman the gradual debasement, and rapid impoverishment of the people, from the combined operation of the Poor Laws, the Game Laws, and that hydra-curse the Corn Law, which has given activity to all the misery resulting from the Poor Laws, and made them more injurious to the morals and condition of the people, from the end of the American war till now, or in fifty years, than in all the centuries which have intervened since their institution. The Bread Tax, which, he emphatically says, speaks to him from the trenchers of his ten children, Elliott considers the tap-root of all the evils under which the country is labouring. The scrimped trencher is, indeed, quickening, powerful inspiration. The beer flaggon of himself and his neighbours, drained dry by excessive taxation, is equal to the poet's Helicon, with the minstrel whose only muse is Useful Truth, The account Mr. Elliott has given of the origin of his political poetry, sets the matter in the true light. Nor is it to the philosopher the least valuable section of his writings.

"My poem may be a weed, but it has sprung, unforced, out of existing things. It may not suit the circulating libraries for adult babies; but it is the earnest product of experience, a retrospect of the past, and an evidence of the present—a sign of the times—a symptom, terrible, or otherwise, which our state doctors will do well to observe with the profoundest shake of the head; for it affords a prognostic, if not a proof, that Smith and Macculloch must soon be as familiar as Dilworth to school-boys. And is it of no importance what a man of the middle class—hardly raised above the lowest—thinks, when the lowest are beginning to think? Believing as I do, that the Corn Laws have a direct and rapid tendency to ruin my ten children and their country, with all its venerable and venerated institutions, where is the wonder if I hate the perpetrators of such insane atrocities? Their ancestors, I believe, were good men. The Savilles and the Rockinghams, were not palaced almoners, nor are their successors like the Shelleys and the Lauderdales. But when suicidal anti-profit laws speak to my heart from my children's trenchers; when statutes for restricting the industry of a population, which is only superabundant because it is oppressed, threaten to send me to the treadmill, for the crime of inflicted want; when, in a word, my feelings are *hammered* till they are 'cold-short;' habit can no longer bend them to courtesy; they snap, and fly off in sarcasm. Is it strange that my language is fervent as a welding heat, when my thoughts are *passions*, that rush burning from my mind, like white-hot bolts of steel? You do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the importance of *these low matters of trade*; you do not seem to suspect, that, if the Corn Laws continue much longer, the *death-struggle* of competition will terminate *suddenly!*"

Like every other powerful thinker, who looks abroad with his eyes open, and whose vision is neither rendered purblind by "interest-begotten prejudices," nor disturbed by an attempt to accommodate facts to theories, Elliott believes the condition of the great mass of the people to be much worse, than it was even thirty years back; and that the accumulation of capital has been the scattering of well-being, owing to

bad government, bad institutions, and unskilful legislation. To prove this may be assumed as the leading moral object of the *Village Patriarch*.

Enoch Wray, the venerable ruin of an English handicraftsman of the good olden time, has seen a century of years, is blind and poverty-stricken, but still maintains his independence of character, and his place as the patriarch of the hamlet. He is full of shrewd and sagacious thought, and of ennobling feelings and recollections. The poem opens with a striking description of a day of severe settled frost, and the old blind man groping his way abroad.

> "How lone is he, who, blind and near his end,
> Seeks old acquaintance in a stone or tree!
> All feeling, and no sight! Oh let him spend
> The gloaming hour in chat with memory,
> Nor start from dreams, to curse reality,
> And friends, more hard and cold than trees and stones."

The "poor blind father" is elbowed in his way by

> "Men whose harsh steps have language, cruel tones
> That strike his ear and heart, as if with steel!
> Where dwelt they, ere corruption's brazen seal
> Stamped power's hard image on such dross as theirs.
> Thou meanest thing that Heaven endures and spares,
> Thou up-start Dandy, with the cheek of lead!
> How darest thou from the wall push those grey hairs?
> Dwarf! if He lift a finger thou art dead!
> * * * * * * *
> 'Some natural tears he drops, but wipes them soon,'
> And thinks how changed his country and his kind,
> Since he in England's and in manhood's noon
> Toiled lightly, and earned much; or, like the wind,
> Went forth o'er flowers, with not a care behind;
> And knew nor grief, nor want, nor doubt, nor fear.
> Beadle! how can'st thou smite with speech severe,
> One who was reverenced long ere thou was't born?
> No homeless, soulless beggar meets thee here:
> Although that threadbare coat is patched and torn,
> His bursting heart repels thy taunt with scorn.
> * * * * *
> You, too, proud dame, whose eye so keenly scans
> The king's blind subject on the king's high-road,
> You, who much wonder that, with all our plans
> To starve the poor, they still should crawl abroad;
> Ye both are journeying to the same abode."

But we cannot follow the logical deductions of the lady, nor yet advert to the beautifully descriptive lines which follow, blended with the recollections of the patriarch. This account of changed manners, and city life, is, if less pleasing, more to our purpose.

> "But much he dreads the town's distracting maze,
> Where all, to him, is full of change and pain.
> New streets invade the country: and he strays,
> Lost in strange paths, still seeking, and in vain,
> For ancient landmarks, or the lonely lane
> Where oft he played at Crusoe, when a boy.
> Fire vomits darkness, where his lime-trees grew;
> Harsh grates the saw, where coo'd the wood-dove coy;
> Tomb crowds on tomb, where violets drooped in dew;
> And, brighter than bright heav'n the speed-well blue
> Cluster'd the bank, where now the town-bred boor
> (Victim and wretch, whose children never smile)
> Insults the stranger, sightless, old, and poor,

On swill'd Saint Monday, with his cronies vile,
Drunk, for the glory of the holy isle,
While pines his wife and tells to none her woes!

"Here, Enoch, flaunts no more the wild brier rose,
Nor basks the lizard here, nor harmless snake.
In Spring, no more the broom, all golden glows
O'er the clear rill, that, whimpering through the brake,
Heard thy blithe youth the echoing vale awake.
All that was lovely then is gloomy now.
Then, no strange paths perplex'd thee, no new streets,
Where draymen bawl, while rogues kick up a row;
And fish-wives grin, while fopling fopling meets;
And milk lad his rebellious donkey beats,
While dwarfish cripple shuffles to the wall;
And hopeless tradesmen sneaks to alehouse mean;
And imps of beggary curse their dad, and squall
For mammy's gin; and matron, poor and clean,
With tearful eye, begs crust for lodger lean;
And famish'd weaver, with his children three,
Sings hymns for bread; and legless soldier, borne
In dog-drawn car, imploreth charity;
And thief, with steak, from butcher runs forlorn;
And debtor bows, while banker smiles in scorn;
And landed pauper, in his coach and four,
Bound to far countries from a realm betray'd,
Scowls on the crowd, who curse the scoundrel's power,
While coachee grins, and lofty lady's maid
Turns up her nose at bread-tax-paying trade,
Though master bilketh dun, and is in haste."

The contrast of the scene with the time

"When Locksley o'er the hills of Hallam chased
The wide-horned stag,"

is more poetical but less characteristic of Elliott; and we turn to the city-pent widow, who—

"Still tries to make her little garden bloom,
For she was country-born. No weeds appear
Where her poor pinks deplore their prison-tomb;
To them, alas! no second spring shall come!"

We leave the decaying flowers, for the sickly human flower.

"Pale, dwindled lad, that on her slated shop
Set'st moss and groundsel from the frosty lea!
O'er them no more the tiny wren shall hop:
Poor plants! poor child! I pity them, and thee;
Yet blame I not wise Mercy's high decree:
They fade, thou diest, but thou to live again,
To bloom in heav'n. And will thy flowers be there?
Heav'n, without them, would smile, for thee, in vain.
Thither, poor boy, the primrose shall repair,
There violets breathe of England's dewy air,
And daisies speak of her, that dearest one,
Who then shall bend above thy early bier."

We must not follow the widow and her boy farther. Yet more deeply pathetic, in the same strain, is this little incidental notice of the poor women in the Sheffield Factories, soothing toils, which nothing can cheer, by chanting hymns.

"Hark! music still is here! How wildly sweet,
Like flute-notes in a storm, the psalm ascends
From yonder pile, in traffic's dirtiest street!
There hapless woman at her labour bends,

While with the rattling fly her shrill voice blends,
And ever, as she cuts the headless nail,
She sings, 'I waited long, and sought the Lord,
And patiently did bear.' A deeper wail
Of sister voices joins, in sad accord,
'He set my feet upon his rock ador'd!'
And then, perchance, 'O God, on man look down!'"

Such is the pathetic power, the moral pathetic of this Radical poet. We can remember many picturesque incidents of this nature in the elder poets and romance writers. The peasant chanting the old ballad of the Roncesvalles fight,—the milk-maid's song, so finely introduced by honest Isaac Walton,—and poor Ophelia's snatches of old ballads—but nothing so deeply moving as the minstrelsy of these poor Sheffield tasked work-women.

The blind patriarch on his ramble, visits an old friend, also blind and bed-ridden. But we cannot go farther into the history of his friend, or of the interview, than to extract a few lines from the prayer which Enoch breathes by the bed-side of Charles. Let us first notice that the patriarch's *useful* life had been spent in the labours of a stone-mason,—almost an architect,—the constructor of country mills, and stanch, enduring, old-fashioned mountain bridges. Charles had been his fellow-labourer, and now Enoch,

——— "with hands uplifted reverently,
And heav'nward eyes, upon his bended knees,
Implores the Father of the poor to spare
His pious friend, and cure his long disease;
Or give him strength his painful load to bear,
That, dying, he may shew 'what good men are.'"

But we pass to the pith of Enoch's earnest petitions and thanksgivings.

—— "Thee, we bless, that he can proudly say
He eats the hoarded bread of industry,
And that he hath not, in his evil day
Tasted the bitterness of parish-pay.
Though frail thy child, like all who weep below,
His life, thou know'st, has been no baneful weed;
He never gather'd where he did not plough,
He reap'd not where he had not scatter'd seed;
And Christ for wretched sinners deigned to bleed!
At *thy* tribunal want may be forgiv'n;
There, to be lowly, is not to be base;
Oh, then—if equal in the eye of heav'n
Are all the children of the human race,"——

We break off again abruptly; leaving the reader to follow out this passage.

The old man, seated in the sunshine of a bright winter's day, gives the poet opportunity for a hasty retrospection of the great public events of the last century; ending with the first French Revolution. This closes with a comparison between Washington and Napoleon, which it rejoices us to see a *Radical* make; as the name of the latter hero has often proved a meteor that has dazzled and misled too many professing the political faith of Elliott, but with much less knowledge of its fundamental principles.

Some complimentary lines to "cloud-rolling" Sheffield, and her skilled and independent artisans, free, on the return of the Sabbath, to emerge from the forge, and from the darkness of their six days' toil, lead to this splendid passage:—

"Light! all is not corrupt; for thou art pure,
Unchanged and changeless! Though frail man is vile,
Thou lookst on him serene, sublime, secure,
Yet, like thy Father, with a pitying smile.
Light! we may cloud thy beams, but not defile.
Even on this wintry day, as marble cold,
Angels might quit their homes to visit thee,
And match their plumage with thy mantle, rolled
Beneath God's Throne, or billows of a sea,
Whose isles are worlds, whose bounds infinity.
Why, then, is Enoch absent from my side?
I miss the rustle of his silver hair;
A guide no more, I seem to want a guide,
While Enoch journies to the House of Prayer;
Ah, ne'er came Sabbath day but he was there!
Lo, how, like him, erect and strong, though grey,
Yon village-tower, time-touched, to God appeals!
But, hark! the chimes of morning die away!
Hark! to the heart the solemn sweetness steals,
Like the heart's voice, unfelt by none who feels
That God is Love, that man is living dust."

The Sabbath-walk of the toil-freed townsman, with his little children, to whom the very air of Heaven is a rich banquet, is, in tenderness and sweetness, the counterpart of similar descriptions in Grahame; and then we have the *skailing* of the kirk, which gives room for many little shrewd and sarcastic strokes and sketches of character. We see the spiritless, scorned curate; and are told of the reduced English yeoman and his degenerate successor, and see the ancient home,

——"where once dwelt Matthew Hayes,
A trading yeoman of the bygone days.
There, where his fathers sojourned on the plain,
And damn'd the French, yet loved all humankind,
His annual feast was spread, nor spread in vain;
There his own acres billowed in the wind
Their golden corn. A man of vulgar mind,
He laughed at learning, while he scrawled his cross,
And reared his boy in sloth. But times grew worse;
War came; and public waste brought private loss."

It is useless to follow a common history. The yeoman and his wife die broken-hearted beggars. Their ill-educated son supports a life of degradation and low debauchery, by poaching and theft. Let us turn for comfort to the dwelling, and forget the perished inmates. The English home—

——"that sternly could withstand
The storms of more than twice a hundred years!
In such a home was Shakspeare's Hamlet planned;
And Raleigh's boyhood shed ambitious tears
O'er Colon's wrongs. How proudly it uprears
Its tower of clustered chimneys, tufted o'er
With ivy, ever green amid the grey;
Yet envy-stung, and muttering ever more
To yon red villa, on the King's highway,—
'Thou dandy, I am not of yesterday.'
Time seems to reverence these fantastic walls.
Behold the gables quaint, the cornice strong!
The chambers, bellying over latticed halls!
The oaken tracery, outlasting long
The carven stone!"

The following sketch of an intelligent, reasoning, reflecting, instructed artisan, is a piece of first-rate Radical poetry. Let us hope, and, with

many late convincing proofs, the very existence of such a man as Elliott forces us to believe, that, among the skilled labourers of the great manufacturing towns, there exist thousands of parallels to the grandson of Miles Gordon, and that the number is rapidly increasing. Blind Enoch starts at hearing a footstep fancied familiar :—

"Alas! Miles Gordon ne'er will walk again;
But his poor grandson's footstep wakes thy tear,
As if indeed thy long-lost friend were near.
Here oft, with fading cheek, and thoughtful brow,
Wanders the youth, town-bred, but desert-born;
Too early taught life's deepening woes to know,
He wakes in sorrow with the weeping morn,
And gives much labour for a little corn.
In smoke and dust, from hopeless day to day,
He sweats to bloat the harpies of the soil,
Who jail no victim, while his pangs can pay
Untaxing rent, and trebly taxing toil,
They make the labour of his hands their spoil,
And grind him fiercely; but he still can get
A crust of *wheaten* bread, despite their frowns;
They have not sent him, like a pauper yet,
For workhouse wages, as they send their clowns;
Such tactics do not answer yet in towns;
Nor have they gorged his soul. Thrall though he be
Of brutes who bite him, while he feeds them, still
He feels his intellectual dignity;
Works hard, reads usefully, with no mean skill
Writes; and can reason well of good and ill.
He hoards his weekly groat. His tear is shed
For sorrows which his hard-worn hand relieves.
Too poor, too proud, too just, too wise to wed,
(For slaves enough already toil for thieves,)
How gratefully his growing mind receives
The food which tyrants struggle to withhold!
Though hourly ills his every sense invade,
Beneath the cloud that o'er his home is rolled,
He yet respects the power which *man* hath made,
Nor loathes the despot-humbling sons of trade.
—But when the silent Sabbath-day arrives,
He seeks the cottage bordering on the moor,
Where his forefathers passed their lowly lives,
Where still his mother dwells, content, though poor,
And ever glad to meet him at the door.
Oh, with what rapture he prepares to fly
From streets and courts, with crime and sorrow strewed,
And bids the mountain lift him to the sky!
How proud to feel his heart not all subdued!
How happy to shake hands with solitude!
Still, Nature, still he loves thy uplands brown,
The rock that o'er his father's freehold towers!
And strangers hurrying through the dingy town,
May know his workshop by its sweet wild-flowers,
Cropped on the Sabbath from the hedge-side bowers."

Elliott's early passion for flowers breaks forth in the sequel to this description, as in many other places of his poetry; but all this we give up, deeming, since we cannot transfer his volumes altogether to our pages, the useful better than the beautiful.

Our Artisan-poet, in his pride of intelligence, and intellectual superiority, is occasionally somewhat severe, if not unjust, in speaking of agricultural labourers. And yet, with saddened hearts, we must subscribe to the painul truth of this picture. The writer is describing the worst con-

dition of the toil-worn artisan, dragging the chain of life along, all but hopeless; and still, in all that distinguishes *man* from *brute*, so far above the rural labourer:—

> "How unlike thee, though once erect and proud,
> Is England's peasant slave, the trodden down,
> The parish-paid, in soul and body bowed!
> How unlike thee, is Jem, the rogue avowed,
> Whose trade is poaching! Honest Jem works not,
> Begs not; but thrives by plundering beggars here.
> Wise as a lord, and quite as good a shot,
> He, like his betters, lives in hate and fear,
> And feeds on partridge, because bread is dear.
> Sire of six sons, apprentice to the jail,
> He prowls in arms, *the Tory of the night.*
> With *them* he shares his battles and his ale;
> With *him* they feel the Majesty of might;
> No despot better knows that Power is Right.
> Mark his unpaidish sneer, his lordly frown;
> Hark! how he calls beadle and flunky liars;
> See, how magnificently he breaks down
> His neighbour's fence."

The comparison between Jem poaching in the squire's covers, and the Tory poaching on society at large is felicitous. By this time the reader surely sees that our *Radical Poet* is no ordinary versifier,—power, beauty, tenderness, are alike his elements. We have given instances of them all, and might multiply them, page after page, if this were admissable. He only fails decidedly in attempts at light humour; for abruptness, and occasional want of attention to minute finish, produce only those trivial blemishes which are not worthy notice. His vocation, as a poet and as a man, is to furnish the original metal in rods and bars, leaving to the less strong-armed, though more patient workman, to mould and finish into all kinds of useful instruments or pretty toys. Elliott is indeed too earnest and conscientious to succeed in humour. He is too deeply affected with his subject to sport, and dally, and trifle with it. We therefore feel *Alice Green*, and all about that old lady, tiresome, and out of place; and this is the more provoking, as we suspect our author, without any affection for Alice himself, has introduced her, mistakingly enough, for the entertainment and relief of his readers. But, by this time, Mr. Elliott knows that the public are in the vein of witnessing his tragedy and serious comedy, without interlude of any kind. The world, for nearly four hundred years, has never been in so earnest a temper as now, nor in one so fitted to relish the poetry which grows out of this disposition—his *Radical poetry.*

With whatever reluctance, we must pass all Mr. Elliott's heartfelt and beautiful descriptions of the scenery around Sheffield. They will survive to ennoble his town when much of it, of great present value, shall have for ever perished. It is enough that he has made us familiar with the finest aspects of the streams, the moors, and the hills of Hallamshire, in strains of noble poetry.

The desperate, reckless grinder, who,

> "Born to die young, nor fears nor man nor death"—

we must also pass; and, what is more important, the vision, philosophic and political, of old Enoch, to whom the spirit of the regicide Bradshaw comes, in the night-watches, running over, with a spirit's fiery glance, the history of degenerate England. In this Dante vision, Pitt and Castlereagh—"ice-hearted dog!"—are not forgotten; and long shall we look

in fashionable pages for poetry of the same boldness and energy. It would be doing positive injustice to the poet, to attempt any extract of this vision; nor can we enter on the tragic episode of Hannah Wray, exposing the effects of the cruel and detestable game-laws; nor yet on Enoch's visit to the churchyard, that now vital spot to him; and of his groping among the tomb-stones, reading, for the last time, with his fingers, the inscription he had chiselled on the head-stone which marked where his wife and children reposed—the babe of a day, the infant of thirty weeks, the man of fifty years, all

> "Children of Enoch and of Mary Wray."

Let us hasten to the close. In a lovely April evening, the patriarch sits in the cheerful sun,

> ——————"stooping his tresses grey,
> To hear the stream, his ancient neighbour, run,
> Young, as if Time had yesterday begun.
> Heaven's gates are like an angel's wing, with plumes
> Of glorious green, and purply gold, on fire;
> Through rifts of mount'nous clouds, the light illumes
> Hill tops and woods that, pilgrim-like, retire;
> And, like a giant torch, burns Morthen spire.
> Primrosy odours, violet-mingled, float
> O'er blue bells and ground ivy, on their wings
> Bearing the music of the blackbird's note.
> Beneath the dewy cloud the wood-lark sings,
> But on our father's heart no gladness flings.
> *Mary* bends o'er him mute. Her youngest lad
> Grasps, with small hand, his grandsire's finger fast.
> Well knows the old man that the boy is sad;
> And the third Mary, as she hurries past,
> Trembles, and looks towards the town aghast."

These symptoms foretell an execution for rent in the house of his son-in-law, where his old age had long found refuge:

> "The Bible of his sires is marked for sale;
> But degradation is to him despair.
> The hour is come which Enoch cannot bear;
> But he can *die!*"

And the *Village Patriarch* dies, the "last of England's king-souled poor." Though tenderness that thrills, and a homely, earnest power that stirs and warms the breast, are the distinguishing excellencies of Elliott's poetry, the strong arm of the Artisan has a bolder sweep, his lyre grander, and more majestic and swelling tones. The final close of this poem rises to the true sublime:

> ——"Bid the mountains weep for Enoch Wray,
> And for themselves, albeit of things that last
> Unaltered most; for they shall pass away
> Like Enoch, though their iron roots seem fast
> Bound to the eternal Future, as the Past!
> The Patriarch died, and they shall be no more.
> Yes! and the sailless worlds which navigate
> Th' unutterable deep that hath no shore,
> Will lose their starry splendour, soon or late,
> Like tapers, quenched by Him whose will is fate!
> Yes, and the Angel of Eternity,
> Who numbers worlds, and writes their names in light,
> Ere long, oh, Earth! will look in vain for thee,
> And start, and stop, in his unerring flight,
> And, with his wings of sorrow and affright,
> Veil his impassioned brow."

The Corn-Law Rhymes, we have said, are a collection of poems all bearing on one great point, but of unequal merit. The longest is entitled the *Ranter;* which, with Elliott, means a field preacher of the bold and free spirit of the old Scottish Covenanters. He is the same Miles Gordon lamented by the *Village Patriarch*. The home of the many-childed widow, in whose humble dwelling he occupies a prophet's chamber! the Sabbath morning preparations, the out-door worship "on Shirecliffe's lofty side," the surrounding scenery, the gradual dispersion of the mists, and the brightening of the morning, are all beautifully described; but our readers will prize more a few "notes" of the energetic *Radical* sermon. And first, we have a denunciation of the Wesleyan Methodists, and an assertion of the right of out-door worship.

"'Wo be unto you, Scribes and Pharisees,
Who eat the widow's and the orphan's bread,
And make long prayers to hide your villanies,'
Said He who had not where to lay his head;
And wandering forth, while blew the Sabbath breeze,
Pluck'd ears of corn, with humble men, like these.
God blames not him who toils six days in seven,
Where smoke and dust bedim the golden day,
If he delight, beneath the dome of heaven,
To hear the winds, and see the clouds at play,
Or climb his hills, amid their flowers to pray.
Ask ye, if I, of Wesley's followers one,
Abjure the house where Wesleyans bend the knee?
I do—because the *spirit* thence is gone;
And truth, and faith, and grace, are not, with me,
The Hundred Popes of England's Jesuitry.
We hate not the religion of bare walls;
We scorn not the *cathedral'd* pomp of prayer;
For sweet are all our Father's festivals,
If contrite hearts the heavenly banquet share,
In field or temple: God is everywhere!
But we hate arrogance and selfishness,
Come where they may—and most beneath the roof
Sacred to public worship; we profess
No love for him who feels no self-reproof
When in God's house he stands from God aloof.
Nor worship we grim Mars the homicide;
Our prayers are not for slaughter; we behold
With scorn, sectarian and prelatic pride,
Slaves, if not bought, too willing to be sold,
Christians misnamed, whose gods are blood and gold.
What are the *deeds* of men call'd Christian, now?
They roll themselves in dust before the great;
Wherever Mammon builds a shrine, they bow:
And would nail Jesus to their cross of hate,
Should He again appear in *mean* estate.
Pleasant, repaid by splendid beauty's smile,
Praised by the proud, to flatter power and pride,
And prate of independence all the while;
Pleasant and safe, down sunny streams to glide;
But virtue fronts the blast, and breasts the tide.
Where are their 'protests,' monthly, weekly made,
Against Abaddon's Corn Law, and his sword?
Where their petitions for unfetter'd trade?
Where their recorded execrations, pour'd
On blood stain'd tyrants, and the servile horde?
When earth wept blood, that wolves might lap and swill,
And pleading mercy was a trampled worm,
Basely they pander'd to the slayer's will;
And still their spells they mutter in the storm,
Retarding long the march of slow reform."

It is agreeable to turn from the *Cadi-Dervises*, or justice-parsons of the present day, held up to loathing and bitter scorn, in the severe, but truthful, not satiric page of Elliott to passages like this.

"Oh, for a Saint, like those who sought and found,
For conscience' sake, sad homes beyond the main,
The Fathers of New England, who unbound,
In wild Columbia, Europe's double chain;
The men whose dust cries, 'Sparta, live again!'
The slander'd Calvinists of Charles's time
Fought, and they won it, Freedom's holy fight.
Like prophet-bards, although they hated rhyme,
All incorruptible as Heaven's own light,
Spoke each devoted preacher for the right.
No servile doctrines, such as power approves,
They to the poor and broken-hearted taught;
With truths that tyrants dread, and conscience loves,
They wing'd and barb'd the arrows of their thought;
Sin in high places was the mark they sought.
They said not, 'Man, be circumspect, and thrive!
Be mean, base, slavish, bloody—and prevail!'
Nor doth the Deity they worshipp'd drive
His four-in-hand, applaud a smutty tale,
Send Members to the House, and us to gaol.
With zeal they preach'd, with reverence they were heard;
For in their daring creed, sublime, sincere,
Danger was found, that parson-hated word;
They flatter'd none—they knew nor hate nor fear,
But taught the will of God—and *did it* here.
Even as the fire-winged thunder rends the cloud,
Their spoken lightnings, dazzling all the land,
Abash'd the foreheads of the great and proud,
Still'd faction's roar, as by a God's command,
And meeken'd Cromwell of the iron hand."

Against the "*Cadi-Amateur*," or fashionable Tory saint, the *Ranter* next launches his moral thunders; and let those who would understand the might of *Radical* poetry, read the following disjointed extracts, which we wish much we could give more entire:—

"Dost thou, thus early, mighty lord, repair
To yonder fane? 'Tis well. Go, and in tears
Kneel, holy wretch, although the Sabbath air
Is weary of thy long unpunish'd prayer.
Thou, who with hellish zeal, wast drunk and blind,
When tyrants, cloven-hoof'd in heart and brain,
Made murder pastime; and the tardy wind
Bore fresh glad tidings o'er the groaning main
Of hecatombs on Moloch's altar slain!
Kneel, Saint of Carnage!—kneel, but not to Baal;
Kneel, but alone, with none to laud thy zeal;
For the hour cometh when the reed shall fail
On which the wicked lean. But wherefore kneel?
Can the worn stone repent, and weep, and feel?
Still harder granite forms the bosom core
Of him who laugh'd when freedom's thousands fell.
Hark! 'tis the voice, that erst of battle's roar
Was wont too oft from yonder tower to tell,
Pealing, at thy command, o'er crash and yell,
And fiend-like faces, reddening in the light
Of streets, that crimson'd midnight with their glare,
When England hired the hell-hounds of the fight,
Because men broke, in their sublime despair,
The bonds which nature could no longer bear!
Hark! 'tis the *iron* voice! and still to thee

It speaks of death. Perchance, some child of clay,
Some wo-worn thrall of long iniquity,
Some drudge, whose mate can yet afford to pay
For decent pray'rs, treading the gloomy way
Which all must tread, is gone to her long rest,
And last account;—a dread one *thine* will be!
Of means atrocious, used for ends unbless'd!
And joy—for what? for guilty victory;
States bought and sold, by fraud to tyranny!
Slaves arm'd to kill; the free by slaves enslaved;
Red havoc's carnival from shore to shore;
Sons slaughter'd, widows childless, realms depraved;
And Britain's treasures pour'd in seas of gore,
Till lords ask alms, and fiercely growl for more!
Yes, when your country is one vast disease,
And failing fortunes sadden every door,
These, O ye quacks, these are your remedies;
Alms for the rich!—a bread-tax for the poor!
Soul-purchased harvests on the indigent moor!
Thus the wing'd victor of a hundred fights,
The warrior ship, bows low her banner'd head,
When through her planks the sea-born reptile bites
Its deadly way—and sinks in ocean's bed,
Vanquish'd by worms. What then? The worms were fed.
Will not God smite thee black, thou whited wall?
Thy life is lawless, and thy law a lie,
Or nature is a dream unnatural."

What follows is an original mode of illustrating the principles of Free Trade.

"Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky!
Lo, all is interchange and harmony!
Where is the gorgeous pomp which, yester morn,
Curtain'd yon orb, with amber, fold on fold?
Behold it in the blue of Rivelin, borne
To feed the all-feeding seas! the molten gold
Is flowing pale in Loxley's crystal cold,
To kindle into beauty tree and flower,
And wake to verdant life, hill, vale, and plain.
Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power:
But should the clouds, the streams, the winds disdain
Harmonious intercourse, nor dew nor rain
Would forest-crown the mountains: airless day
Would blast, on Kinderscout, the heathy glow;
No purply green would meeken into grey,
O'er Don at eve; no sound of river's flow
Disturb the sepulchre of all below."

Pursuing the same subject the *Ranter* breaks out,

"Is there no land where useful men are prized
By those they feed? Or will there never be
For hope a refuge, and a dwelling place,
Where tyrants, in their mad rapacity,
Shake not their clench'd fists in the Almighty's face,
And cry 'Thou fool!' Shall glorious seas embrace
A thousand shores in vain? Shall paupers grow,
Where he hath said the eagle's young shall feed?
Shall hopeless tears to water deserts flow,
While flow his mighty streams, with none to heed,
And make fertility a baneful weed?
Poor bread-tax'd slaves, have ye no hope on earth?
Yes, God from evil still educes good;
Sublime events are rushing to their birth:
Lo, tyrants by their victims are withstood!
And Freedom's seed still grows, though steep'd in blood!"

We must give a few lines from the concluding exhortation of the Preacher, and his animated address to Commerce.

"Despond not, then, ye plunder'd sons of trade!
Hope's wounded wing shall yet disdain the ground,
And Commerce, while the powers of evil fade,"
Shout o'er all seas, "all lands for me were made!
Her's are the apostles, destined to go forth
Upon the wings of mighty winds, and preach
Christ Crucified! To her the South and North
Look through their tempests; and her lore shall reach
Their farthest ice, if life be there to teach.
Yes, world-reforming Commerce! one by one
Thou vanquishest earth's tyrants! and the hour
Cometh, when all shall fall before thee—gone
Their splendour, fall'n their trophies, lost their power.
Then o'er th' enfranchised nations wilt thou shower,
Like dewdrops from the pinions of the dove,
Plenty and peace; and never more on thee
Shall bondage wait; but, as the thoughts of love,
Free shalt thou fly, unchainable and free;
And men, thenceforth, shall call thee Liberty.

"Farewell, my friends! we part, no more to meet
As trampled worms; but we shall meet again
At God's right hand, and our Redeemer's feet!
And oft! how oft! Meantime, your solemn strain
Shall roll from Shirecliffe's side, o'er vale and plain.
Oh, keep the seventh day holy, wheresoe'er
Ye be, poor sons of toil! sell not to those
Who sold your freedom, sell not for a sneer
Your day of rest; but worship God, where glows
The flame-tipp'd spire, or blooms the wild-wood rose.
Hallow this day to gladness."

So much for the *serious* and *earnest* poetry of *the Corn-Law Rhymes*. A specimen of what is lighter in tone, though probably as effective, remains to be given; and, at a loss what to choose, we select, at random, a few stanzas of a kind of hymn.

"Up, widow, up, and swing the fly;
Or push the grating file!
Our bread is tax'd, and rents are high,
That wolves may burst with bile.
Sire of the hopeless! canst thou sleep?
Up, up, and toil for gouls,
Who drink our tears, but never weep,
And, soulless, eat our souls.

"Child, what hast thou with sleep to do?
Awake, and dry thine eyes:
Thy tiny hands must labour too;
Our bread is tax'd, arise!
Arise, and toil long hours twice seven,
For pennies two or three;
Thy woes make angels weep in Heaven,
But England still is free!

"Up, weary man, of eighty-five,
And toil in hopeless wo!
Our bread is tax'd, our rivals thrive,
Our gods will have it so.
Yet God is undethron'd on high,
And undethroned will be!
Father of all! hear Thou our cry,
And England *shall* be free!

* * * *

"They smite in vain who smite with swords,
And scourge with vollied fire;
Our weapon is the whip of words,
And truth's all-teaching ire;
The blow it gives, the wound it makes,
Life yet unborn shall see,
And shake it, like a whip of snakes,
At unborn villany."

The *Death Feast* is full of deep, touching pathos; and in the sarcastic vein we have *Caged Rats*, the *Black Hole of Calcutta*, and others; though these are the least our favourites.

The *Splendid Village* yet remains. It is a sequel to the *Village Patriarch*, and the most finished and beautiful of all Mr. Elliott's political poems. It has, however, appeared so recently in a periodical work that we must limit our extracts. The *Splendid Village* is the modern *Auburn*. It is re-visited by a lonely wanderer from foreign lands, who had spent his boyhood here, and who bitterly feels, and feelingly describes the changes visible, at his return, on every thing around him; and most of all on the hearts and minds of the degraded and brutalized poor. He enters a hovel:

"My brother dwelt within. 'Tis true, he took
My offer'd hand, but froze me with a look
So trouble-worn and lost, so hard yet dull,
That I shrank from him, though my heart was full:
I sought society, but stood alone,
I came to meet a man, and found a stone!
His wife, in tatters, watch'd the fireless grate;
Three boys sate near her, all in fierce debate,
And all in rags—but one constructing snares,
With which, at night, to choke Lord Borough's hares.
'My sister Rose had parish pay,' they said,
'And Ann was sent abroad, and Jane was dead;
And these misfortunes laid my sire beside
The mother, who in better days had died.'
Such welcome found the wanderer of the deep!
I had no words—*I sobb'd, but could not weep.*"

Mr. Suckemwell, the keeper of the Modern Academy, which had taken place of the primitive village school; the poor curate and his lame donkey on their Sunday steeple-chase; the miserable usher,

"Servant of servants, brow-beat by a knave!"

we must hurry past to come to the Attorney, whose mushroom pomp flourishes under the shadow of

"Broad Beech! thyself a grove! five hundred years
Speak in thy voice, of bygone hopes and fears;
And mournfully, how mournfully! the breeze
Sighs through thy boughs, and tells of cottages
That, happy once, beneath thy shadow gazed
On poor men's fields, which poor men's cattle grazed!
Now, where three cotters and their children dwelt,
The lawyer's pomp alone is seen and felt;
And the park entrance of his acres three,
Uncrops the ground which fed a family.
What then? All see, he is a man of State,
With his three acres, and his park-like gate!
Besides, in time, if times continue dark,
His neighbour's woes may buy his gate a park!
Oh, then, let trade wear chains, that toil may find
No harvests on the barren sea and wind;

Nor glean, at home, the fields of every zone ;
Nor make the valleys of all climes his own ;
But with the music of his hopeless sigh
Charm the blind worm that feeds on poverty !"

In drawing to a close, we feel as if, in the account we have given of Elliott's poetry, lengthened as it is, we have rather done justice to his vigour and peculiarities as a powerful thinker, than to the extreme beauty, delicacy, and sensibility of his genius as a poet. The fount of his inspiration is the lacerated and bleeding heart; the "Parnassian dews" in which his Muse steeps her verse, are real human tears. Our remaining space must be devoted to illustrating this, only noting that the *Splendid Village* is studded full of descriptions that equal Crabbe in their truth, and surpass him in sweetness and heart-wringing tenderness, and in power to move the hidden springs of pity. The wanderer, who had so long

"Ploughed the seas to reap the wind,"

has a secret cause of sorrow, which the lover "of imagination all compact" cannot reveal. He misses, from the changed village, one whom he had injured and deserted, but had not ceased to love.

"I dreamed I saw her, heard her ; but she fled !
In vain I seek her—is she with the dead ?
No meek blue eye, like hers, hath turned to me,
And deigned to know the pilgrim of the sea.
I have not named her—no—I dare not name !
When I would speak, why burns my cheek with shame ?
I joined the schoolboys, where the road is wide,
I watched the women to the fountain's side ;
I read their faces, as the wise read books,
And looked for Hannah, in their wondering looks ;
But in no living aspect could I trace
The sweet May morning of my Hannah's face ;
No, nor its evening, fading into night :
Oh, Sun, my soul grows weary of thy light !"

He learns of her at last, and the manner of her death—too horrible for poetry, the critics may say—drives him almost to frenzy. He hurries back to sea.

"Oh, welcome once again black ocean's foam !
England ? Can this be England ? this my home ?
This country of the crime without a name,
And men who know nor mercy, hope, nor shame ?
Oh, Light ! that cheer'st all life, from sky to sky,
As with a hymn, to which the stars reply !
Canst thou behold this land, oh, Holy Light !
And not turn black with horror at the sight ?
Fallen country of my fathers ! fallen and foul !
The body still is here, but where the soul ?
I look upon a corpse—' putrid clay—
And fiends possess it ! Vampires, quit your prey !
Or vainly tremble, when the dead arise,
Clarioned to vengeance by shriek-shaken skies
And cranch your hearts, and drink your blood for ale !
Then, eat each other"— * *

We shall conclude these long extracts with the Farewell to England.

"Again upon the deep I toss and swing !
The bounding billow lifts me, like the wing
Of the struck eagle ; and away I dart,
Bearing afar the arrow in my heart.

For thou art with me, though I see no more
Thee, *stream-loved* England! Thy impatient shore
Hath sunk beneath me—miles, a thousand miles!
Yet, in my heart, thy verdant Eden smiles.
Land where my Hannah died, and hath no tomb!
Still, in my soul, thy dewy roses bloom.
Even in Niagara's roar, remembrance still
Shall hear thy throstle, o'er the lucid rill,
At lucid eve—thy bee, at stillest noon;
And when clouds chase *the heart-awaking moon*,
The mocking-bird, where Erie's waters swell,
Shall sing of *fountained vales* and Philomel:
To my sick soul bring over worlds of waves
Dew-glistening Albion's woods, and dripping caves,
But with her linnet, redbreast, lark, and wren,
Her blasted homes, and much-enduring men!"

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A PROTOCOL.

BY HIMSELF.

Tis done! my race of life is finished. The *rack* and the *iron* are already prepared. This very night must those beauteous limbs ornament the hair of some stony-hearted lady's maid. The Dutch packet and my last hour have arrived. How short are the days of a Protocol! He is cut down like a flower, and he vanishes as a shadow! He sees the light, and is hurried into darkness! What is a weaver's shuttle, to the briefness with which he is spun and is unravelled? Are not the insects that rise and perish in a day miracles of longevity, compared with the puff of his existence? Does he not come but to go? Is he not born but to die? Too true. But shall we perish ingloriously? Perish the thought! Shall we not discuss? Shall we not exhale? We will die like a Protocol! Here is a bottle and pens and ink. We will write the history of our life; and the fame of the Protocols shall be as immortal as their earthly duration was circumscribed.

It was at the Foreign Office in Downing Street, on the 15th September, at 20 minutes, 33 seconds, 18 thirds, and 22 fourths, after five o'clock in the afternoon, that I sprung in full armour from the head of Lord Palmerston. I bore in my right hand a long tin sword of extraordinary temper, and on my left a shield covered with polished parchment; the device was a lion in an ass's skin, and under it the words—"Let him roar again." My helmet, which was of brass, was surmounted by a goose in full flight, with its neck extended, and carrying in its bill a scroll—"*Sic itur ad astra.*" But as my transitory existence is nearly passed, and singular circumstances have enabled me to become the historian of our shortlived and much despised race, the few moments that remain will be employed in registering, for the wonder of posterity, the general course of the production and annihilation of a Protocol. Gratitude to the illustrious author of our being requires that personal vanity be sacrificed to his renown; and I fondly contemplate the day, when to the statesman and the historian, his Lordship, with all his progeny of Protocols after him, will exhibit as splendid an appearance as a comet with its tail, or a schoolboy's kite in the holydays.

First, as to the place of our production.

It was not to be supposed that such a phenomenon as his Lordship's fertility would not have occupied the speculations of philosophers. In

fact, it created the most intense interest in all classes, both here and on the continent. The Scottish School of Metaphysicians were thrown into a state of extreme alarm; and a perplexity fully equal, though of a different kind, fell on the disciples of Kant, in Germany. The Political Economists next took it up. Mr. Malthus appealed to it as conclusive with regard to the soundness of his theory on population; and Mr. Ensor and Mr. Sadler held it forth to the world as setting the copestone on their doctrines. A great variety of opinion accordingly prevailed on every point connected with us, but more particularly on the region of our birth. One philosopher, after dissecting a vast number of my brethren, decided that from our extreme hollowness, we must be created in one of the large frontal sinuses. Another, from the absence of mind which he thought he discovered in us, concluded we were produced in the pineal gland; which, as is well known, is generally believed to be the seat of the soul. An eminent phrenologist, observing the immense development of the organ of philoprogenitiveness in Lord Palmerston's poll, insisted we must come from the *back* part of the skull; while another was equally positive that we must be from the *fore* part, where the organ of number is situated. This opinion gained much influence, from the elaborate calculation of our numbers, and of the rate at which we double our population, that was printed in the last volume of his great work upon this subject. A third ingenious writer argued that the real locality was the *side* of the head, as it is there the organ of destructiveness is placed; but he would not positively say whether this signified the immense waste of paper, or the injury done to Belgium by these glorious delays; this hesitation was fatal to his theory. He was supplanted by a countryman of his, who maintained that, from the firmness of our noble progenitor, the *crown* of the head must be the place, as it is there adhesiveness is situated. But it would weary the reader to detail all the erroneous notions upon the subject, supported by the clearest and most satisfactory demonstrations.

The fact is, we are produced neither in the *occiput* nor *sinciput*, the right nor left side, nor yet in the crown of the head, but in the centre of the *corpus callosum* of his Lordship's brain. And the process of generation is as follows: As soon as his Lordship has read a despatch from the Hague, the whole brain, particularly the *crura cerebelli*, is thrown into a state of violent excitement. A windy sort of gas is generated in such large quantities, that the walls of the *cranium*, though of surprising thickness, are scarcely able to withstand the pressure of this vapour. The *corpus callosum*, however, remains in its usual insensible state. A subtle fluid soon ascends from the despatch, and, passing along the optic nerve, enters the *corpus callosum*. It must be observed that the apparatus of production is here exceedingly complex. There is a minute and extensive machinery, which proves that Lord Palmerston was specially fitted up for the multiplication of Protocols. As soon as the impregnation has taken place, his Lordship becomes almost ungovernable by the nurses round him: messengers are despatched for the Representatives of the other great Powers; summonses for a Cabinet council are also prepared; and some of the evening papers are apprized of the approaching event, which *now* never fails to put them at their wits' end with joy.

As soon as the Foreign Ministers have assembled, our great progenitor reads the despatch again; and having made a few observations, is instantly seized with the pangs of labour. His hair stands on end, his

face assumes a hideous expression of determined resolution, and becomes so deeply suffused with gall, that our mighty ancestor looks like a man in the last stage of the jaundice. At the same time the lips are drawn back so as to expose the teeth, which thus make a most ferocious appearance; but as it is well known that the muscles of the jaw are at the same time so violently contracted, that his Lordship cannot bite, the Foreign Ministers take not the slightest notice of it, nor do even the old women feel any alarm. The brain is soon in a state of great confusion. Both hemispheres tremble; a rumbling noise, at least as loud as the new thunder in Covent Garden, is heard through the whole extent of the frontal sinus, and the *crura cerebelli* kick with immense vigour. The head is now as large as a pot, and the crisis approaches. Talleyrand pats his Lordship on the back of the head in a very affectionate manner; the other Ministers grasp their goose-quills to encourage him; in about a minute, the coronal suture slowly opens; our great Parent gives a loud hem, which expresses his determination to uphold the character of England, to open the Scheldt, to astonish General Sebastiani, to compel Holland, if necessary, by force of arms, and, at the same time, do nothing to offend her; immediately after this the Protocol springs out upon the table.* The event is announced by a discharge of twenty-one pop-guns; and Couriers are dispatched, without a moment's delay, to foreign courts, in order to communicate, before its death, intelligence of the birth of the Protocol. His Lordship is immediately put to bed, the room darkened, and the streets thickly littered. His head is put into a bag of flour, as I understand those of pugilists are, after a severe fight, in order to reduce the swelling; and the strictest antiphlogistic treatment is employed, the only diet permitted to the patient being flummery, and milk and water. Under this judicious system, in six hours, "he is as well as can be expected;" and in twelve, the tumour has quite subsided; the wonderful resolution that screwed up his features to such a pitch of magnanimity is gone, and he walks about like a person of ordinary firmness and sagacity. No one, on meeting him in

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* As the 'scutcheon and device on my own shield have been mentioned, I ought in justice to insert those of some of my distinguished predecessors. The 70th Protocol bore the King of Holland, in the likeness of a pig, with a soaped tail, pursued by Lord Palmerston. The motto, *Jam jamque tenet.* The shield of the preceding one represented his Lordship at a table writing; the huge sheet before him was marked, *P. No.* 69. Motto:—*Brevis esse laboro.*

The 65th represented our great Parent fathoming Prince Metternich's brain. Motto:—*As for Palmerston, who knoweth the depth of him?*

The 60th showed a figure; some maintain it was Pistol; others that it was Palmerston, eating a long roll,—of paper probably. Whatever it was intended for, it certainly was marked with the figures 5 and 9. Motto:—*Must I bite? I eat, and eke I swear.*

The 61st showed a schoolmaster whipping a school-boy, who bore a strong resemblance to our illustrious Author. Motto:—*Nec semel hoc fecit.*

The 55th represented his Lordship in an attitude of amazing dignity. Over the figure were the words, *Cedant arma togæ.* Underneath was the translation, *Put a strait waistcoat on him.*

The 52d bore his Lordship, immediately after being delivered of the 49th. The Foreign Ministers, with open mouths, are looking into his cranium. Motto:—*Who hath put wisdom in thy inward parts?*

The 67th showed his Lordship, preceded by a penny trumpet: the Hague in the distance. Motto:—*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*

The 68th represented his Lordship with a look of unalterable resolution, writing in the Foreign Office. Motto:—*Sedet, æternumque sedebit.* In the centre there was also a miniature Protocol; above it, the figures 1001; underneath, *Heu, Marcellus eris!*

the streets, would think he was THE ANCESTOR OF ALL THE PROTOCOLS. No one would give him credit for being the *very* great man he is. Who would, in that gay and debonair appearance, recognise the counterpart of the venerable patriarch, who had sixty sons and thirty daughters, all mounted, too, upon asses? Who would suspect him to be the man that has outwitted Metternich, Ancillon, and Pozzo di Borgo to boot; and who has been so cunning of fence, as for two long years to keep that "cool old sworder" of Holland at his weapon's point? Oh, shade of Chatham, you were nothing to the decision of Palmerston! Grotius, how thick was thy wit compared with his! And thou poetic animal, of "implicit augury," what were thy "prodigies of fertility" beside all the Protocols!

For some days, or to speak more precisely, until the return of the Dutch packet, a Protocol stalks about with an air of immense dignity. We are, however, cautioned to beware of the Morning Papers; and hens do not dread the vulture more than does all our generation, *The Herald* and *Chronicle*. Even *The Times*, which we thought safe,—why, the other day, one of my unfortunate predecessors approached its perch; when instantly, with a loud scream, it struck its talons into him, and killed him on the spot. As for *The Morning Post*, the moment he descries one of us, he inverts his urn, like an ancient river god, and drenches us with abuse. The fate of those who are delivered to the foreign ministers is still more deplorable. They are subjected to the most cruel treatment. As soon as the minister reaches his own hotel, he tosses my wretched brother to his mischievous son, who tears him limb from limb to make "messengers" for his new kite; or perhaps the servant seizes on him, and sells him as a slave to the grocer or bookseller. I am informed that one was reduced in this capacity to the degradation of conveying the Duke of Newcastle's last pamphlet! Hear it, ye Powers of the Pathos and the Bathos! Indeed I am convinced that there is no atrocity of which the foreign ambassadors are not capable. In the very agonies of delivery, when a man of any bowels would pity Lord Palmerston, they are convulsed with laughter, and Talleyrand himself can scarcely keep his countenance. It is at the most violent throes that their mirth is greatest; and what is still stronger, the succession of ferocious faces which his lordship makes, only throws them into more obstreperous delight. The ruin that threatens Holland ought not to be treated so lightly; but such conduct to a person in Lord Palmerston's situation is absolutely inhuman; nor is it excused by the fact of his not being sensible of it. In truth, the only anxiety they have ever been observed to show, is at the moment the skull opens; and then they stand on the tips of their toes, and endeavour by all means to discover *what* is in it,—hitherto, happily, without success.

But, supposing us to escape all these perils, our doom is certain at the return of the Dutch packet. The reader will, however, forgive me if I cannot detail the murder of so many of my brethern by that ruthless hand. Let us rather turn to a more pleasing theme, the continuation of our race. There are some who think that I am the last of my family; but that is a grievous error. I had scarcely alighted on the obstetric table, when the Russian minister, turning to Talleyrand, asked, in a confidential tone, "Isn't this the end of the Protocols?"—"It is the beginning of the end," answered that sagacious plenipotentiary. I can, however, speak with more precision on that point; and I now, with all the solemnity of death, assure the world that Lord Palmerston is inexhaustible in Protocols; that not only the *corpus callosum*, the whole brain, but

even his entire body, may be spun into Protocols; and that, if permitted, the Protocols and he will eat each other down to the tails. For every insult offered by the King of Holland, he has a Protocol; every demur he answers with the same; and at every turn of the evasion he meets him again with a Protocol. The *corpus callosum* is, in fact, a mere heap of granulations, on each of which, with the aid of a good microscope, may be discerned the puny face of a Protocol. The brain, also, is a congeries of the same embryo diplomacy. When I left, there was an interminable series, like the eggs in the body of a goose, in different stages of life; some wanting nothing but the impregnating quality of a new contempt and derision from the King of Holland. But that is not all. As the young snake in the body of its mother contains a little snake within it, and this little snake another, and so *ad infinitum;* so each Protocol contains within itself the rudiments of an innumerable quantity of Protocols. If, therefore, no ever-to-be-deplored calamity cuts short the incubation of our great parent, the history of our species will always *end* (unless the paper manufactories of Great Britain fail) with the awful words, "To be continued."

THE BRIDE OF MARSEILLES.

MADELINE is up in the morning fair,
Binding the braids of her beautiful hair
In a crimson coif of the true Cachmere,
Drawn down to the tip of each delicate ear:
A petticoat close of the satin sheen,
Through folds of the purest of muslin is seen;
And the small white sandal as white as milk,
How softly it slips on the rose-colour'd silk:
Her arms and her neck and her bosom are bare.
And whitest of all is the whiteness there.
Seven bright rings of the finest gold
Her small round fingers with jewels enfold:
She has dress'd herself in her bridal array,
And the Maid of Marseilles will be married to-day.

The sill of her lattice is daintily set
With sprigs of green myrtle and mignionette;
And garlanded flowers, that fill all the room
With the odorous steam of their rich perfume,
Hang round the walls, white, purple, and red,
And the curtains pure of the bridal bed.
There is joy in her heart, there is joy in her eye,
As she trips her small mirror so lightsomely by,
Now catching a glimpse of that elegant form,
And now of that cheek with its roses so warm:
She can see the quick beat of her own light heart;
And the smile which hath riven her lips apart,
Shews her ivory teeth in their even array;
And the fair Madeline will be married to-day.

But where is the bride's-maid to help her prepare,
To tie her white sash, and to bind her black hair;
And where is the mother should calm her young fears,
And kiss from her beautiful cheek the warm tears;
And where is her sire to allow, with a smile,
She is almost as fair as her mother erstwhile?
And where is the priest, the rosy old priest,
Who loveth the smell of a bridal feast,
With his book of the mass and his rosary,
And the drawl of his benedicite,
To join their young hearts in that holy noose,
Which he saith he can tie so that no man can loose?

No matter, no matter, though all are away,
Madeline of Marseilles will be married to-day.

Her lover will come at the hour of noon—
He has promised her; surely he *will* come soon!
They have loved each other through many long years
Of bitter regret, disappointment and tears;
And now they will fly from these scenes of despair,
To a clime which is brighter and hopefuller far;
They will fly together, and leave behind
The ungentle look and the word unkind;
They will fly to a country where no one will come
To disturb the deep peace of their own happy home;
Where the scorn of the cold world shall track them in vain,
And the frown of the parent give no more pain.
Though their loves have been cross'd by a cruel delay,
Madeline and Eugene will be married to-day.

He comes in his beauty, he comes in his pride,
He folds his fond arms round his beautiful bride,
And she rests her soft cheek on his shoulder free:—
Was ever a bridegroom more happy than he!
All alone in her chamber the lovers are met,
And forth the rich fare of the bridal they set,
Sweetmeats of apples, and quinces, and gourds,
Spices, and jellies, and creams, and curds;
All things that are delicate, dainty, and fine,
And a flask or two of the Burgundy wine.
Pledge we the guests of our bridal lone,
That shall feast when bridegroom and bride are gone;
Let them feast them to-morrow, as blithe as they may—
Madeline and Eugene will be married to-day.

* * * * * * * * *

"But come, my sweet love, for the daylight dies;
Art thou watching it still with thy dear brown eyes?
And yonder behold, in the blue west afar,
Shines the old love-lamp of the vesper star.
'Tis the star of our happiness rising at last;
The casement is closed, and the door made fast;
We have drank the red wine at our wedding feast,
Without the help of the holy priest,
And will make the red torch of our Hymen* shine,
Without the aid of his holy whine.
Behold! my sweet love, 'tis already alight,
How steady it burns, how pure, how bright!
Madeline!—Eugene!—good night!—good night!"
The guests will come late, come whenever they may—
Madeline and Eugene have been married to-day!

Yea! the bridal is over, the feasting is done;
The bridegroom and bride to their slumber are gone:
Come, father, come, mother, come, sister, and see
How comely, how calm, and how happy they be!
Her lip is laid close to the lip of Eugene,
And his arms are entwined round his own Madeline.
Come to the chamber, and come to the bed,
And take a long look at the beautiful dead,
All you that are lovers, unhappy, and true,
For they died for freedom, and died for you.
Oh! make them a grave on some flowery shore,
Where the sunbeams shine, and the sea-waves roar,
And weave them one shroud of the loved Tricolor,
To wrap their two bodies; and over them play
The holy hymn of the Marseillais—
Madeline and Eugene shall be buried to-day!

* A chafing-dish of charcoal. Two young persons of Marseilles lately died there, under circumstances closely resembling the above.

MR. HUME AND THE SMALL WHIGS.

Such of our readers as are old enough politicians to remember Vansittart Chancellor of the Exchequer, are acquainted with the commencement of Mr. Hume's Parliamentary career. The nation, no longer distracted by external wars, was beginning to look more narrowly into domestic arrangements; and, finding much that was cumbersome, and inefficient, and extravagant, was muttering to itself, much after the fashion of Meg Dods, while taking a survey of the kitchen in the absence of her servants:—"The hizzy Beenie, the jaud Eppie, the deil's buckie of a callant! anither plate gane! they'll break me out of house and ha'!" The labouring classes, "constantly on poortith's brink," were the first to feel the pressure, and to offer remonstrances. The more opulent classes, at ease themselves, were slow to feel the necessity of retrenchment. They shrunk from the trouble of thinking and acting; they found it more genteel to adhere to the powers that be, than to shake hands with greasy mechanics; they cheerfully lent their most sweet voices to swell the war-whoop, "disaffection, revolutionary doctrines," &c. By the reckless and unprincipled machinations of the then government, considerable bodies of the working classes were lured to rise in premature and isolated revolt, in different districts. A spirit of hatred and mistrust between rich and poor was sedulously cherished; the two classes sundered into hostile bodies; and every day threatened to increase their mutual defiance. The country stood on the brink of a civil war.

There were not wanting, at this perilous crisis, men who saw the danger in which we stood: but the tyrants of the day succeeded in defeating their opposition, by representing them as mere theorists, ignorant of practical statesmanship, or as dangerous and designing men. It was at this critical period of our national fortunes, that Mr. Hume commenced his financial lectures. He attached himself to the cotton bag which then filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and insisted upon bringing all his plausible statements to the test of the rule of three. He exposed the incorrectness of ministerial calculations, the falsehood and fallacy of the arguments built upon them. This he did not once and away, but night after night. Vansittart was no sooner seated, than up rose his indefatigable adversary. Hume stuck to the skirts of the harrassed and sickening Chancellor, with the snap of a greyhound and the pertinacity of a bull-dog. The greater caution and economy forced upon government was the least part of the gain. The eyes of the mercantile portion of the community were opened to the manner in which the national money was squandered. They quickly discovered that no hopes of more rational management could be entertained under the old system of government; and thus a most important and influential portion of the community were won over to the cause of reform.

It would be absurd to attribute to Mr. Hume the whole merit of breaking up the old Tory phalanx; of bringing Canning and Huskisson, in the great heap of their wisdom to coquet with liberal principles, to seek to sew new cloth on old garments, to put new wine into old bottles. The best talents of the land were labouring day and night to bring about that consummation which has at length arrived. Our increasing poverty was working to the same end. But this we will say, that the appearance of a man of Mr. Hume's peculiar turn of mind at the time he commenced his career, and the steadiness with which he clung to his purpose, undeterred by the opposition of enemies and the coldness of friends, by the angry clamour of abuse, and by sneers not the less galling for their silliness, by

enlisting in the ranks of the good cause, the plain, practical, hard-working portion of our capitalists, has done more towards the salvation of his country than has been effected by the efforts of any other single individual.

But Mr. Hume has greater claims upon the public gratitude and confidence than are due even for this important service. There are many public men who see deeper into the workings of the human mind; many who are more extensively and intimately acquainted with the complexities of our law, and the remedies which may be applied to it; many who may be more ingenious in devising light yet efficient modes of taxation; many with more glowing sentiments of patriotism, genius, or philanthropy; many with powers of fairer and more sounding speech;—but there exists not one who sees and grasps more clearly what lies within his range, none who has more uncompromisingly and undeviatingly identified himself with the people, none who has shewn a tithe of his sturdy perseverance and unwearied activity. Never hurried off his feet by passion, the practical always maintains the ascendency in his plans of action. His policy is direct, going at once to the point aimed at—and no further.

Were we called upon to point out to any community the model of a representative, we should desire no better than Mr. Hume. And yet an eager attempt is at this moment making to throw him out of the representation of Middlesex. In favour of whom? Of Lord Henley, a man of whom *The Edinburgh Review*, now turned dispenser of conservative doctrines, says, "He has no leaning whatever towards the principles of innovation, nor any disposition to 'meddle with them that are given to change;'" a man who has published a pamphlet on Church Reform, in which he contemplates, as the most eligible mode of effecting his object, leaving the matter in the hands of the Bishops, or re-assembling the Convocation. And by whom? By an unhallowed alliance of the Whigs, the out-and-out supporters of Ministers and the Tories. "Mr. Hume is no stanch friend," cries the one pack, "and therefore he must out."—"Mr. Hume voted with Ministers on the question of the Russo-Dutch loan," cries the other, "and therefore he must out." And then both join in the yelping chorus, "He must out."

The cuckoo song of the Whigs at present is, that the Radicals are sacrificing all principle, and colleaguing with the Tories to oppose them. "With whom," says *The Edinburgh Review*, "are they [the Tories] everywhere making common cause against the Government? With the Radical party." This charge has twice been brought by *The Times* against two individuals, and twice indignantly repelled. And now the more wary *Review* takes care to save itself from the disgrace of contradiction, by framing its assertion so vaguely that no one can disprove it. What is the Radical party? There is a Tory party,—a large body of men leagued and allied to attain office, and keep themselves in it. There is a Whig party, united for the same purpose. These men stand all for one, and one for all; and for the conduct of each individual member the party is responsible, if it do not expressly disavow him. But there is no Radical party; no servile unity of opinion, no organization among those to whom this appellative is vaguely and arbitrarily given. Each individual, or each community, is responsible for its own deeds, and for them alone. If, then, it shall appear that in any place the politicians called Radicals aided the Tories and opposed the Whigs, they are a pack of fools for their pains. The Whigs may turn out to be knaves; but the Tories ostentatiously proclaim themselves to be knaves. This is all that can be said. But what terms shall we apply to those Whiglings who, borne into office on the backs of the people, now begin to curry

favour with the Tories, and seek to insinuate distrust or contempt of every independent man who refuses to swallow implicitly every word of their political creed?

This accusation is not rashly urged. We could prove it in more instances than one; but Mr. Hume's is as good a case in point as any. Mr. Hume is opposed in Middlesex by Lord Henley. Now what is the line of conduct adopted by the organs of the Whig party? The last number of *The Edinburgh Review* lies upon our table. It contains an article entitled, "Working and Prospects of Reform." In this paper all reformers whose opinions are of a bolder cast than those entertained by the writer, are unceremoniously described as "few in number and inconsiderable in weight;" as "wild fantastic theorists, profligate speculators in confusion, for the chance of what they may be able to snatch in a scramble, or for the mere gratification of a preposterous vanity, seeking momentary distinction and speedy destruction;" as "a band leagued together by the mere indiscriminate love of destruction." We are also told that the return to Parliament of a large number of the enemies of reform is far less perilous to the state than would be any trust reposed in these persons. And occasion is taken to represent the hissing of the King after he had played Earl Grey false, and the pelting of the Duke of Wellington with mud, "as a disgrace more foul and lasting than we in Scotland endure this day for the sordid crime of the seventeenth century."* Most appropriately do we find a fulsome lick-spittle eulogium of Lord Henley and his pamphlet, introduced into the same number of the Review, which contains this clumsy pawing of the Duke, and these indiscriminate calumnies against the independent reformers.

In the circumstances of the case, we should have thought ourselves entitled thus to infer the Machiavellian purpose of these innuendos, even without further aid. But when we find *The Times* sneering in its own awkward manner, day after day, at Mr. Hume's "crotchets,"† and warning the country against his attempts to smuggle a party into Parliament pledged to his impracticable schemes, it is impossible to doubt. As if to accumulate proof where it is no longer required, *The Globe* congratulates the country that not above fifteen of the extreme Radicals who vote with Mr. Hume will be returned to Parliament. *The Courier* discovers that since the bill has been carried, its friends and foes are equally eligible. *The Standard* accuses the member for Middlesex of irreligion; and—"unkindest cut of all,"—Sir Francis Burdett sneers at his petty details of retrenchment.

The meaning of all this is obvious enough: but the country is not to be hoodwinked by such gross and palpable juggling. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that Ministers lend their countenance to these dirty tricks. It would be unjust to hold them responsible for the knavery of every dirty fellow who has forced his services upon them. At the same time, they will do well to order their curs "to heel." We have known a decent farmer fined for the misdeeds of his "dunching bull" before now. They may take our word for it, that Mr. Hume is disposed to render them every assistance if they will only act so that he can conscientiously do it. The conduct of their tools, as often happens, is as foolish as rascally; tending to force a friendly man to take up a hostile position.

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* This illustration is singularly unfortunate in a work which not long ago undertook to prove that the Scots were not accessary to the death of Charles I., and that his execution was no great crime after all.

† Short Parliaments, the Ballot, Reduction of Expenditure, Church Reform, &c.

"THE RHINE—THE RHINE, O!"

Burthen of a Drinking Song.

At the commencement of last spring, when the cholera, having donned its seven-leagued boots to take a ramble over Europe, was spreading consternation from capital to capital, it was our misfortune, or fault, or folly, to be infected with the general mania of flying before an enemy, who "came neither from the East, nor from the West, nor yet from the South." Driven from our aërial *quatrième* in the Rue Montblanc by a panic still more fatally contagious than the malady itself, and forewarned that quarantine was already established in all the ports of *La Manche*, we threw our despairing selves and microscopic valise into the Strasburg *malle poste*, determined to go and drink the waters of Selters, fresh from the rock, and, if possible, outstrip the pursuit of the ogre. The month was May, the weather May-like; and already the sun was assuming sufficient ardour to enhance the attraction of blue waters and green woods. With kindling enthusiasm, we now longed to behold the waves of the Rhine eddying round the Bingerloch, or rippling over the black altar-stone of Bacharach; and the *coup d'œil* of the white walls, lofty poplars, and confluent streams of Coblentz filled us with agreeable anticipations!

Eighteen years had elapsed since our eyes were first feasted with "Ehrenbreitstein and its shattered wall." During the Congress of 1814, while Elba afforded only a temporary imprisonment to the ex-Postmaster General of the Continent, we had the good luck to achieve the tour of the Rhine; to behold it ere yet the dust raised by invading armies was laid upon its highways, and while the gloss of nationality was still bright upon the land. No tourist had been maundering there with his sketch-book, no poet with his rhymes; there was no steam-boat, no Schreiber, no Reichard! and the Rheingan, the Taunus mountains, Rolandseck, Nonnenwerder, and fifty other places, (now mere Cockney cake houses,) came upon us with the freshness of fairy-land!

On this, our second visit, we were aware that a change must necessarily "come o'er the spirit of our dream;" that we must prepare to behold this most frequented of aquatic gangways invested with somewhat of the familiar vulgarity of Fleet Street. The mere newspaper advertisement of "Guides to the Rhine," and "Panoramas of the Rhine," and "Picturesque views of the Rhine," and "Lays of the Rhine," having extinguished the romantic associations of the excursion, it is now a mere affair of seeing the Lions; a sort of holyday trip to the Hornsey or Hackney of Germany. Scarcely, however, had we arrived at Coblentz, established ourselves at the inn of the Trierische Hof, and looked out on the *Platz* to bestow, for the fiftieth time, our fiat of approval on the soldierlike breadth of chest distinguishing the troops of the '*Schneider König*, when (by the ministry of that most worthy and most tedious of men and hosts *Herr Maas*, once *mâitre d'hotel* to the Marquis of Huntly, now *mâitre* of the best *hotel* in Coblentz) a list of the company at the Baths of Emms was placed in our hands; containing among the rest, the transcribable, but somewhat unpronounceable, patronymic of a certain Bohemian Princess, our favourite partner of the last Carnival, who was drinking the waters on her way to Vienna, across the Duchy of Nassau. Without a moment's hesitation, we secured a place for Emms by the earliest diligence; but, as a compensation to our

old friend Maas for the service he had unconsciously rendered us, we stept, meanwhile, into the *Speise Saal;* where (the clock having struck *one*) the *table d'hôte* dinner was smoking on the table. And what a dinner for one o'clock on a warm May morning!—Within scope of our own observation stood a reeking tureen of sausage soup, with poached eggs floating on the greasy surface; bouilli with damson sauce; suet dumplings garnished with onion chips; a Rhine carp stewed in hop shoots; roasted fieldfares; a ragout of liver with carrots and parsley; a mysterious mass of extremely infantine veal; a pancake resembling a Witney blanket, and a dish of spinach and water, resembling a weedy pond! The spectacle, with its concomitant *fumet*, was nauseous enough; and not the less so from the celerity with which these savoury viands disappeared down the throats of some dozen or so of Rhenish-Prussian officials, civil and military, who washed them down with potations of sour Moselles, (their half empty flask bottles generally distinguished by a dirty rag tied round the neck,) and liberal draughts of mineral water from the spring at Thal Ehrenbreitstein. Three courses did we endure with the excruciation of martyrdom; nor was it till a dessert of *Mandel-brod* and *Zucken-brod*, of various kinds, comprehending a large sausage made of quince marmalade and chopped almonds, was placed on the table, that we began to breathe again. Looking round for some object on which to bestow the philanthropic sympathies melting within us, we perceived that a knife and fork, which had been peculiarly active on our left flank, were plied by an odd-looking animalcule, in a black wig; attired (not to say disguised) in a large pair of green spectacles, a large pair of whiskers, a large pair of mustaches, a large double-breasted coat, and a very small pair of shrunken nankeen continuations; one of those strange looking figures peculiar to *Les Eaux;* who are seen one summer at Barège, and the next at Carlsbad; at Cheltenham one autumn, and the next at Lucca; without affording any clue to the whereabout of their winter residence, or means or motive of such extensive locomotion. We were about to apostrophize him as "Monsieur le Baron!" (the general alias of the tribe,) when, "Do me the honour of a glass of wine, sir?" pronounced with a smirk and cringe savouring most vilely of the counters of Soho, mortified our susceptible bosom with the certainty that we were addressing an Englishman.

"My countryman! and yet I know him not!" was our involuntary exclamation, as we accepted the challenge; and after a reciprocation of the compliment, and a considerable advance towards intimacy on the part of our anonymous neighbour, Herr Maas, whose swivel eye was fixed observingly upon his proceedings, seemed to think it time to apologize for the officiousness of his guest, by observing, half aside, though quite across the table, "I see you vind out your goundrymans, sirr; Misder Smidz he fery long residence in Goblentz, sirr; Misder Smidz he know efery von vhat trafels the Rhine, sirr; Misder Smidz he know efery ding vhat efery von trafels de Rhine to see, sir!" We sat corrected! It was clear that a Mr. Smith, resident in Coblentz, was not the travelling Baron we had taken him for; and we accordingly made it a point of conscience to insinuate as much deprecation and amenity as we could command into our mode of reiterating the intelligence already received.

"You have resided here some time, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir, yes! When first I came to Coblentz, the city was up to sale, as one may say, sir; we didn't know for certain, sir, who she'd be knocked down to by the great auctioneers over yonder at the Con-

gress. Lord bless you, sir! since I've been here, I've seen every stone of Ehrenbreitstein laid one a-top o' t'other. The place isn't the same place as when I took up my quarters in it just afore the battle of Waterloo."

"The town, I understand, has doubled in size and population under the protection of the Prussian Government?"

"Why, if you'll believe *me*, when first I settled on the Rhine, sir, there wasn't so much as a steam-packet a-going on the river."

"There were few, I fancy, established in Europe at that period."

"The people were quite uncivilized, as one may say, without no accommodation to speak of for travellers, or gentlemen in your line of business, sir."

"Gentlemen, in *my* line of business!" What could the villain mean? We looked a forbearing note of interrogation.

"Beg pardon, sir; hope no offence."

"None, whatever!" We were predetermined against a quarrel with so small an individual, wearing such formidable whiskers.

"Seldom have any travellers on the Rhine, at this time of year, sir, except in the picturesque way!"—

"Indeed?"

"Author, pray may I ask, sir, or artist?"—

"A little of both," said we, willing to ascertain the limits of his vulgar audacity.

"Aha!—a volume,—perhaps *two* volumes of an octavo tour, with head and tail pieces of your own; eh, sir?—'A Spring near the Rhine!' The Autumn near the Rhine had a wonderful run, sir; eight editions, I'm told?"

"I am not ambitious of attempting a rivalship with its attractions."

"Not a matter-of-fact writer, perhaps!—a novelist, then? or may be you are getting up an annual? Lord bless you! take my advice! The Rhine's drained dry, sir! Go to the Danube; it wouldn't cost you a couple of hundred florins. Nobody's been at work on the Danube yet, but Planché! Or what do you think of trying the Wolga, sir? There hasn't been a scratch of the pen or pencil about the Wolga! But as to the Rhine, it's growing as Cockneyfied as Greenwich or Blackwall."

We now began to suspect a competitor; and accordingly arraigned "Mister Smidz" as a foundling of the muses.

"Why, to say the truth, my dear sir, I believe I *may* plead guilty to a little bit of literary! Lord bless you, there hasn't been a single work made up out of the Rhine for the last fifteen years, without *my* finger in the pie! They get all their information out of me, sir, (a sad set, our literary brethren!) and then go home, and fancy themselves authors!"

"Why, you must have become acquainted with a succession of all the men of genius of the age?"

"Lord, sir, we have them in cargoes by every steam-packet! I'll be bound there's not a gentleman nor gentlewoman of the press, but what has made the Rotterdam trip. First of all, sir, we had Ackermann's people stuck about sketching on the rocks, like so many jackdaws. Then there was Leigh's fellows, and Galignani's, and Schreiber's, picking up materials for their Guide Books. Then came my Lord Byron with his third canto; and the "Autumn" gentleman, and Dr. Russell, and Jefferson Hogg; and Planché, with his "Lays and Legends," and Sullivan with his "Historiettes," and Praed with his "Lyrics," and

Derwent Conway with his "Tales;" and a poetical touch or two from Lockhart, and a blunder or two from Sir Walter; and a rhodomontade from young D'Israeli; and it was only t'other day, sir, we had little Grattan, hunting over the country with his dog Ranger; and Fenimore Cooper, poking about among the ruins of the Palatinate! In short, sir, we've had 'em all, (my service to you!) and I'm afraid there's not so much as a twig or an old castle left for you; they've made away with 'em all."

"The English public has been dosed with Rhenish picturesque, as largely as with counterfeit Hock," said we, trying to be sententious. "But the true Johannisberger still fetches its price, and a work of *real* merit"——

"Pshou! pshou! pshou!" cried Smith. "Every work is a work of merit to its author. But, just consider a moment how thoroughly the thing's worn out! 'The Mouse Tower!' 'The Pfalz!' For my part, I'd as soon write an ode to Aldgate Pump!"

"The Rhenish provinces supply a curious variety of matter; and"—

"*Variety!* Why, you might just as well go beating the furze for game on Hampstead Heath. Every inch of ground has been hunted over and over, sir, till there's not so much as a cock-robin left! Lord! if you did but know what tribes of blue ladies and black gentlemen are brought here by every Dampschiffe! I know 'em, sir, before ever they land! I could swear to the Picturesque gentlemen, before ever they set foot on shore; (twigged *you*, sir, as soon as you stepped out of the Eilwagen yesterday!) There you see 'em, the moment the boat stops, out with their note-books, and questioning the *Commissionär*, frightened to death for fear the least inkling of useful knowledge should escape 'em. 'Pray, my friend, what was the name of that old ruin to the left?' 'Was that a castle, my good fellow, or a prison, on the rock to the right?' Down it all goes, by way of novel information!"

"An intellectual gentleman, like yourself, Mr. Smith, must be an invaluable acquisition to travellers of this description."

"I believe I *do* sometimes save a little waste of ink, sir. They all dine at the table d'hôte. (Waiter! a fresh bottle of Moselle to this gentleman!) Last week there was an amazing promising young writer, with a Byron shirt-collar, the Shelley stoop, and the Montgomery eye, 'in a fine frenzy rolling.' (I fancy he makes some noise in the periodicals, sir!) Never heard a finer melodrama voice in my life! 'Smith!' said he, (in a tone to make one's blood curdle if he'd been talking by moonlight,) 'Smith! know you the Drachenfels?'—'To be sure I do,' says I, 'but lord! you've no chance *there*. It's all dicky with the Drachenfels. Byron did 'em, and Praed did 'em, and Planché did 'em. They're as common as Greenwich Hill.'"

"Poor young man!"

"Well, sir, next day a solemn young prig of a literator (one of the march of intellect chaps) arrives from Mayence by the boat, and decoys me up to the Fortress, under pretence of wanting an interpreter. I hadn't got half way up the hill, when he out's with his commonplace book, and gives me what he calls a philosophical sketch of Faustus in his laboratory. '*The great bell of the Dom-Kirch had revealed to the burghers of Maintz the commencement of a new day: but in a small desolate chamber of the quadrangle of the Benedictines, overlooking the dark waters of the Rhine, a lamp was still burning. It was that of a recluse to whom the whole world of letters*'——Lord, sir, what was the use of it

all? As good and better's been said by Victor Hugo and all the romance-mongers of the *cent et un!* Then, sir, only last Friday, there was a very pretty youth, (nice dapper little fellow, something of your cut, sir—hope no offence,) and says he, 'Smith, my good fellow,' says he, 'I'm thinking of a little tale about Rheinfels; something intense, something startling, something d—d Gothic, and feudal, and apparitional! —I mean to go and sleep on the mountain over night, and see the sun rise!'—'Lord, sir!' says I, 'spare your pains; Rheinfels was very prettily done for the Winter's Wreath, two seasons back.'—'Well, then,' cried my young friend, slapping me on the shoulder, 'I'll try Lahmeck! There's a fine opening at Lahmeck.—*The lugubrious masses of the dark rocks of Neider Lahnstein were casting the impressive shadows of their*'——'Lord love you, sir,' cried I, interrupting him, 'Derwent Conway had all that four years ago.'—'Then, by Jove!' says he, 'I'll have a touch at the *Lurelei;* and L. E. L. ectrify the world of letters with a ballad.' 'Sorry for you, sir!' as soon as he'd done spouting. 'There's scarcely been an annual without a *Lurelei* for the last five years.'"

"What will become of the poor fellow?" cried we, attempting a sympathetic countenance.

"Ah, sir! as I said before, terrible bad spec. the Rhine, for literary gentlemen! You see there's been a great call of late years for small tales, and little picturesqueisms. There's the Souvenir, and Keepsake, Gem, Forget-me-Not, Bijou, Christmas-Box, Landscape Annual, Continental Annual, Cadeau, Friendship's Offering, (besides the Musicals and the Juveniles,) keep a wonderful number of hands going. Then, you know, there's the Monthlies! Blackwood has given us two or three magnificent Rhine stories; and the Monthly, and the New Monthly, and Fraser, they have all a bit of '*It was during the non-bondage of the feudal era, that one evening a knight, fainting with toil, and accoutred in the iron harness of war;*' or, '*Gisela of Eberstein was seated beside the arrow slit of the highest tower of the castle.*' It cuts in neat among the heavy politics and light essays!"

"You seem completely *au fait* to the mysteries of the profession."

"And even the Weeklies do now 'a tale unfold.' The Athenæum's got hold of two or three monstrous showy getters-up of a baronial anecdote. Besides, there's the twopenny halfpenny periodicals; the 'Story Teller,' and 'Thieves,' and—I protest I saw the Gödenfels as neatly dished up in a penny paper (with a wood-cut and all) as you'd wish to see. And I'm told, Roscoe and Leitch Ritchie are at work at a series; and there are not two better hands for a mountain sunset, or a dungeon scene, or a winding staircase, from Paternoster Row to Ave-Maria Lane."

"I see the game is up!—It is all over with us!"

"Hope you ha'n't been rash enough to take earnest of your publisher, sir?"

"Not quite so bad as that! But, alas!"——

"Now, look here, my dear sir; you may perceive that I have a little experience in these matters. Set off to the valley of the Næh; just up yonder by Bingew. There's an old castle there, with a legend about a dragon and a crusader, that would do your business at once; 'tis as fresh as a spring morning! I've kept it as snug as if it was my own! *Chronicle of the Castle of St. Edelberg!* What a jewel for a table of contents! Or the Murg—what say you to the Murg? The Black Forest, you know! the——God bless my soul! sir, that's your cue! '*Legends*

of the Schwarzwald!' Call it the Scharzwald, by all means; a name nobody understands makes people ask questions. It got on The Giaour amazingly; the young ladies were wonderful curious what could be the meaning of *The Giaour, a Turkish Tale.* I hav'n't heard how the *Heidenmaur* takes, but"——

Fortunately (for I had fooled and been fooled by Mister Smidz to the top of his bent) the *Kellner* now made his appearance to inform me that a *Post-kutsch* was about to start for Emms, and that my baggage was already coached. I had but five minutes to settle with Maas, listen to his twice (ten thousand) told description of "the fine gollection of trinking-classes what pelong to mein lade broder, if you sday till morning, I do mineself the bleasure to show you," and speak a brief farewell to my loving countryman. To my great surprise, I found Misder Smidz squeeze my hand tenderly at parting; and on settling myself in the corner of the diligence, discovered that he had managed to deposit therein a card, bearing an inscription, which we transcribe for the benefit of future travellers in the picturesque line of business.

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THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.—No. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANTI-DRACO."

Having spoken of penal laws passed upon "the spur of the occasion," which are always vindictive and mostly sanguinary, we must notice another class of criminal enactments made with more deliberation, but which do not less grossly sin against the right rule of proportionate justice:—such are most of our laws intended for the protection of property, but really operating to the encouragement of depredation. The former were framed in times of public excitement, and spoke the language inspired by the warm blood of eager vengeance; the latter were the result of the cool calculations of avarice, which weighed the life of a human being against a bit of coin, and found it a feather in the scale Anger is not a more deceptive guide to follow in penal legislation than cupidity. The one errs from blind impulse, the other from calculating cruelty; both mistake the violence of law for its efficacy; both reject all moderate, all proportionate punishments,—all punishments that correct and reform, in their insatiable craving for victims, and victims only.

The task of legislators who act under the influence of anger or cupidity, is an easy one. It requires no patient research, no mental labour. It does not involve any of the cares or anxieties which are necessarily connected with a nice adjustment of the degrees of crime and its penal consequences. It is not impeded by moral considerations, nor controlled by the suggestions of experience. Such legislators want to know nothing more than that the offender has a life which can be destroyed, and that they have the power to destroy it; never caring whether the possession

of that *power* confers any *right* to exercise it, they avoid all the moral and intellectual difficulties of legislation by the one compendious process of human destruction. Confounding small and great crimes in the one sentence of blood, they stride over all distinctions of guilt to strike at the life of the offender, as the only certain way of eradicating the offence. Having given the name of Justice to a malignant power invested with the murderous attributes of revenge, they have no necessity for arming her with other weapons for the repression of crime than those of extermination.

Let us illustrate what we mean by the class of sanguinary laws made upon deliberate calculation, by a few instances. The offence of *sheep-stealing* was not punishable capitally by the ancient common law of England, but, like other offences coming under the head of simple larcency, was punishable by a pecuniary ransom, which, it is supposed, went not to the Crown, like a modern fine, but in the way of *restitution* to the parties injured. In this respect, our Saxon law was conformable to the Mosaic, and also to the civil law, before it was adulterated by those cruel enactments which were among the proofs of the barbarous degeneracy of the Roman empire. It was after the *Norman conquest*, namely in the reign of Henry I., that a statute was first passed, making offences of *simple larceny* punishable with *death*. Notwithstanding that statute, however, all persons convicted of simple larceny who could read, were allowed the *privilegium clericale*, or benefit of clergy, at least for the first offence, which exempted them from *capital* punishment; but those who could *not read*, and all women convicts, whether they could read or not, were liable to be sent to the scaffold. Thus the rule of right reason was inverted: *ignorance* was made an aggravation of guilt, and *education* a palliative of crime! Subsequently, the test of reading was abolished by law, and the benefit of clergy allowed to both sexes, upon praying the benefit of the statute. Now, *sheep-stealing* being an offence of *simple larceny*, remained a *clergyable* felony, that is, a felony not capital, until the fourteenth year of George II.; when some sapient members of Parliament, thinking sheep not sufficiently protected, as long as the sword of the law was not stained with the blood of him who committed theft of that species of property, had a bill passed through the Legislature to make the offence as penal as *murder!* The bill easily passed through both Houses; for, unfortunately, in the British Parliament, the horror of innovation never arose unless when the alteration brought improvement. To adapt the institutions of the country to the advancing spirit of civilization, to purify what was corrupt, abolish what was irrational, and ameliorate what had the tincture of a barbarous origin, was what no man could attempt to do in the British Legislature without an outcry being raised against the "dangers of innovation." It was only when new laws were introduced to make what was bad worse, and to create additional obstacles to the amendment of social institutions, that they received a ready assent from the "collective wisdom" of the nation. Hence it most frequently happened that bills which innovated upon the comparatively mild spirit of our ancient *common law*, by substituting sanguinary and revengeful punishments for those of a coercive or corrective nature, excited so little of the alarm of innovation, that they generally passed *sub silentio*, in almost empty Houses. One of the easiest things in the world was for a country gentleman, or a great manufacturer, or a dealer in paper-securities, or a director of some trading, perhaps bubble company, as the case might be, to obtain the favour from the

Minister of the day, of a "new felony without benefit of clergy." It is no wonder, then, that our Statute-book became almost one mass of sanguinary enactments, and the cry of *judicial murder* went up to Heaven, perpetually, from every corner of the land!

What were the arguments used by the original author of the law to make *sheep-stealing* punishable with death, we know not, nor, indeed, can we say that he found it necessary to use any; but we presume if he did argue the matter at all, he observed upon the unavoidable *exposure* of this species of property to depredation, and the necessity of having an *efficient* protection, by placing every flock under the tutelary shadow of the gallows, and sacrificing a human life for every stolen sheep. But if we have no record of the arguments of that Draconic Legislator, who, to save sheep from being stolen, would slaughter mankind, we are disposed to believe we can quote something very like them from the more recent speech of a "philosophic" legislator, who, about two-and-twenty years ago, favoured the House of Commons with his own reasons for the perpetuation of that exterminating law. The occasion was the discussion of the first of the three bills brought in by the enlightened Romilly to repeal the penalty of *death* for the offences of *privately stealing in a dwelling-house*, or in a *vessel on a canal or navigable river*, to the amount of *forty shillings*, or stealing goods *in a shop to the value of five shillings!* The legislator to whom we allude, is Mr. Davies Gilbert, sometime President of the Royal Society, which boasts to be the associated science of England. This philosopher, who never was betrayed into error by any unreflecting ardour of temperament, commenced his speech by observing that he "agreed with the honourable and learned gentleman [Sir Samuel Romilly] in many of his propositions, though he could not help thinking that the career of humanity, on which he had entered, was likely to be *too extensive*. If it had been *more limited* and confined, he should have been happy in contributing, to the best of his ability, in forwarding, instead of obstructing his object; but he now felt it his duty to *resist the alteration* proposed by the present bill." Only think, reader, of the disciplined sensibilities of this philosopher being alarmed into resistance by the unlimited and dangerous benevolence that would make the stealing of forty shillings in one case, and *five shillings* in another, an offence no longer punishable by the forfeiture of human life! In support of his *rational* fears on this subject, he gave a scientific reason in the course of his harangue, which we will cite in his own words. "As to the effects of certainty and severity of punishment, a proposition might be stated almost with mathematical precision,—that the prevention of crime, from this source, varies in the compound ratio of the severity of the punishment, and the certainty of that punishment being inflicted; and if this severity and certainty vary, according to some inverse law, with regard to each other, it is indisputable that the increase of severity may so far decrease the certainty as to diminish the aggregate upon which the prevention depends. Attention is always to be paid to this ratio; but it may be safely adopted as a general principle that the punishment should increase with the difficulty of the detection. Without trespassing upon the time of the House, by entering into any minute application of this principle in any of the more heinous offences, I will confine myself to the single instance of sheep-stealing." Now come what, we presume, were precisely the reasons given by the author of the sanguinary law for making the offence capital. "Considering the manner in which sheep are, and must be fed on extensive downs,

their exposure to depredation, and the difficulty attendant upon the detection of this class of depredators; and considering how much the sustenance and clothing of the people depend upon this useful animal, I cannot but think that whatever alterations may be introduced in other parts of our law, *sheep-stealing* should still continue to be punished *capitally.*" Notwithstanding this learned dissertation in support of the policy of the sanguinary punishment for theft of this nature, the proved inefficacy of the statute, not merely to repress the crime, but to prevent its increase, and the outrage done to reason and humanity by the vindictive spirit of the law, have caused the public feeling to revolt against the penalty of blood. The sentence to which Princes and Parliaments must bow, has gone forth; and the legislation, founded upon false calculations of inhuman cupidity, and supported by the vicious refinements of sophisticated science, perishes in the masculine grasp of enlightened public opinion.

To say nothing of the Forgery bill, which has become law since we wrote on this subject before, and which sweeps off at once (with two exceptions, introduced by the Lords, of which more at another time) the capital punishment as applied to about forty distinct offences, Mr. Ewart's act alone gets rid of that punishment in reference to four separate classes of crime, of which *sheep-stealing* is one. When, to repeal only one of those, namely that relative to privately stealing in the dwelling-house to the amount of forty shillings, Romilly introduced a bill into the House of Commons, in the year 1810, to which we have above alluded, Mr. Spencer Perceval being then Prime Minister, it caused the most grave and solemn imputations of a revolutionary attempt upon the good old system of established justice to be levelled at that sincere, though truly cautious reformer, by the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, the placemen and minions of the Government of that day. Nothing, indeed, could exceed their surprise and alarm, on finding that he meant to follow up that bill, if successful, by some other measures for the amelioration and improvement of the criminal law. On the division, the bill was lost by a majority of 35 to 33. Had the philosophic Mr. Davies Gilbert voted on the side of reason and humanity, the numbers would have been equal; and had the metaphysical Mr. Wyndham voted on the same side, the conservators of the "vested rights" of the executioner would have been beaten; but those "intellectual" gentlemen conceived that the career of improvement which Romilly commenced was likely to be too extensive, and so they stopped him, as soon as he had fully revealed his dangerous intentions of actually preventing the law from visiting with the same punishment the offender who stole forty shillings in the dwelling-house as it awarded to him who robbed the house and murdered the family!

Of the 35 who, on that occasion, opposed so small a reform of the sanguinary law, 22 were actually members of the existing Government, or holding office under it; so that in reality the decision upon this question, not connected with politics, but being a question of public morals *affecting human life*, was procured by the direct influence of Government. The most powerful arguments of reason and experience in favour of the superior efficacy of humanized justice, were beaten only by the venal votes which official corruption called to the aid of legislative barbarity.

The House of Commons, however, which rejected the bill for repealing the penalty of death, as applied to the offence of stealing in the *dwelling-house*, did so far relent, touching the sanguinary system, as to

pass the bill to repeal that punishment as applied to the offence of stealing in a *shop, warehouse,* &c., to the amount of *five shillings.* On that bill going up to the House of Lords, it had to encounter, in all its renewed vehemence of invective, the venerable terror of "innovation," which had been, *pro hanc vice,* hushed into repose in the Lower House. Lord Ellenborough, the then Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, led on the "Conservatives" with a vigour and determination which clearly shewed his opinion of the deadly blow struck at our "unrivalled constitution," by an attempt to abolish a statute which estimated the life of a human being at the Parliamentary price of *five shillings!* It was necessary that this attempt should be promptly and signally defeated, or there was no saying how far the "standard of value" for human life, might, in course of time, be altered. As Mr. Canning, in opposing reform in Parliament, said he would take up his position within the lines of Gatton and Old Sarum, to defend the integrity of the constitution, so Lord Ellenborough entrenched himself behind the five-shilling *shop-lifting act,* to defend the integrity of our incomparable system of criminal justice. He said, on moving that the bill be read a second time that day six months, "Though I feel it ungrateful to oppose the wishes of those who are attempting to introduce this *innovation* into the criminal law of the country, and with all my deference to them for the purity of their intentions, and giving them every credit for the ingenuity of their speculations, yet I trust your lordships will pause before you assent to an *experiment pregnant with danger* to the security of property, and before you repeal a statute which has been so long found necessary for public security, and which I am not conscious has produced the smallest injury to the *merciful administration* of justice." Now the law was either executed, or it was not. If executed, is it not astonishing that any being in the shape of a man, not to speak of a senator and the chief judge of a civilized and Christian land, could venture to say in the face of the world, that to *deliberately strangle* a fellow-creature on the scaffold for stealing *five shillings,* was part and parcel of a merciful administration of justice? If, on the other hand, the law was not executed, why should an enactment, at the same time so barbarous and so ineffective, remain on the statute book a single moment, to testify against the Legislature for carrying its cruelty to so absurd an extreme as to render it impracticable?

But to show more clearly what Lord Ellenborough meant by the "merciful administration of justice," let us take the instance of the application of this law, mentioned by the intelligent and humane Sir William Meredith. It cannot be too generally known at a time when ministers of the crown who had co-operated with Romilly, when circumstances were much more adverse to the reform of the criminal law than at present, profess a profound veneration for the *opinions of judges,* touching any proposed alterations of our penal jurisprudence. Speaking of the shop-lifting act, Sir William Meredith said, "Under this act, one *Mary Jones* was executed, whose case I shall just mention. It was at the time when *press-warrants* were issued, on the alarm about Falkland Islands. The woman's *husband was pressed,* their goods seized for debt, and she, with *two small children,* turned into the streets *a-begging.* 'Tis a circumstance not to be forgotten that she was very young (under nineteen) and most remarkably handsome. She went to a linen-draper's shop, took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak. The shopman saw her, and she laid it down. Her defence was,

'that she had lived in credit, and wanted for nothing, until a press-gang came and stole her husband from her; but since then she had no bed to lie on, nothing to give her children to eat, and they were almost naked;' and perhaps she might have done something wrong, for she hardly knew what she did. The parish officers testified to the truth of this story. But it seems there had been a good deal of shop-lifting about Ludgate-hill; an *example was thought necessary;* and this woman was *hanged* for the comfort and satisfaction of some shopkeepers in Ludgate-street. When brought to receive sentence, she behaved in such a frantic manner as proved her mind to be in a distracted and desponding state; and the *child was sucking at her breast when she set out for Tyburn gallows!"* Here is an instance of what Lord Ellenborough, the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, described, as "not being of the smallest injury to the merciful administration of justice!" Why, it was a scene more fit to be enacted among fiends than among beings whom God had endowed with the gift of reason, and whose reason he had further assisted by the light of a religion of mercy! Here the law *creates* the crime and then punishes it. The infamous law of impressment deprived the poor woman of her stay and protector. This law committed a greater robbery than that which can be committed upon a little property: it committed a robbery of the *person*. When the woman whom it made destitute of the honest means of subsistence for herself and children, impelled by the cries of nature, and the desperation of want, attempted to commit a paltry theft, the circumstances which drove her to it were left out of consideration. What the law of impressment had begun, the shop-lifting law completed. The one drove her of necessity into crime, the other strangled her on the scaffold, for yielding to the temptation: how affecting to see, in the horrors of her situation, the maternal feeling prevail over every other; and the child, the fatherless child, clasped to her bosom, while the friendless outcast victim of merciless oppression sustained its little life amid the expiring agonies of her own!

But of what degree of "hoar antiquity" was that statute, which, in the opinion of Lord Ellenborough, could not be repealed, in order to substitute one of a more moderate character, without causing a "dangerous innovation" upon the criminal law? It had no existence before the reign of William III.; that is, it had been a part of the law during a little more than a century out of the ten centuries during which the monarchy of England has endured. The offence had been punishable as a *simple larceny*, until this statute made it a capital crime. We need scarcely add that such a statute was, like most other of our sanguinary laws for offences against property, the result of that calculating and inhuman cupidity which accounted not human blood, nor even the immortal destinies of a living soul, of the least value when put in competition with a little pelf. It was, in short, one of those laws, which, in punishing a violation of the *eighth* commandment, was itself a violation of the *sixth*. For most assuredly the eternal decree, "Thou shalt do no murder" was addressed to man in his collective, as well as his individual capacity,—to princes and legislators, as well as to every human being subject to their dominion.

THE MAD TORY'S SONG.

This sweet madrigal was brought to our office by one of our devils, who picked it up in the street. He thinks it fell from the pocket of a wobegone elderly gentleman, who came out of Mr. Blair's Committee Room, and seemed to be making a variety of evolutions to avoid the approaches of a messenger-at-arms, who had been seen lurking for some time about the doors of that conclave of eminent patriots.

I bought myself a good freehold,
Down in the west countree:
A thousand pounds of borrow'd gold
My vote was worth to me.

My vote! To me 'twas beef and cheese,
And buttermilk and ale,
And dinners and civilities
From great Lord Dunderdale.

My vote! 'Twas blankets for my bed,
'Twas generous cups of wine:
My earthly prospects all have fled
With that good vote of mine!

The vision'd glories I have miss'd
How can I e'er forget?
The red book and the pension list,
Perhaps a coronet.

My sons were known as General Tom,
Judge Dick, and Sheriff Ned;
Lord Grey has stolen the leaven from
My children's promised bread.

Alas! the Tolbooth's grasping gates
For me are yawning wide;
And there is bird-lime on the grates
And chains of Morningside.

'Twas mine last night alone to sit,
Even till the morning grey,
To drink in gin the health of Pitt,
With hip, hip, hip, hurra!

And Mister Pitt, from gulf of hell,
Walk'd up and drank with me,
And, though he had a brimstone smell,
Was right good company.

He spoke of English politics,
Of great Duke Arthur's fall,
The price of stocks, the shares of Styx,
And Acheron canal.

Then told he how, by naphtha light,
He wiled his hours away,
Playing blind Hookey every night
With Viscount Castlereagh.

He thought my vote, by magic art,
The envious moon had ta'en;
He lent me his old donkey-cart
To fetch it back again.

A charter was the phaeton gay,
A seizin was the steed;
It bowl'd along the milky way
With comet's meteor speed.

The milky way was deep and rough;
I nearly miss'd a fall;
'Twas new Macadamised with stuff
From dear old Sarum's wall.

At me the starry lion roar'd,
His fangs grim Cancer spread;
And that sad dog, Aquarius, pour'd
His slop-pail on my head.

Moon! thou art dizen'd out with votes;
My own, I saw it plain,
'Twas crumpled into papillotes,
To curl thy grisly mane!

The broad-faced hussey, with a stare,
Swore it was deeply hid
In Egypt, down, the Lord knew where,
Beneath a pyramid.

'Twas madness all; a dark blue mist
Came o'er my boiling brain:
'Twas madness all,—my heart's blood hiss'd,
And sparkled like Champaign.

Away! ye vampires, and ye gowls!
Avaunt! ye creeping things!
O flap not thus, ye hateful owls,
At me, your wicker wings!

The beastly Whigs, in countless hosts,
Against our cause combine;
And Duncan Bain, the porter, boasts
A vote as good as mine.

He, Celtic dog, akimbo stands,
With stiff and surly air,
And laughs outright at my commands
To vote for Mister Blair.

Gone are the blessed days, alas!
When our good thirty-three
Electors met, and chose Dundas,
In peace and jollity.

We had no public meetings then;
The town was calm and still;
No five-and-thirty thousand men
All clamorous for the Bill.

Gone are those days of prospering—
And golden days they were—
When glorious George the Third was King,
And Pitt, Prime Minister.

On well-greased wheels our empire rolled,
As smooth as smooth could be;
But now I've lost my good freehold,
Down in the west countree.

Deep in the dust our kingdom's trod,
While I am mourning thus;
The thought is madness: Ichabod!
Our glory's gone from us!

But I will thwart the levelling Bill
Before this sun shall set,
And metamorphose my goose-quill
Into a bayonet.

Duke—Prince—*King* Arthur,—hear us plead;
Our hopes are fix'd in thee;
Thine *arts* have fail'd to do the deed;
Thine *arms* must set us free!

Thine aid-de-camp to lead us on,
To free this labouring earth,
Sir George, his thankless task must shun,
And leave the shire of Perth.

In foeman's blood our hands we'll wet;
We'll tear them limb by limb;
To try our prisoners, we will get
Some Rhadamanthus grim;

Some modern Braxfield in divan,
With some revived Eskgrove,
To ship each Whiggish gentleman
Direct to Sydney Cove.

With finger-screw, and torturing boot,
We'll make them weep and wail;
And, scion of a hangman root,
The Earl of Lauderdale

Will wind each wheel with crimson hands,
Our great Jack Ketch of State:
Bare-arm'd, the gracious Rosslyn stands,
Assistant-surgeon's mate.

And Peel, our flag, mule-jenny-twined,
Blood-dyed, aloft will bear.
Benignant Balgray trots behind,
Our sergeant-trumpeter.

Vain is the dream. My wasting limbs,
I drag from place to place;
While jaundiced yellow still begrims
My worn and hectic face.

The Tolbooth's black and creaking gates,
For me are yawning wide;
And there is bird-lime on the grates
And chains of Morningside!

THE IRISH COUNSELLOR.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.—JUVENAL.

THERE is no place in Ireland which indicates more strongly the peculiarities of the Irish character than the hall of the Four Courts in Dublin. Go into it, any day in term; and you will, if you are a stranger, be horrified at the noise, the buzz, and the clatter of tongues which salute your ears from every side of its extensive area. You will be astonished, at first sight, to perceive the extreme number of powdered wigs, and flaxen coifs, as compared with those heads which appear undecorated by any extraneous ornament. To every client there appear to be three counsellors; and for every attorney thirty lawyers. We shall not, at this moment, investigate what may be the various subjects of conversation amongst the multifarious groups into which the multitudinous mass is separated: but there they are; the care-worn client and the shrewd-looking solicitor enveloped and almost smothered up by the Tory lawyers who are *out*, and the Whig lawyerlings who are expecting to *get in*.

How comes it to pass, that, in a country which is impoverished, which is nearly destitute of trade, and almost solely devoted to agriculture, there should be such numbers educated to a profession completely dependent for its existence upon the complicated arrangements of society, and particularly the extent of its commercial transactions? Every matter connected with land can be arranged in the Court of Chancery, or by a trial at the assizes. It is well known, that in the Courts of King's Bench, and the Exchequer, there are not, on an average, each term, fifteen actions on bills of exchange. As to the Court of Common Pleas, since it was deserted by the facetious and remorseless Norbury, the situation of a judge is, from the paucity of business, a complete sinecure.

Why are there so many lawyers in Ireland? This is a question asked by every stranger visiting Dublin; and as its elucidation may also serve to give an illustration of Irish character, we shall endeavour to answer it.

The Irish are fond of "a skirmish," whether it be with the bones-breaking shillelah, or the heart-breaking tongue. They like to witness *a row*, either in the open field, or in the close court-house. As their forefathers took especial pleasure in the game of hurling, where a man's neck might be smashed, so do the Hibernians of the present day rejoice in beholding a conflict of wits, in which a man's character may be *crack.. ed.* In neither case can ill-nature be ascribed as the motive for delighting in a hostile exhibition of strength. The Irish are a romantic and an imaginative people; and what they have thought of in their day-dreams they wish to see acted in real life before them. In days of old, the pursuits of the Irish aristocracy were, "war and the chace;" in the times of persecution, the Catholic was shut out from every honourable profession, and his humble ambition (for he could aspire to none above it) was to excel in feats of personal prowess; now, it is the anxious hope of the poorest to see his son holding the position which O'Connell so nobly occupies, "the assailant of the tyrant, the protector of the weak, the advocate of the injured." Whether it be in the capacity of discharging such duties to his client, or of attacking the clients of his opponent, there is nothing so gratifying to the Irish gentry and people as that of witnessing a forensic contest. There is in it all the charms and excitements of gambling; there is, according to *their* opinions, either the *low* stake of life, or the *high* stake of property to be decided; and they consider, that, according to the skill of the lawyer, the game is lost or won.

Such is the leading incitement that brings a young man to the bar in Ireland. But there are other causes to induce him to attach himself to the profession. The Irish are a *genteel* people; they have an instinctive abhorrence of any thing which touches upon what is regularly called "low life." The mechanic is ashamed of his trade; the shopkeeper of his business. When either of them acquire property, instead of bringing up a son to their own occupation, they wish to have him "an esquire all at once;" and accordingly the bar is selected, as "who knows but little Pat might be a Lord Chancellor, or a puisne judge, at the least?" Master Pat, therefore, goes to a Latin school; he learns the classics; enters college; dines at the King's Inns in Dublin; posts off to London; feeds there, and returns in two or three years, with full leave and liberty to put powdered horse-hair on his head, and is introduced into all companies as "my son, *the counsellor.*"

The agitation which has prevailed in Ireland for the last nine or ten years has added its quota to the profession. We have known men, who were comfortable farmers, and (it is scarcely credible!) some of them attornies, in good practice, who, unfortunately for themselves, had "the gift of the gab." They could, without hesitation, tire a meeting for half an hour, in pouring forth commonplaces, in a most confident tone, and with the most faultless impudence. They could mimic O'Connell, steal a metaphor from Sheil, and throw back the flaps of their coat like Jack Lawless; and for doing all this, and nothing more, they were, at country meetings, and even in the "old Association" itself, applauded "to the very echo." We have known such unmerited approbation to turn the heads of men, who thought the plaudits were given to them,

and not to "the cause," of which they were the insignificant supporters. The consequence has been, that many, who, but for agitation, would still be comfortable and independent members of society, are now lawyers without briefs, and barristers without clients. They walk the hall of the Four Courts, sad memorials of the weakness and folly of human nature!

It is not necessary for us to allude to those young gentlemen who become lawyers; because they know that on assuming the character, they set forth on the straight road to sinecure. Those individuals are quite conscious that they have not talent; but they are dependent upon nepotism for promotion. These are the "waiters upon Providence," the hangers-on; the sons, nephews, grand-sons, and grand-nephews of chancellors and judges. Each of them is as certain of being provided for by the elevation of a relative, as that the new judge's butler will obtain the exalted perch of "a crier." It is as improbable that an Irish judge will *sit* ten years on the bench, without wearing a full-bottomed wig, as it is for him to leave his comfortable nest, without having deposited in his court a young *brood* of placemen. The Saurins are now fastened on the country; half a century will not see extinct the Plunketts, the Bushes, and the O'Gradys. A judge's relations are like a bishop's sons and sons-in-law—innumerable. They spring up in the hot-bed of patronage as fast as mushrooms; and there they remain, till death cuts them off, or the new successor to office spreads a fresh layer of corruption, and plants a fresh stock of dependents. To such "counsellors" our observations can scarcely be applied. *They* run no risk in adopting a profession; for they take up the cards in the game of life, certain of having "*all the honours*" dealt out to them.

Ambition, pride, and vanity, fill the Four Courts' Hall with the majority of its unemployed barristers; but the exceptions to this remark are numerous. There are to be found, at the Irish bar, men gifted with the highest order of genius, of first-rate talents, and unbounded learning. We do not now refer to those who are *known* to possess those qualifications, but to men to whom the opportunity has been denied of manifesting them; who pine on in almost hopeless poverty, or are sinking gradually into the chill of despair, to which the continued mismanagement of Ireland and her resources seems to doom them. Such men would succeed in their profession as certainly as O'Loghlen, Wallace, Richards, Bennett, Ball, Jackson, and Greene, have succeeded; but their powers never can be known, unless they betake themselves to the Criminal, or the Civil Bill Courts; and going to either of these, unless upon the most extraordinary occasions, is regarded by the profession as equal to a sentence of banishment to Botany Bay, or transportation to the shores of Africa.

This is the situation of the Irish bar in the year 1832; a profession filled to overflowing, and hackneyed with vulgarity. In the courts, the counsellors are walking over each other; they are crowded together like flies in a bottle of syrup. In the streets, they are meeting you at every corner. They are at tea-parties as common as saffron-cakes; and at balls, there is more attention paid to the fiddlers than to them. They fill the tea-urn, and dance with the governess; they call the coach, and buy the play-bill; they dandle the baby, and carry the matron's muffling; they *look on* while cards are playing; and if the servant is out of the way, help round the refreshments; they are *seconds* to all peaceable duellists, and swear informations to have their *principals* arrested; they

"try" the little boys in their Latin, and the young misses in their French; they are seldom to be met with at dinner-parties, and they are asked out in the evening, as being a more useful *stick* than a chair in a quadrille; they are the slaves of the women and the drudges of the men, and the butts for children's practical jokes. To "such base uses" are applied an Irish counsellor—a poor Irish counsellor—an Irish counsellor without a brief!

MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.

It may be so, but we have our doubts upon the matter. Heaven, we think, would have made neater jobs than most of them are. Not that we incline, with certain Manicheans, to give the other power the credit of their manufacture. They are a cut above him. That the Devil inhabits hell, we know; but we also know that he did not make it.

We have sometimes wondered that Milton did not think it necessary to prefix a "Doctrine and Discipline of Marriage" to his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce." When his hand was in, he might as well have doné it. Whatever evil rumours may be abroad as to his practical fitness for making the married state happy, "and keeping it so," it is evident, from his account of the life Adam led in Paradise, that he had very pretty theoretical notions on the subject. Perhaps, as some old heathen philosophers held the business of life to be preparation for death, Milton esteemed divorce the great object of matrimony, and, like other great men, forgot the means in the end.

There are two main obstacles to the proper choice of a partner. People are, for the most part, in love, as far as their natures will permit, when they marry; and hence a twofold delusion. Firstly, each party sees the other through the glowing medium of passion; secondly, each is for the time in reality a different being from what he or she was before, and is to be again.

And firstly, of the first.—Each sees the other through the glowing medium of passion; which makes the object seen through it differ as much from its ordinary phasis as Arthur's seat seen through the tremulous atmosphere of a summer's noon-day, with the dim shadow of a drowsy cloud stealing over it at times, like the drooping of woman's eyelid veiling the glow of love, does from Arthur's seat when the rain cloud wreathes its summit, and the damp chilly gale sobs down the Hunter's bog, and every crag stands out with more than wonted blackness and harshness.

It is this that makes poets such pre-eminently bad selectors of wives. They, more keenly alive than other men to every throb of sense and sentiment, have also the marrying instinct more strong within them. Rich in all stores of imaginative wealth, they can, under the access of passion, hang festoons of all that is rich and beautiful round the ungainliest persons. A strange bashfulness ever attendant on the most gifted minds keeps them at a timorous distance from all who do not meet them half-way; and a shrinking sensitiveness, which is pained even by beholding what is unamiable, makes them translate every indication favourably. In short, the exceptions are few in which poets have not made such an owlish choice in marriage as to astonish every one.

But a more serious source of misapprehension than the erroneous opinion entertained of the future partner's character, is the temporary

change which that character really undergoes under the influence of passion. Even in animals a similar alteration is visible. The fox and stag turn upon all passengers during the amatory season, with a valour not natural to them. The hen, under the access of maternal affection, defends her chickens with desperate valour. So in the human race, the most unamiable persons are, while affected by the universal passion, at least to the beloved object, yielding, caressing, generously devoted. Their feelings are for the time purified and ennobled. The folds and sharp points of their character are for the time plumped out and rounded. A new and strange life fills their veins, and tinges all their actions. They can as little recognise themselves in their new state of feeling as others can. They believe that an essential change has taken place in their character.

Alas, it is but a transient moment! It is like the glowing sunset changing to gold the clouds which were grey before, and will be black afterwards. It is like the period of blossom, the love era of the vegetable world, when the least beautiful herbs load the evening air with rich, voluptuous perfume, the herald of their own speedy emaciation and death. Love is a deluding guide to matrimony. It is like the green fields and bowery woods seen by those sick of a calenture in the rippling sea, luring the maniac to a cold and weltering tomb. It is lightning in the night, revealing for a moment all surrounding objects, to leave us in double darkness. It is a faint though delicious note borne on the evening breeze, less pleasing from its own mellowness than painful from its transitory character, and the ineffectual striving to catch and retain its fellows which it excites.

"No one then should marry in love or for love." It is easy speaking. Marriage contracted without love is generally the consequence of some motive which poisons the union in its source. Friendship, if such a cool feeling can exist between persons of different sexes, does not seek for identity of abode and all worldly interests. It is satisfied with a less incorporating union; feels that occasional absence is necessary. No man or woman either will promise and vow eternal fidelity for the sake of friendship alone. Cool and unimpassioned marriages are uniformly the fruit of interested views—means to an end—entered into for the promotion of ambitious purposes, or the attainment of money, which is supposed to command every thing. This is mending the matter with a vengeance. Marry for love, and you may eventually feel marriage a burden; marry for any other reason, and you take it up as such from the first.

There is another way, which has sometimes been found to answer—marrying because one cannot help it. In some countries—in our own, in the good old times—marriage was the business not of those who entered into the solemn contract, but of their parents. The old people agreed that their children should marry, and the young people assented with the best grace they could. Were the old of the world always the wise, this would not have been so far amiss. But, unluckily, "there are no fools like old fools." The young feel that there must be sympathy in so close a connexion; they only err in dreaming that they find sympathy where it really does not exist. The old, with hearts which have lost the first edge, or with sickly frames more sensitive to physical discomforts than those of youth, are apt to restrict their notion of worldly comforts to the possession of a fair share of its goods. Regarding this alone, the grave and the gay, the cold and the passionate, the old and

the young were united in preposterous union. Had compatibles been linked together without previous acquaintance, and left to love each other as they best might, history gives strong reason to believe that such matches would have been happy. One old proverb hath it—

> Happy's the wooing
> That's not long a-doing.

And although one eminent philosopher has said:—

> Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure:
> Married in haste, we may repent at leisure!

Yet another, not a whit behind him, has told us:—

> Some by experience find those words misplaced;
> At leisure married, they repent in haste.

It is not, however, to such old saws alone that we are called upon to yield credence. Isaac, who had his wife brought home to him on a camel, and married her a few hours after sight, made no complaints of his fortune. Boaz, who was persecuted into marriage, honest man, by a young woman in want of a settlement, made an eminently happy marriage. Of Jacob's two wives, poor Leah, whom he never dreamed of marrying till he found himself lying beside her the morning after his nuptials, proved, by all accounts, the more amiable wife of the two. And to pass from sacred history to profane, we do not read that the matches with the Sabine women, clapped up on such short notice, and with such slender ceremony, proved less happy than the subsequent marriages of Rome. In fêtes-champêtres, pic-nics, and pleasure excursions, we find those which are extempore always the most agreeable. Where the pleasure comes unlooked for, and the mind has not been worked up to impossible expectations, or jaded with anticipations of pleasure, it is naturally sweeter. So it may be with marriage.

After wandering, however, in retrospect over all the possible methods of entering into this holy and mysterious state, we always recur to the natural portal, love, as the most natural.* It is appointed unto all men once to marry, and after marriage—Well, that's the business of nobody but the married couple. Every thing in life commences with passion and headlong enthusiasm, to fade by degrees into insipidity and commonplace. Equal laws are achieved by popular commotions; they are enjoyed in utter forgetfulness of their existence. In childhood, the mere consciousness of existence is rapture; in mature years we require something to live for—some conserve to give a relish to the dry-bread of life. It is a uniform and pervading law of nature, and must be submitted to in marriage as in every thing else. Marry then for love, in God's name, all who are fools enough to marry! Love is the only apology for such an absurd step. Burning, over-mastering passion, fusing two beings into one; satisfied with nothing short of a perpetual struggle to attain such an intermixture of soul, body, and interests as nature has rendered unattainable; this alone can justify the tying of the knot which may not be unloosed. It is madness, but it is a madness which is in the order of nature, and must be undergone. The only advice that can be given to

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* The only philosopher who has satisfactorily elucidated the efficient cause of marriage is an old woman,—as most philosophers are. Mrs. Alison Wilson of Milnwood, sagely observes, "Folk maun either marry,—or do waur."—See *Old Mortality*.

those unfortunates who stagger hither and thither beneath the load of the tempest, is to keep their reeling wits as sober as possible,—to speak and act as like rational beings as they can,—to remind themselves, perpetually, that they are living in a world of dreams, out of which they must one day awake, in order that the fading of their garish fancies may be as gradual, and their *exit* into the world of reality, accompanied with as slight a shock as may be.

In these days of education, the bright and musical delusions which flit, and hover, and warble around the gates of matrimony, are augmented in number, and their sorceries rendered infinitely more potent. The progress of civil society has had the effect of increasing, not only the number of positive idlers, but also of those whose labour is of such a kind as leaves the mind room to work and prey upon itself. There is a period of life, when leisure to brood over one's own thoughts is dangerous and unnerving; the period when those throbbings and longings, vague and undefined, but mighty and bewildering, which form the buoyant and surging couch and canopy of love, are awakening into existence. Lack of such employment as leads the mind out of itself, is then all but inevitable destruction. The tone of our literature, the general tendency of daily conversation, increases the danger. The lyres of modern poets "have one unchanging theme."—"'Tis love, still love." Every work of art has a completeness in itself; and what in life is a mere episode, appears, when reflected in a poetic mirror, endless and unbounded. The eternal lecture of wise mammas and wiser aunts, is a good marriage settlement. Even before the voice of the heart is heard, the fancy is prepared to attribute an undue preponderance of importance to love and marriage; and when the fever fit comes resistless and maddening, rapturous and bewildering, swelled by so many tributaries, whose streams have been dammed up to augment its torrent, it overflows the mind like a deluge; leaving, when it ebbs back, an exhausted and shattered world.

Sad is but too often the re-awakening to the reality of life, after an inconsiderate marriage; when the passions, which in the beloved object had been overflown and hidden by the spring-tide of love, as the low lumps of rock, rough with shapeless shells, and tangled with brown, withered sea-weeds are by a waveless summer sea, are again left bare. That good lady there, whose face is like frozen vinegar, and whose life is one perpetual scold, was once, to all outward appearance, a very loveable person. Now, the first thing you hear in the morning is her sharp voice on the stair, rating the maid for leaving the brush and duster there. During breakfast, she keeps up a perpetual maunder. The water is off the boil and smoked, the toast burned, the milk soured, (no wonder, it is near her;) some member of the family has come too late, or some one has been in the parlour before her, which is interpreted into impatience. Should your evil genius keep you within doors during the forenoon, she is to be heard incessantly clattering up and down stairs, like a cat shod with walnut shells; fretting from cellar to garret, and from pantry to bed-room; everywhere finding cause for dissatisfaction, and everywhere venting it in shrill, sharp, peevish tones. Should your avocations call you out, you are welcomed back with a scold. Company at dinner may make her bridle her tongue; but then she only "puts that tongue into her heart, and chides with thinking," her looks giving terrible evidence of the indemnification she promises herself for this restraint. She repeats through her sleep the objurgations of the day. She even scolds the family to church, and employs the time of divine-

service looking out for faults which she may reprehend on her return home. A party of pleasure is an excuse for finding fault with all the preparations of her family before-hand, and of their conduct while there. She scolds her husband first into habits of drinking, and then into his grave; her sons into occupations for which they are not fitted; and her daughters into ineligible matches, from their eagerness to get out of hearing. And yet she means no harm. She merely needs, like all other people, some excitement to keep her alive; and the only excitement of which she is susceptible is irritation. Hers is not that anger which flows from dislike: it is only a sort of moral itch, seeking to scrub itself against every object with which it comes in contact. And yet in the brief season of love this creature was agreeable. That impulse which seeks pleasure in conferring it, made her look lovely for the time; as accidents of the atmosphere can lend a momentary beauty even to the most barren moor.

It is easy to find a male counterpart to this picture. We would say to all ladies, in search of a husband, beware of a sentimental man. He is a selfish voluptuary: he would take without giving. He has lived over in fancy all that gives happiness in reality, and the edge of his feelings have been blunted. Devoted exclusively to such trains of thought, his mind is empty and without resources. Shrinking from the labours and contests of life, his thoughts are devoid of that manliness and vigour which exercise alone can give. Dull, inane, feeble, loveless, he can feel for no one; protect, support, or cherish no one; cheer the dull path of life to no one. In the prime of life, he will be at the best but a negative; and in old age he will sit moping and snivelling by the chimney corner,

> Clownish and malcontent,
> Peevish, impertinent,
> Dashing the merriment;

a clog, a log, a nuisance, and an incumbrance.

"What then is to be done?" Bear your allotted cross meekly. Submit to fate. Marriage is at the best but a leap in the dark; a lottery in which, like those announced at times by itinerating mountebanks, "every ticket's a prize," but few of the prizes worth the cost of the ticket. It is indeed "paying too much for one's whistle!" to give all the immeasurable wealth of young emotion, and receive in return a shrew, a clod, a fool, or a knave. But "wo that too late repents!" and consequently better not repenting at all. Put a good face on the matter. "Men do their broken weapons rather use than their bare hands." Emulate Zani Kiebabs, who, when he got a tooth knocked out, discovered that he had long wanted a hole to stick his pipe in. There is an alchymy in the mind, that can, by dint of perseverance, transmute evil into good. Men who have lived long amid the clattering of tinsmiths, have found themselves unable to sleep without their lullaby. When a learned and venerated friend of ours rendered the town in which he resided the inestimable service of conducting clean water into it, the honest burghers complained that the pure liquid "had neither taste nor smell."

Seeing that "he who will to Cupar maun to Cupar," the only advice that can be given to aspirants after connubial bliss is not to expect too much. To the men we would moreover hint, that marry whom they may, they ought to eschew silly women. Sentiment it is that attracts

man to woman; and where this is not embedded in, interpenetrated with a goodly portion of intellect, it is shallow and evanescent. To the women we would say, avoid idle men. "Man's love is, of man's life, a thing apart." Every man has a certain proportion of the commodity, which, if treasured up for idle hours, will suffice; but if beat out over his whole time, will prove lamentably thin and brittle.

Our sermon, we fear, has proved, on the whole, rather dull; but the indulgent reader will remember that

MARRIAGE IS NO JOKE!

DR. CHALMERS

AS A MORALIST, ECONOMIST, AND POLITICIAN.

THE Universe does not contain a prouder or more spirit-stirring spectacle than the life and actions of a man of gigantic powers and indomitable perseverance, who, in whatever walk or department of labour or inquiry, has devoted himself to the pursuit of truth and the means of ameliorating his race. The material world is ever great and magnificent; and there is about it a depth of beauty and sublimity, alike when its forms are reposing in peaceful majesty, and its thunders sending abroad their voice, which, as so well pictured by Akenside, can entrance even the rude peasant, and light up his wearied eye; but it yet owes its whole influence to its significancy as an emblem—to the fact of its being "a shadow of heavenly things," and an indication of the benevolence, tranquillity, and pure will, with which, by a first necessity of our spiritual natures, we are constrained to people the remoteness of infinite being. When following the course and triumphs of the great moral reformer, we clearly approach much nearer to the true source of sublimity, and come into actual presence of the victories—the omnipotence of MIND. In our contemplation of the freedom with which the noblest energies of his spirit have risen in triumph over passion, and prejudice, and feebleness,—in our contemplation of the sway he bears over his own age, and the command to which he has attained amongst its surging elements—how the stagnant multitudes heave to and fro at his approach—how he kindles within them the smouldering fire of patriotism, and arouses them to the heroic duty of self-sacrifice—how he stirs up in the coldest bosoms an aspiration after whatever is "divine," brings activity out of torpor, life out of death, and evokes immortality even from the "mouldering urn"—how abuses vanish, and evil hides its face in his presence—how oppressors grow pale at his rebuke, the dominion of antiquity and the tyranny of custom relax their gripe and abandon their pretensions, because "a King has come,"—in our contemplation of a progress so truly triumphal, and of an energy before which "valleys are exalted and mountains laid low," the dead raised, and the blind, deaf, and maimed, relieved each man from his infirmities;"—we feel as if introduced into the very penetralia of all this grand workship of phenomena; we perceive the power which moves, guides and upholds; we recognise the divine presence of that which matter but darkly adumbrates—the SPIRIT which erst arranged Chaos, and again walked in majesty over the waters; and we bend down and worship it as the noblest image of the CREATOR!

There are, in the composition of our countryman, Dr. Chalmers, very many of the most essential dispositions and highest qualities of a reformer of this Master-Lodge; and although it is quite true that sundry men in other walks of life, have, even in our pigmy age, exhibited a greater regularity and completeness of character, and, upon the whole, approached much more nearly to our Ideal,—it is as undeniable that the labours of no single person have been crowned with more remarkable success, or attended with a more large and intoxicating effect upon the minds in his immediate neighbourhood. To arouse the slumbering or overlaid spirit to a perception of higher and purer forms of virtue, is an achievement to which no man has ever proved himself more thoroughly equal; and it is a notorious fact, that more than any other teacher of this generation, has he succeeded in awakening that enthusiastic sense of independence, responsibility, and self-respect, which is the only origin of the improvement of human nature, the substratum or *condition* of all moral freedom. The gifts which have enabled him to fulfil the important duties of his mission are two-fold,—a free insight into principles the most deeply-rooted, and a wide sympathy with the dearest hopes in the human heart, along with surprising power and energy in the conduct of his appeal. Dr. Chalmers, as well as other men, has often delivered what was not accurate, and his creed is not untinged by the ephemeral habits and systems of the present and receding age; but inasmuch as humanity can only be purified by what is pure, and attracted upwards by what is heavenly, his veriest fallacies must have been accompanied by some redeeming truth, and his logical or dogmatical errors countervailed by the presence of natural and deep-searching feeling. The victories which he gained, and the sway he has established over his followers, are too great and remarkable to have their roots in sophism. What is fitted for the heart, alone goes to it;—whatever is untrue, has, from Time's beginning, had but a transient reign; and it were not possible to make it permanent, or to extend its influence far, even by the surprising strength of expression and power of energetic enforcement which may be predicated *par excellence*, of our countryman's most original oratory. That energy which is so peculiarly his own, springs from his profound convictions of the truth. Of all men in this speculating world, it could be said with the least justice of Chalmers, that he has, upon any point, a sympathy with the sceptic, or the slightest tendency towards indifference. Scepticism is, perhaps, much more of an *intellectual* infirmity than moralists are generally willing to allow; and certainly the Doctor is precluded from being afflicted with it, by the very structure of his intellect. We know not another individual, in the whole gallery of literature, who takes hold of his ideas with something so like a convulsive gripe. His conceptions are often true, and always possessed of a certain verisimilitude; but it is the character of his mind to throw itself rapturously into them on the very instant of their creation, to seize them with a vigour, and expound them with an emphasis and exclusive devotion, which bespeak their possession of his entire soul. There is no mistaking that he uniformly delivers himself "from the heart." His compressed enunciation is the evident breathing of his spirit; and it is said that he composes as if from a divine impulse, and under a frenzy resembling the inspired delirium of the Pythoness.

It were utterly impossible for a man like this to have taken a range over so many subjects of contemporary interest, as have avowedly attracted Dr. Chalmers' attention, without illustrating much that is im

portant; and an enlightened survey of his labours, cannot but be fraught with interest and instruction. Had his speculations been confined to mere technical theology, it is not likely that we should have conceived ourselves qualified—or, to say the least, *entitled*, to summon him before our critical bar, and either to dismiss him with our approval, or to take exceptions to his deliverances; but he is nearly as well known as an economist as a theologian, and has made distant excursions to the field of politics, not because of the instability, but of the expanse and comprehensiveness of his intellect,—because of his practical acquaintance with the mutual dependence of the different departments of moral inquiry, and his conviction of how much, in the fabric of human knowledge, and the progress of human society, the several parts and powers support, illustrate, and modify each other. His attention to the systems of public economy appears to have originated in a deep sense of their connexion with the machinery of public morals; and even in the formation of this single idea, we recognise a spirit infinitely superior to the trammelled sectarians who would convert Theology into a formulary and a trade. Surveying economy from such an elevation, and with an object so exclusively philanthropic, he could not fail to seize hold of several of its most important discoveries, and impress and expound them with his wonted energy and perseverance. Political science, accordingly, owes much to Dr. Chalmers; and we are, above all, his debtors, for one of the most eloquent, unshrinking, and best sustained developments of the grand doctrine of population with which modern literature has furnished us. This momentous truth appears to have attracted, and almost engrossed him from the very commencement of his economical inquiries; and he has never ceased to enforce and inculcate, with every variety of illustration, that those wide-spread social miseries which flow from the constant pressure of numbers upon the means of subsistence, can be neither removed nor permanently alleviated, by any change or provision whatsoever which does not infuse into the working man a taste for higher comforts, and the desire after a better form of life. Simple and axiomatic as this is, when formally and distinctly stated, it has nevertheless been hitherto the great stumblingblock of political economy, the truth which theorists and sentimentalists view with the most utter repugnance, and has called down upon the science the dead weight of Mr. Sadler's displeasure. Nothing, it seems, will drive the crude nostrum from the heads of these benevolent innocents, that the method of alleviating a wretchedness which flows from the comparatively slow increase of the public wealth or means of subsistence, and the comparatively rapid increase of the state's population, is the adoption of certain ingenious contrivances for accelerating the latter and impeding the former! This and nothing less is the secret meaning of our schemes of modern agrarianism, our New-Harmony settlements, our cottage-systems, cow-systems, *et hoc genus omne;* and it is hardly in our power to express the depth of our gratitude to Dr. Chalmers for his masterly exhibition and fearless denouncement of the whole list of ludicrous fallacies, in the volume he has lately given to the public.

That we mean to follow up the foregoing expression of honest praise, with a few exceptions, against what we consider our countryman's errors, can neither be unacceptable to the public, nor disrespectful to him. Our admiration is not the less valuable that we admire without adulation; and our censure will not offend by its bitterness, as it had not its origin in envy. To praise a great man is not to dethrone our own reason, nor

do we cease to love him when we note his faults. In regard of his position in society, and the place he holds in men's esteem, Dr. Chalmers is very independent; but he has himself too much humility and good sense, to imagine that this place ought either to blind us to his weaknesses, or give an unquestioned currency to his speculations. Many of these are indeed exceedingly exceptionable, and the defects of his mind are almost as evident as its powers. His ability to enforce and illustrate truth is much greater than his ability to discover or define it. His strength is greater than his discrimination. More comprehensive than minute—more eloquent and forcible than accurate, he is ever apt to be misled by his own illustrations, and whirled into ecstasy by his analogies; and the very profundity of his convictions, and intenseness of his gaze upon what he deems an important principle, appear too often to have effaced from his understanding all knowledge or recollection of its limits, and allowed him to manufacture it into a paradox.

He often dwells upon some single announcement with a most unproportionate and unnecessary perseverance—in the belief seemingly that he was the first to reveal it to mankind, whereas the truth may have been as old as science, and long ago taken its due place, and obtained its full importance in the system of knowledge.* It is, however, by an unguarded extension of his analogies and illustrations that he is led most frequently into error. The volume lately published for instance, is principally occupied with an endeavour to extend the doctrine of POPULATION to CAPITAL, and to prove its corresponding tendency to impinge against the limits of profitable employment. The dogma bears upon the very front of it the undisguised mark of a paradox; but the Doctor neither pauses nor doubts. Impelled by some unaccountable dislike of the inquirers, at whom, with an ill-disguised but most unworthy contempt, he constantly sneers as "the economists," he flies back to one of Adam Smith's vague statements regarding profits, and erects it into an absolute foundation for his theory. No two persons could be more apart in their whole character, as well as in the nature of their systematic writings than Adam Smith and Dr. Chalmers. The latter is essentially a speculator—a *logician;* whilst the Father of Political Economy was a philosophic observer. Several of Smith's statements on the effects of accumulation certainly required the correction of Mr. Say and Mr. Ricardo; but, as "The Wealth of Nations" is a book of observation, not of logic, these fundamental imperfections seldom led its author into important errors. By Dr. Chalmers, on the other

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* One very remarkable instance of this vice, cannot have escaped the notice of any one at all acquainted with the Doctor's economical writings,—we allude to the supposed discoveries which he hangs upon his division of society into the three classes of primaries, secondaries, and disposables; by which, he means the labourers employed in the production of food, of the second necessaries of life, and of luxuries. What new truth, or new light, in regard of any important point of economical or political science, might be expected from this new *nomenclature*—for it is nothing more—it would certainly puzzle an ordinary thinker to predicate; but the Doctor cherishes it vastly, writes of it in no measured terms of laudation, infers from it that commerce is of the least possible use; that the landed aristocracy are our natural superiors, in virtue of principles similar to those which make Euclid true; and that "the Economists," for want of possessing the invaluable Abracadabra, have fallen into the terrible error of supposing that the buckle-trade, could *directly*, and of *itself*, administer to the keeping up of the flesh and blood of the disposables! It is really astonishing that a man like Dr. Chalmers, could, by any process of self delusion, be brought to give in to this egregious trifling. See an admirable exposé of the whole absurdity in the Westminster Review, No. XXXIII, for July, 1832.

hand, that incipient mistake is not only never corrected, but relentlessly worked up by his fearless logic into all manner of extravagant untruth. There are sundry gaps at which we think he might have been stopped by the way—but stop he does not; and at length lands himself in the astounding asseveration, that ALL TAXES FALL ULTIMATELY UPON RENT! We do not remember a counterpart to this piece of extraordinary ratiocination, if it be not Laplace's inquiry into the ascent of fluids in capillary tubes. No analysis was ever more perfect or more beautiful; the symbolic process is exquisite, and the management of the calculus most dexterous; yet so ludicrously inconsistent is the result—so utterly in contradiction to all fact and experiment, that, although Frenchmen delight not in acknowledgments of error, the illustrious mathematician was compelled to resign the attempt in piteous hopelessness, and to close his volume in silence. Our countryman, however, is even bolder than Laplace; for he dwells with pertinacious steadfastness upon his discovery, and insists in a tone of authority for its instant application! We are no great believers in political arithmetic, and are aware that it is never difficult to get up a plausible statistical refutation; but we truly think that, in this case, statistics might have sufficed to intimate the error, for the veriest tyro in finance could demonstrate the result impossible. On Dr. Chalmers' theory, the total rent of Great Britain and Ireland should amount at present to about one hundred and ten millions, a sum less by but a few millions than the value of the entire annual produce of the soil of the United Kingdom, including the whole corn, of all descriptions consumed by men and animals within the year, and the whole animals killed annually for the purposes of food! Rent, it is well known, is only the surplus, after deducting all the expenses of the agriculturist—expenses which consume much more than *half* of the entire produce. There is, indeed, no danger of application being made of this strange fallacy, or of the State suffering by its incorporation with our theoretical finance; but we nevertheless exceedingly lament our countryman's having fallen into it, and regard his mistake with the very gravest emotions, as it has blinded his upright spirit to one efficient mode of benefiting his country, reconciled him to the exactions of the oppressor, and withdrawn him, for the present, from the patriot ranks.

The same unfortunate incompleteness or imperfection of mind, which has hurried Dr. Chalmers into these theoretical errors, renders him an unsafe guide in matters of Practical Politics. What is exhibited by a want of attention to the minutiæ and limitations of a logical process, manifests itself in the world of action by an imperfect sympathy with the tendencies and character of the time. Without a profound acquaintance with all these deep and ever-moving tendencies, a man may fashion Utopias, but he can never be a Statesman. Do we recommend slavish obedience to the commands and ephemeral passions of "the mob?" No such thing; only attention to popular movements, and a right appreciation of their importance. Superficial thinkers spurn even at this, and talk magniloquently of the lack of foresight and headlong ignorance of the many! Fools! the multitude are what they are, not by their own making; they are the produce of all past time, the receptacle into which every discovery of genius made heretofore, every new light thrown upon the condition of the human heart, and every revelation in regard of man's destiny, have been laid up and are all preserved. The multitude are the result of the world's bygone growth, and their movements its *pulse*. To despise the multitude is easy—easy to separate one's self from them; but to rise above them is permitted to few; and the great

mass of our *originals* acquire little other distinction than is conferred by a Harlequin's cap and bells. The man who truly merits the appellation of GREAT, attains, indeed, to a superior elevation; but it is only because he steadily eschews separation. His mind is formed by past time, as well as the tendencies of the multitude—his opinions are the very principles which guide and modify their hidden life, and he merely superadds an energy of WILL. Dr. Chalmers possesses too much prudence to admit of his entirely cutting himself loose; but he has never taken sufficient note of the progress of events; and his sentiments on all practical matters are marked, accordingly, by a tendency towards absolutism and mere fancifulness. There is an amusing *naïveté* in that announcement somewhere in the volume referred to, of the form of government which he considers the only tolerable one. He wishes a King upon the throne, and nobles around him, clad, we fancy, in mail jackets, and swelling with the *virtues* and *charities* of feudalism; but this wish, ought, logically, to have been preceded by another,—the vain wish that societies remain permanently in that condition which could alone render the machinery possible. The day of feudalism is indeed past: its tournaments are now food for the romancers; and the body politic of Europe is throwing off its oppressive forms as an old shell. There were good feelings and virtuous men in these past ages; but the ages are themselves gone, and no theorist need expect to restore them—at least until the Reform Bill shall be accounted of less value than the ballad of Chevy Chace. Has Dr. Chalmers fallen into the egregious blunder of imagining those social respects —those *duties of the lower orders*, and what else might be denominated the conservative sentimentalism of feudal times—to be the natural offspring of the heart and conscience of man? Does he not know that they were the *produce* and not the *cause* of that peculiar arrangement of political society, that they were the results of man's endeavours to be happy, however cloudy the vault above him—of his heart's struggles to alleviate the oppressions of the worst and best compacted tyranny the world ever saw, and to humanize rugged and barbarous force by initiating it in kindness, and teaching it to *feel*? To lament over the passing away of these sentiments is no task for a philosopher, and our countryman should not have composed their elegy. It is vain to endeavour to revive them, as their *materiel* is worn out; and to regret their disappearance is unworthy, since it merely happened because society has advanced.

The Doctor, however, not only regrets those antiquated forms of social life, but alludes, with little ceremoniousness, and no forbearance or kindliness of feeling, to the attempts of modern nations to organize a new one; and certainly, if we were to quarrel with him seriously, this would be the point of our difference. Jonathan may abide a jibe, for he is stout and healthy, and now tolerably used to it; but we must pronounce it ungracious in the extreme, to refer, with a sneering lip, to the brave but unfortunate population of France, who have been twice afflicted by the terrible scourge of revolution. The safety of Britain, a safety which hung but upon the events of a few hours, may be a ground for our thankfulness, but it is none for despite of our neighbour; and, least of all, ought one sneering remark to have escaped from a theorist, whose panacea for the evils which afflict that country, appears to be a form of Government; the materials of which do not exist within its boundaries! In regard of their final settlement, let the Doctor be quite at ease. We will not trust the formation of a constitution to him; but we will trust it to that "moon-struck rabble." If they have hitherto

been "dancing round a May-pole" with apparent thoughtlessness, they will tire soon; and there are already symptoms that they are in quest of rest. In what political bed they will choose to repose, we will allow them to discover;—in one thing we agree with the Doctor, and it is, that this bed is not their present one. How long, too, will the BURDEN of American civilization be misunderstood? It is painful to find a man like Dr. Chalmers giving even an indirect countenance to the Halls and Trollopes, and other retailers of the flotsam and jetsam of the age. Is it of no moment with him, that in America no man is born to independence of good conduct? Does the grand truth, which elsewhere appears so powerful over his mind, that Industry is the parent of Virtue, reconcile him nothing to a society where all *must* be industrious—to a society which permits of no aristocratic order of mendicants, which, as it can never have a Lucullus, will neither have an Augustus nor a Nero? Critics compare America with their ideal states, their cloud-land republics, and straight turn away, in sentimental squeamishness, from the contemplation of its rude virtues. Is it then only on this side of the Atlantic that the world is in a state of *probation*? Is it only here that we can tolerate imperfection or look *forward* for improvement? Legitimates! your ingenuity will not all do! The third ROME is rising in the west. Her long shadow already reaches across the Ocean, "and obscures the splendour of your thrones!"

THE TOWN.

PHANTASMAGORIAN show of things,
Of privy councils, princes, kings,
Lords, Commons, macers, Speaker!
King's Bench, Old Bailey, and riff raff,
"Dear damned enchanting town!* I quaff
To you my midnight beaker.

"THE TOWN, with three times three!"
The Town
Where neither prose nor verse go down
Undrugg'd with Useful Knowledge;
Where all mankind grow *penny-wise*,
And, Stranded, prim Minerva plies
Her distaff at King's College.

Where Carlton's column stands, to say
That Royal York on such a day
The debt of nature paid;
The only debt that could not be
Remitted, bail'd, or held in fee,
By Messrs. Coutts's aid!

Where, sticking in the mud, the Tunnel
Gapes, by rash engineers begun ill,
By ebb and tide half-drown'd;
Where Nash's gate for cameleopards
Astonishes the bagshot shepherds,
To Smithfield market bound.

Where, in the terraced Regent's Park,
Roars, squeaks, and squalls a new Noah's Ark,
Of beasts in pen or stall;
While creeping things—a mightier host—
Their cunning nests, well feather'd, boast,
In Downing Street, Whitehall.

Where, in orations from the Woolsack,
That make the ears of knaves and fools ache,
Brougham's comminations thunder;
Showing each foul abuse in Chancery,
Till (while scar'd Lyndhurst brews an answer) he
Strikes dumb the Lords with wonder!

Where dandylings, baptized in ink,
Find saving grace to write or think;
Where many a peer pedantic,
Lord of the Bedchamber, and Lord
Knows what's beside, sheathing his sword,
With pen in hand grows frantic.†

Where hon'rables of tender mien
Show fight in the Court Magazine
Of powder (and pomatum;)
While their dread sires, oppress'd with gout,
For tittle-tattle grope about,
And *scandalum magnatum*.

Where multitudes of things unclean
Form, from Blackwall to Kensal Green,
One vast Augean stable;
Crowds roaring forth with lungs of leather,
As though Old Nick had call'd together
A Lower House in Babel!

"THE TOWN, with three times three!"
Again
My whisky-toddy pleased I drain
To drink your melioration!
And may the Bill soon lop away
Each rotten branch that forms to-day
A by-word to the nation!

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* Goldsmith.

† Lord L—g.

FUNERAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY AN EYEWITNESS.

"Och, hone a rie! Och, hone a rie!"—GLENFINLAS.

ALAS for Scotland! Her highly gifted, her beloved, her idolized Sir Walter has yielded his mighty, his magic spirit into the hands of him who created it; and she, his hitherto proud mother, now weeps over the bereavement of her darling son, like Rachel refusing to be comforted! Vain is it to remind her of the sad truth that his soul had been for some time so clouded by the premature advancement of the dark shadows of the Valley of Death, as to make it matter of Heaven's mercy that it has been at last removed from its earthly imprisonment. *She* can never view him as thus bereft of intellectual light. *She* can never think of him but as the living magician who so long held all her feelings under his control; at the wave of whose wand she laughed or wept as he listed; and who continued day after day to raise her name, coupled with his own, higher and higher among the civilized nations of this earth. Yet bitter as is this her present affliction, she is not altogether without a source of consolation. He has, it is true, terminated his earthly career, but he has left behind him a legacy to his grateful country of literary treasures, and of fame, which, defying the ravages of the worm, the moth, the rust of age, or the destructive tooth of time, must endure as long as any part of the world itself may endure in a state of intellectual civilization.

When we arrived at the ford, which gave its fancied name to the poet's dwelling, we found the silver Tweed sparkling merrily along as if all things were as they were wont to be. The young woods before us, and the towers, and gables, and pinnacles of the mansion were smiling beneath the mellowing rays of the September sun, as if unconscious that the master spirit which called them into being had for ever fled from them. The sound of wheels came on the ear at intervals, rushing from different directions, and indicating the frequent arrival of carriages; yet when we, availing ourselves of the open doors, had taken our well-known way through the garden, and passed beneath the Gothic screen that might have vied with the Beautiful Gate of the Temple itself, and on into the court-yard in front of the house, we were surprised to find it deserted and lonely. Before any one came to interrupt us, we had leisure to gaze around, and to wonder at the great growth of the trees and shrubs since we had last beheld them; and as we did so, the venerable shade of him who had last walked there with us, filled our imagination and our eyes, shifted with them as they shifted; and as it glided around us, it recalled to our full hearts a thousand pleasing and touching recollections. But our dreams were at length abruptly broken, by the appearance of some of our acquaintances who issued from the house; and the sight of their weeds of wo immediately recalled our thoughts to the garb of grief which we also wore, and to the sad object of our present visit.

Passing through the Gothic hall, we met with no one till we entered the library, where we found a considerable circle of gentlemen already assembled. These were chiefly from the neighbouring districts; but there were a few whom we recognised as having come from Edinburgh and other places equally distant. Here our visions were too much broken in

upon by the appearance, and the frequent entrance of so many human beings, to permit us much indulgence in them. But still there were moments when we forgot that we were not alone; and during these we wandered back to those happy days when we experienced the condescension, the kindness, and the unvarnished hospitality of him, who, more perhaps than any other human being, knew the grand secret of bringing down a great mind to the level of smaller intellects. Indeed this, which is with others a very important *art*, was with this great man a part of his very *nature*. It was this golden ingredient in the character of Sir Walter Scott that made him at all times the most entertaining, as well as the most instructive of hosts. How did all the Tales of our gifted Landlord, even those tales with which he seasoned our feast and lightened the passing hours, return upon us as memory became gradually roused and stimulated by the inanimate objects around us! Nay, by degrees, even the people in the room were forgotten, and our reverie ran on for a brief space of time in one unbroken thread. Obscured within the shadow of one of the book-cases, we remained ruminating as if we had been absolutely alone, until we were interrupted by a summons to the drawing-room, where certain refreshments were prepared for those who had any inclination to partake of them. But we must confess our natural antipathy to all such mournful feasts. We therefore declined to join in this; and after catching, as well as our position near the door allowed us to do, a few stray sentences of a prayer which was feelingly offered up by the parish clergyman, we became so oppressed by the heat of the room, that we ventured to steal away to enjoy the air in the porch.

That porch was soon tenanted in our imagination, by that venerable ideal image which we had been all this while courting to our side. With it we continued to hold sacred communion; with it we looked, as we had formerly done with the reality, on the effigy of *Maida*;* and the harsh truth, that Maida's master was now as cold as Maida itself, went rudely home to our hearts. But footsteps came slowly and heavily treading through the small armoury. They were those of the servants of the deceased, who, with full eyes, and yet fuller hearts, came reverently bearing the body of him whose courteous welcome had made that very porch so cheerful to us. We were the only witnesses of this usually unheeded part of the funeral duties. Accident had given to us a privilege which was lost to the crowd within. We instinctively uncovered our heads, and stood subdued by an indescribable feeling of awe as the corpse was carried outwards; and we felt grateful, that it had thus fallen to our lot to behold the departure of these the honoured and precious remains of Sir Walter Scott, from the house of Abbotsford, where all his earthly affections had been centred; and which had so long been to him the source of so much innocent and laudable enjoyment, that it may be matter of speculation, whether the simple pleasures which he reaped in the construction of this house and place, were not greater than any he derived from the almost unparalleled celebrity of his name as an author. The coffin was plain and unpretending, covered with black cloth, and having an ordinary plate on it, with this inscription, "Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart., aged 62." "Alas!" said we, as we followed the precious casket across the court-yard; "alas! have these been the limits of so valuable a life? How many of his cotem-

* A celebrated stag-hound, which Sir Walter Scott received from Glengarry.

poraries are here; men who were his companions at school; men who have sat with him in boyhood, on the steps of stairs, or on walls, listening to his tales of wonder and of interest, and who yet wear all the appearance of health, and strength, and activity, giving promise of years to come of extended and enjoyable existence; and that *he* should have been snatched from us at an age so comparatively early!"

Having followed the coffin until we saw it deposited in the hearse, which stood on the outside of the great gate of the court-yard, we felt ourselves unequal to returning into the apartment where the company were assembled; and we continued to loiter about, seeking for points of recollection which might strengthen the chain of association we wished to indulge in. Our attention was attracted, by observing the window of the study open, and we were led to look within, impelled by no idle or blamable curiosity, but rather like a pilgrim approaching the shrine where his warmest adoration has ever been paid. Our eyes penetrated the apartment with a chastened look, such as we should have used if the great magician himself had been seated in the chair of this his sacred penetralium. The different articles in the room seemed to remain much in the same places they occupied when we had last seen them. All the little circumstances attendant on our last visit to this sanctuary of the poet came crowding upon us. Thither Sir Walter had conducted us himself; there he had acted the part of our cicerone with all his native wit and playfulness. His figure was in our eyes; and his voice, nay, his very words were in our ears. But, alas! the deep tones of the venerable old Principal Baird, whose voice was heard in earnest and impressive prayer, came upon us through an opposite door, from the library beyond; and the affecting allusions which he uttered, again brought us back to the afflicting truth, that Sir Walter Scott was gone from us for ever!

The prayer was no sooner ended than the company began to issue from the house. The carriages had been previously assembled on the haugh below, and were so arranged there, that they drove up in a continued line; and as each passed the great gateway, it took up its owners and then proceeded. There certainly were not less than seventy gentlemen's carriages of all descriptions, two-wheeled as well as four-wheeled; besides which there were a number of horsemen. The public road runs along the face of the hill, immediately above the house, in a direction from west to east; and the avenue leading from the gate of the court-yard runs up the hill in a westerly direction, entering the public road so obliquely as to produce a very awkward turn for carriages going eastward towards Melrose. Until we had passed this point some little way we could form no notion of the extent of the procession; but when we were thus enabled to form some judgment of it, we perceived that it had extended itself over about a mile of road.

Ere yet we had left the immediate vicinity of the house, we discovered a mournful group of women-servants weeping behind the hedge on our left, whither they had hurried to take their last look of that hearse which was carrying to the grave a kind and indulgent master, whose like they had no hope ever to look upon again. There was to us something peculiarly touching in the grief of this group, for there they stood isolated, as it were, in a sorrow, which, arising from so humble a source, bore ample testimony how well he had fulfilled even the minutest kindlinesses of life to all with whom circumstances had in any way brought him into contact. The elevation of the road on the hill-side was such as

to give us a full view of the valley, and we could observe that the summit of many of the little knolls at a distance, even those beyond the Tweed, were covered with small clusters of rustic gazers, all intent upon a spectacle equally calculated to move persons of every rank and description; and every now and then we found a little knot of spectators assembled by the wayside, whose motionless countenances, and unbroken silence, sufficiently testified the nature of their feelings.

As we approached the neat little village of Darnick, our attention was forcibly arrested by a very striking token of wo. On the top of an ancient tower, one of those, we believe, which Sir Walter has rendered classical, was placed a flagstaff, from which depended a broad black banner of crape, or some other light material. There was not a breath of air to stir the film of a gossamer, so that light as the material seemed to be, it hung heavy and motionless; a sad and simple emblem, that eloquently spoke the general village sorrow. This we found more particularly expressed in detail, as we passed through the little place, by the many minuter insignia of mourning which the individual inhabitants had put on the fronts of their houses and shops; by the suspension of all business; and by the respectful manner in which the young and the old, and people of both sexes, stood silently and reverently before their respective dwellings, wrapt in that all-absorbing sorrow which told how deeply he that was gone had rooted himself in their affections. When the hearse drew near to his own Melrose, the bell tolled sadly from the steeple of the church, and as we entered the street, we saw that here as well as elsewhere, the inhabitants had vied with each other in unaffected and unpretending demonstrations of their individual affliction. In the little market-place, we found the whole male population assembled, all decently dressed in deep mourning, drawn up in two lines, and standing with their hats off, silent and motionless. Grief was deeply impressed upon every honest countenance; but we thought we could observe some, who, from the greater intensity of their feelings, might have had some private cause to claim a title to a greater poignancy of regret. It is easy to notice this little circumstance which occurred in Melrose, but no one who did not witness it can fully appreciate the overwhelming effect it produced on those who were present. For ourselves, we must freely confess, that our manhood was completely overthrown by it; and we do not envy the iron nerves of those, who, forming part of such a procession, could have passed unmoved between those two lines of decent, and decorous, and heart-stricken mourners. We looked with extreme interest towards the Abbey. It seemed in our eyes, that in common with all animated nature, it had been endowed on this occasion with a soul and with intelligence to hail the melancholy pageant which wound away from it, and to grieve that its holy soil was to be denied the sad honour of receiving the ashes of its poet. A mild light streamed over the Eildon hills, and fell softly on the ruined pile. We might have fancied that his spirit was hovering over this his own dearest spot, and smiling a last farewell to it.

The effect of the procession when crossing the Fly Bridge over the Tweed, and still more when winding around that high and long sweep of the road which is immediately opposite to the promontory of Old Melrose, was extremely striking and picturesque; and the view looking back from the high ground towards the Eildon hills and Melrose, over the varied vale of the Tweed, till the eye was arrested by the distant mountains, then seen under a rich Claude effect; and the devious course

of the river, betrayed by fragments of water that sparkled here and there amid the yellow stubbles and green pastures, was exquisitely beautiful. But nothing gave so much interest to this glorious scene as the far-off woods of Abbotsford, then dimmed by the warm haze, and melting, as it were, from their reality, and so reminding us even yet more forcibly of the fleeting nature of all the things of this perishable world.

Having descended from our elevation, we entered the grounds of Dryburgh. These occupy a comparatively level space, embraced by a bold sweep of the Tweed, where the house of Dryburgh, and the picturesque ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, standing about two hundred yards distant from it, are surrounded by groups of noble trees of all sorts, rare as well as common; and among them the cedar is seen to throw out his gigantic limbs with that freedom and vigour which could only be looked for on his native Lebanon. The hearse drew up close to the house of Dryburgh; and the company, having quitted their carriages, pressed eagerly towards it. Not one word was spoken; but, as if all had been under the influence of some simultaneous instinct, they decently and decorously formed themselves into two lines. The servants of the deceased, resolved that no hireling should lay hands on the coffin of their master, approached the hearse. Amongst these, the figure of the old coachman who had driven Sir Walter for so many years, was peculiarly remarkable, reverentially bending to receive the coffin. No sooner did that black casket appear, which contained all that now remains of the most precious of Scotia's jewels, than with downcast eyes, and with countenances expressive of the deepest veneration, every individual present took off his hat. A moment's delay took place whilst the faithful and attached servants were preparing to bear the body, and whilst the relatives were arranging themselves around it in the following order:

Head.

Major Sir WALTER SCOTT, eldest Son of the Deceased.

Right.		*Left.*
CHARLES SCOTT, second Son.		J. G. LOCKHART, Esq. Son-in-Law.
CHARLES SCOTT of Nesbitt, Cousin.	THE BODY.	JAMES SCOTT, Esq. of Nesbitt, Cousin.
WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq. of Raeburn, Cousin.		ROBERT RUTHERFORD, Esq. W.S., Cousin.
Colonel RUSSEL of Ashiesteel, Cousin.		HUGH SCOTT, Esq. of Harden.

Foot.

WILLIAM KEITH, Esq. of Edinburgh.

When all were in their places, the bearers moved slowly forward, preceded by two mutes in long cloaks, carrying poles covered with crape; and no sooner had the coffin passed through the double line formed by the company, than the whole broke up, and followed in a thick press. At the head was the Rev. J. Williams, Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, dressed in his canonicals as a clergyman of the Church of England; and on his left hand walked Mr. Cadell, the well-known publisher of the Waverley Works. There was a solemnity as well as a simplicity

in the whole of this spectacle which we never witnessed on any former occasion. The long-robed mutes; the body with its devotedly attached and deeply afflicted supporters and attendants; the clergyman, whose presence indicated the Christian belief and hopes of those assembled; and the throng of uncovered and reverential mourners, stole along beneath the tall and umbrageous trees with a silence equal to that which is believed to accompany those visionary funerals which have their existence only in the superstitions of our country. The ruined Abbey disclosed itself through the trees; and we approached its western extremity, where a considerable portion of vaulted roof still remains to protect the poet's family place of interment, which opens to the sides in lofty Gothic arches, and is defended by a low rail of enclosure. At one extremity of it, a tall thriving young cypress rears its spiral form. Creeping plants of different kinds, "with ivy never sere," have spread themselves very luxuriantly over every part of the Abbey. These, perhaps, were in many instances the children of art. But, however this may have been, Nature had herself undertaken their education. In this spot especially she seems to have been most industriously busy in twining her richest wreaths around those walls which more immediately form her poet's tomb. Amongst her other decorations, we observed, a plum-tree, which was, perhaps, at one period, a prisoner, chained to the solid masonry, but which having long since been emancipated, now threw out its wild pendant branches, laden with purple fruit, ready to drop, as if emblematical of the ripening and decay of human life.

In such a scene as this, then, it was, that the coffin of Sir Walter Scott was set down on trestles placed outside the iron railing; and here that solemn service, beginning with those words so cheering to the souls of Christians, "I am the resurrection and the life," was solemnly read by Mr. Williams. The manly, soldierlike features of the chief mourner, on whom the eyes of sympathy were most naturally turned, betrayed at intervals the powerful efforts which he made to master his emotions, as well as the inefficiency of his exertions to do so. The other relatives who surrounded the bier were deeply moved; and, amid the crowd of weeping friends, no eye, and no heart, could be discovered that was not altogether occupied in that sad and impressive ceremonial which was so soon to shut from them for ever, him who had been so long the common idol of their admiration, and of their best affections. Here and there, indeed, we might have fancied that we detected some early and long-tried friends of him who lay cold before us, who, whilst tears dimmed their eyes, and whilst their lips quivered, were yet partly engaged in mixing up and contrasting the happier scenes of days long gone by, with that which they were now witnessing, until they became lost in dreamy reverie, so that even the movement made when the coffin was carried under the lofty arches of the ruin, and when *dust was committed to dust*, did not entirely snap the thread of their visions. It was not until the harsh sound of the hammers of the workmen who were employed to rivet those iron bars covering the grave to secure it from violation, had begun to echo from the vaulted roof, that some of us were called to the full conviction of the fact, that the earth had for ever closed over that form which we were wont to love and reverence; that eye which we had so often seen beaming with benevolence, sparkling with wit, or lighted up with a poet's frenzy; those lips which we had so often seen monopolizing the attention of all listeners, or heard roll-

ing out, with nervous accentuation, those powerful verses with which his head was continually teeming; and that brow, the perpetual throne of generous expression, and liberal intelligence. Overwhelmed by the conviction of this afflicting truth, men moved away without parting salutation, singly, slowly, and silently. The day began to stoop down into twilight; and we, too, after giving a last parting survey to the spot where now repose the remains of our Scottish Shakspeare, a spot lovely enough to induce his sainted spirit to haunt and sanctify its shades, hastily tore ourselves away.

DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

TONES, as when seas are stirred,
Have thrilled the hearts of men:—
A whisper, and a word
Of death, and they who heard
Smile not again!
From land to land it went,
And o'er the nations rushed
The piercing call— "Lament!
The Voice is hushed!"

Swift as death's angel rode,
Passed on the cheerless tale:
'Twas heard—and eyes o'erflowed;
'Twas told—and lips that glowed,
Trembling, grew pale.
Glad faces lost their glee,
Stern voices quivered;
The child beside his father's knee
Looked up—and shivered!

Was this some warrior's knoll?
Some empire's purple lord's?
No! 'twas a mighty soul,
Whose sceptre was a scroll
Of deathless words!
The world of thought and song,
The glorious shades of yore—
He ruled—a gorgeous throng,
And rules—no more!

Each age, and kind, and mood,
His spirit realm embraced;
King, peasant, learned, or rude,
The city's toiling brood,
The lonely waste,
O'er all of human birth,
His veil of magic cast:
Of that bright glamour, Earth
Hath seen the last!

Within yon castle-halls
His hounds are whimpering low:
By the dim cloister's walls,
Dim figures, wreathed in palls,
Float to and fro.
From the hill's waving bloom
Flit mourners airy;
And midst the woodland gloom,
Wail elf and fairy.

From lake and battle-plain,
Grey minster, dell, and wold,
The spirits of his reign
Attend his funeral train,
All mute and cold:
While viewless things, that rise
On cloud or tempest-surge,
Sing for his obsequies
A faint low dirge.

Late summer's golden eves
A hope and welcome gave;
Now autumn, with red leaves,
Ere winter comes and grieves,
Bestrews his grave.
Fade, waving forests, fade!
In vain your branches play;
For he who loved their shade
Is borne away!

Mourn we departed might?
Mourn we a star gone dim?
For those to whom his light
Gave joy, and power, and sight,
Mourn: not for him!
Constant, and warm as love,
While here, his gold lamp shone;
Now, to bright heavens above,
The star is gone.

All that Earth's pride and praise
Could yield, the Minstrel knew;
Crowned with far-shining rays,
Honoured, and great of days,
Homeward he drew;
Still from his gifted lips
Bright flowed the stream,
Till came the pale eclipse
Across life's dream.

Forth went a shadowy hand,
And touched him on the brow;
Calmly he laid his wand
Aside, and shook the sand,—
Death, is it thou?
Slow o'er his reverend head
The darkness crept,
While nations round his bed
Stood still, and wept!

Where shall we lay the dead?
What stately tomb shall guard,
With pall and scutcheon spread,
And solemn vaults o'erhead,
Our wizard Bard?
Green is that valley's breast,
His native air
Sighs from the mountain's crest,
O lay him there!

In the red heather's shade
Thus shall ye lay him down;
Fold him in Albyn's plaid,
And at his head be laid
The laurel crown;
Nor mock with pile or bust
That tombstone lowly,
The presence of his dust
Makes the earth holy!

A shrine not made with hands!
And kingdoms, while his grave
In silent glory stands,
Shall fall, as on the sands
Wave urges wave.
Midst the soul's sacred things
His words inspired
Shall echo, till the wings
Of Time are tired!

THE SLAVE-HOLDERS—THE MISSIONARIES—AND MR. JEREMIE.

"NEEDS must whom the devil drives." Those who have sold themselves to the anti-social principle, will, like men in the delirium of a fever, grow more frantic as they grow weaker, and exasperate their sufferings, and accelerate their fate, by their own mad struggles. The sugar planters will rush on their fate. The mother country has warned them—has laid upon them the strong but friendly hand of maternal discipline; but they kick against her, and roar and squall with the vehemence of spiteful brats, more loudly at every attempt made to sooth and pacify them. They are like a drunken crew on board a perishing vessel; hiccuping, bawling obscene songs, and blaspheming in the teeth of the howling storm; stopping their fingers in their ears when addressed by the few sober men among them; hugging the anchors and swearing, "G—d b—t them! we will sink together in spite of these canting water-drinkers!" Their doom has been fixed by their own insane acts: it is now too late to save them. They have refused to withdraw their sacrilegious gripe from the throats of their fellow beings, whom God has made after his own image, and endowed with reason as well as themselves. They will not even relax a little that infamous system of bondage, abhorrent alike to the divine spirit of Christianity, and the dictates of humanity. They will not themselves take measures to attain what those who object to the instant emancipation of the slaves characterize as the safe and gradual abolition of slavery, as has been done in the new republics of South America; nor will they allow others to do it for them. Witness the persecution of the missionaries in Jamaica!—witness the refusal of the petty tyrants of the Mauritius to allow Mr Jeremie to land! The slaves have now, under God, but one source of aid to look to, and that is their own right hands; and who can blame them, if, in despair of that relief from bondage which they have long expected from the humanity of the British nation, they shall rise, and tell their masters, "We also are men; and we shall be slaves no longer." They have been taunted and goaded to insurrection,—they have been denied the attainment of freedom in a peaceable and equitable manner; and, were their colour white instead of black, where is the Briton who would not say that the slaves owe it to themselves and their children to vindicate their liberty as they best

may. Thwarted by the selfish blindness of their masters,—trammelled by the necessary bonds of conventional law, this country cannot aid them. They must rely upon themselves. The slave colonies will throw themselves loose from our allegiance? Fools! If they dared, it would be the best service they could render us. We are taxed—heavily taxed—to keep them from running to beggary in a losing and hopeless speculation. Britain has foolishly appropriated more sugar ground than she can herself consume. Foreign markets are now supplied by the produce of newer and more fertile soils. And Britain is bound, by the terms of her bargain, to pay not only for the sugar that she uses, but for the surplus which she has held out inducements to make the planters manufacture. This is the plain English of the long-winded evidence submitted to the House of Commons last session. In addition to this outlay, we pay for keeping the slaves in subjection. Were the British troops to be withdrawn from the slave colonies, the planters would not be one instant secure of their lives and property. This, then, ought to be our ultimatum to these little despots of the tropics:—"Accede honestly and heartily to our plans for ameliorating the condition of the slaves, or we leave you and them to settle the matter between you." On our lives, we do believe that the latter alternative will be accepted; and then it will be St Domingo over again. America cannot aid them. The Northern States are too deeply pledged to dare to engage in such an unholy crusade. The Southern States have their hands full at home: Their own slaves would be up, were they to despatch a force to the islands. Besides, America has no standing army, the only efficient tool of slave-holders. In a very few years at the farthest, the servile war will begin in the British slave colonies. It is then that the worth and importance of our missionaries will be acknowledged, even more than it has yet been. If among a population reared in a state of society calculated to make their reason only an instrument of deeper degradation than mere instinct could have led to, one spark of a higher principle remain, it will be owing to their teaching. If amid the burnings, devastations, and bloodshed which are impending, instances of self-control appear on the part of the infuriated victors, (for victors the slaves must be;) or something approaching to a distinct view of the object of the struggle, and a power of organizing the multitude for its attainment, be visible, it will be owing to the generous and self-devoted daring of those among them who have courage to remain on the scene of horror. We adjure them by their high calling, "as they fear God, and regard man," to gird themselves for this trial. A task of usefulness and worth in the divine regard, to which no mere human strength can nerve a man, awaits them. We know that they will be found "with their lamps burning, and their loins girded."

SCOTTISH VOTERS,

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

We returned a few days ago, from our annual excursion to our cottage in the Grampians, whither we always resort during the grouse-shooting campaign; and were it not that our magazine is devoted to canvassing the destinies of men, rather than of moorfowl, we should willingly follow the bent of our autumnal inclinations, and proceed to expatiate largely on our Mantons and Purdies; on our *magazines* of powder and shot; on the very superior noses, the high breeding, and the finished education of our stanch establishment of setters; to the leading dog of which, in the exuberance of our political feelings, and of our gratitude

for the blessings our Premier has recently conferred upon us, we have given the proud name of Earl Grey. We should give a detailed account of all our varied warfare, both by land and by water; on mountain, on moor, on river, on lake, and on tarn; of all our successes, and of all our disappointments; particularly noticing the days when our own unerring eyes, and undeviating double-barrels, were the means of loading the backs of our *gillies* with full game-bags, which happily chastened their alpine strides to an equality with our more sober paces; and again pointing out, with great care, those extraneous, and altogether uncontrollable causes, which, in defiance of our unvarying accuracy of aim, did, on certain days, most unaccountably conspire to baffle us, and, much to our dissatisfaction, left the broad shoulders of our Highlanders altogether unincumbered. All this we should have told, together with all the other incidental, accidental, transcendental, and minor matters, naturally requiring to be recorded in a well-written sporting tour. But at the present time, men's minds are too much occupied with the fate of their country, and as a most important feature of it, more immediately intent on watching the probable result of the future elections, for any such trifles as these to find room in them. We shall therefore leave all such things to sleep till some second Colonel Thornton shall arise, on some future halcyon occasion, to celebrate our exploits; and we shall now hasten to give an extract from our journal, which, we hope, may be found not entirely unconnected with the all-engrossing subject of the purity of representation and of election.

Whilst on our way homewards, we sojourned one night in a small burgh town lying in our route, and, after an early breakfast next morning, we again mounted the driving seat of our dog-cart, and with as sporting an attitude as we could possibly assume, the resistless effect of which, indeed, was sufficiently proved by the undisguised admiration exhibited by certain juvenile milliners' apprentices, who watched our departure from a large bay window opposite our inn, we started, and dashed down the street at a pace that called forth the clamorous applause, not only of the raggamuffin boys, but also of divers nondescript burgh curs which rushed forth from either side of the way, to follow in the wake of our triumphal car, and to the imminent jeopardy of certain aldermanic ducks, who, accustomed as they had been all their lives to maintain the crown of the causeway in dignified composure, in defiance even of the rapid wheel of his Majesty's mail coach, had, notwithstanding, very considerable difficulty in waddling out of our way. In the midst of this our vain-glorious career, and when we had almost reached the town's-end, we suddenly experienced one of those reverses of fortune, which are frequently sent, like salutary medicines, to reduce the fever of human pride, when it rises above that degree which marks the truly healthy state of the human mind. In driving over a deep kennel that ran across the street, our machine sustained so rude a shock, that we were fairly pitched upwards by the concussion, completely into the air, like the ball from the trapshoe, and our persons descended from this, their sudden elevation, with a weight and force so tremendous, as instantly to produce a great, most unexpected, and most alarming derangement of the equilibrium of our vehicle. "Woo—oo—oo—o up!"—cried we, pulling up our reins in very considerable dismay; and in truth it was full time for us to do so, for the body of our carriage hung over in so threatening a manner, that, had we not succeeded in suddenly stopping our course, we, and carriage, and dogs, and detonators, would

have been tumbled in chaotic confusion most ingloriously into the mud. As it happened, however, we managed to descend very gingerly and without injury from our exalted position, when, to our no small mortification, we discovered that in consequence of the rude jerk we had received, one of our new patent grasshopper springs had hopped altogether from its place, and been broken in its most delicate part. So there we and our attendant stood, utterly at a loss what to do, our faculties paralyzed by the magnitude of our misfortune, surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive but unaiding idlers; and to add to our confusion, as we were consulting together, amidst the frequent interruptions of numerous officious advisers among those who had assembled about us, two of our gay and handsome milliners' girls came tripping along the pavement, each with a band-box in her hand, and with a wicked simper on her face, that made both of us bite our lips very sillily, and look extremely foolish.

As there is no happiness without alloy in this life, so there are few misfortunes altogether void of alleviating circumstances. By good luck our accident had taken place exactly opposite to a forge, over the door of which was painted in large letters, "*Robert Strongitharm, Smith and Farrier;*" and as the brawny muscles of Robert himself were at that moment actively employed in wielding a ponderous fore-hammer, in the act of ringing a wheel belonging to an old gig, which we observed standing by the side of the way, propped up on one leg as it were, like some ballad-singing mendicant, we resolved to put our case immediately into the horse-doctor's hands.

Like all members of the faculties of law, physic, farriery, and iron-forging, when a new case is presented to them, Dr. Strongitharm pronounced our case, or rather the grasshopper spring, to be a very bad case. But, as he very properly observed, there seldom is any case so bad but that it may be cured, provided a proper adviser, and skilful operator can be obtained to plan and perfect its cure; and he accordingly began honestly to congratulate us on our having been tossed by our good fortune into hands so very experienced as his.

"It's a kittle kind o' a job gentlemen," said he; "but it's weel for ye that ye ha'e forgathered wi' ane gey an' weel acquaint wi' siccan fasheous maitters. Had ye happened on yon useless scart o' a cratur, Johnnie MacGruther, i' the grand shop yonder, twa three doors farther up the street, though he kens mair than a do about pokers an' tangs, an' nit-crackers, an' moose-fa's, ma certy, ye might ha' been lang eneuch i' the toon afore he could ha' sorted your spring. But, let's see!—Od, as this is a pressin' affair that winna' thole delay, a'm no sure but a ha'e an auld gershapper that may do a' the turn till ye win hame. Come here, Tammas; bring the pliers i' ye're hand. Haud up the body a wee better, man—noo, that 'ill do." And the smith was in the middle of the business in the twinkling of an eye.

Somewhat tickled by the humour of this son of Vulcan, and being moreover very desirous to see the work forwarded, so that we might be speedily again *en route*, we entered the smithy with our disabled vehicle, whilst our servant put the horse into an adjoining stable. There we stood silently watching the labours of Mr. Strongitharm and his attendant Cyclops. The broad and good-natured visage of the smith, that looked as if it had been modelled in black diamond, first began to shine over the anvil, and then, by degrees, it even appeared to ignite by the glow of the fire it was exposed to, until at last it absolutely glowed like

a piece of burning charcoal, whilst he eagerly toiled to accomplish our wishes. As we lounged about the place, yawning, and execrating our ill-luck, our attention was attracted by the appearance of a fat little round-visaged man, in an apron and sleeves, who entered the smithy, having been driven into it by a sudden and heavy shower of rain; and after a few of those preliminary nothings which usually serve as preface to a Scottish dialogue between strangers,

"I see you are reformers here, sir," said one of us, pointing to an old Reform Jubilee placard, fragments of which still adhered to the smithy door.

"Ou ay, sir," replied our man; "we're a' stench reformers here. Bless your heart, sir! we had mony a petition here for Reform, baith to the Parliament an' the Lords, an' the King an' a'—an' after the bull passed, od we had a percesshin an' a hantel o' flags—an' a denner, an' speeches that wad na' ha'e disgraced Edinbroch itsell. But here's Maister Messer, the haberdashery merchant, can tell ye far better about it than I can. I'm sayin'—ye can tell the gentleman a' aboot our Reform *Jubile*, Maister Messer," continued he, speaking to a thin, spare, and rather well-dressed man who then entered, puffing and blowing, from his anxious haste to escape to a shelter.

"The *Juboli*?" said Mr. Mercer, wiping his bran new blue coat, and his velvet neck, and his gilt buttons very carefully, with a scarlet Menteith-dyed cotton pocket-handkerchief. "Oh yes, Mr. Dallas, I can tell the gentlemen all about the *Juboli*, for you know I had the honour of being one of the *Juboli Comyteee*. I assure you, gentlemen, it was got up with the greatest good taste—the flags and devices were all admirable—nothing personally offensive to any one; and as I happened to have the good fortune to have been present at the Juboli in Edinburgh, I was not only enabled to supply all and sundry with the proper ribbons and badges,—but I also had it in my power to give many useful hints to the *Comyteee*, and although I say it who should not say it, the *Juboli* here was thereby rendered not unworthy of the great victory which Freedom has achieved in Scotland."

"I hope you had a good turn out of reformers?" said one of us.

"Why, sir, the whole town are reformers here," replied Mr. Mercer; "we set down to dinner about two hundred and fifty persons; and the speeches, toasts, and songs were of the very first description."

"Then Mr. A——, the liberal candidate for these burghs, is sure of his election, so far as this town is concerned," said we, "and Mr. B—— the anti-reform candidate, can have no chance?"

"Not the least chance in the world, sir," replied the haberdasher; "for, as I said before, we are all reformers here."

"Ou ay, that we are!" echoed Mr. Dallas, the grocer; "a' *stench* reformers."

"Then, sir," said one of us to the last speaker, "I need not ask you whether you are to vote for Mr. A—— or Mr. B——?"

"Troth, sir," replied the grocer, "to tell ye the honest truth, I ha'ena' just made up my mind aboot that pairt o' the story. It's a lang time yet or the yellection, an' I'm thinkin' that I'll just tak a thocht about it."

"A thought about it, sir!" exclaimed one of us in a tone of undisguised astonishment—"a thought about it! How can you possibly require one single thought, or hesitate one moment in a case where the contest lies between Mr. A———, who has so long advocated the rights

of the people, and who has sacrificed his time, and given his labour in the most patriotic and indefatigable manner; all to bring about the accomplishment of that grand work of reform, which, to carry home the matter to yourself, has made *you* a voter for the member of Parliament for this burgh. Can you hesitate, I say, between such a man as him, and his opponent Mr. B——, who has so long sat for these burghs in the Commons' House, for no other purpose than to support that very corruption and extravagance in the government of the State, which has brought us to the very eve of political bankruptcy, and who has uniformly opposed every motion, however trifling, which went in any way to enlarge the privileges of the people, or to diminish those burdens under which they at present groan? Why, sir, with the political feelings you have declared you possess, I cannot understand how you could hesitate one moment in your choice between two such candidates as Mr. A—— and Mr. B——!"

"Od, sir, I dinna ken," replied the grocer, "there's a great deal, to be sure, in what you say. But I'm thinkin' I maun just tak' a thocht aboot it."

"He! he! he! Laukerdaisy, such a regular dull one you are, my dear Mr. Dallas!" exclaimed the haberdashery merchant, with the titter of a man-milliner. "What, man! bless my heart, can't ye make up your mind to the right thing at once, without more shilly-shally? Surely you can never go for to think for to vote for such an anti as Mr. B——, you who have signed every reform petition that was sent off from this place? Why, what *are* ye thinking on?"

"Od, I tell ye, I maun just tak' a thought about it, Maister Messer," replied the grocer.

"He! he! he! well, deuce take me if you have not been well nicknamed by the club, *Dull Davy Dallas,*" cried the haberdasher; "and if I might be permitted to amend your *nong de garr*, I should propose that instead of *Dull Davy Dallas* it should be *Dull Davy Dowlas!* Ha! Mr. White," continued he, addressing a baker who just then entered, "you're a man of more spirit. I'll be bound you'll act after a more bolder fashion, else I mistake you sadly. You'll give your vote to the right one at once. You'll not hesitate long between Mr. A—— and Mr. B——, I'll warrant me."

"Ou, Mr. A——'s the man for the people's rights, that's true," replied the baker; "and as for the tither chap, it maun be admitted that he has dune a' thing that he could to keep them frae us; but ye ken they're baith very good gentlemen, and sae a'm just no thinkin' o' votin' at a'."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us! here is a determination tenfold more extraordinary than the hesitation of the other gentleman," exclaimed one of us. "Why, sir, what in the world can have brought you, a reformer, to so strange a resolution as this?"

"A dinna ken," replied the baker, with some little displeasure in his countenance; "a divna see that am just obliged to answer that question. The vote, a tak' it, is ma nane; an' a'm thinkin' a man may lawfully do wi' his nane what he likes."

"True, sir," replied one of us, "you have the highest authority for holding such doctrine—even that of an august and noble duke, no less—who argued upon the great scale; that is, about whole levies of burghs, exactly what you are now arguing on the small scale, for the mere property of your vote. But, sir, let me tell you, that if election reform is

to be terminated where it now stands, you must begin to view your newly-acquired privilege in a light very different from that under which it now appears to you; for, I put this question to you, Why was it that the Legislature limited the vote to the minimum of a ten-pound rent in a burgh, or a ten-pound property in a county? and why did they refuse to give votes to people of nine pounds, of five pounds, or of three pounds,—ay, sir, or to people of one pound? but simply because they conceived that by so vesting the power in what might be presumed to be the most intelligent portion of the community; and that *your* right, being not *your* right alone, sir, but the right of all those unprivileged persons by whom you are surrounded, would be honestly and conscientiously exercised for *their* behoof, as well as your own, and therefore for the good of the whole. I hold, sir, that you are bound by the duty you owe to your neighbours, who have no votes, or rather, I should say, whose votes are confided to you to bestow properly—I say, I hold that you are *bound* to give your vote either one way or other. You dare not—in justice to your neighbours, who may be called your copartners in it,—you dare not, I say, keep it tied up in your napkin; and if you but give it according to your conscience, you cannot be blamed, even if that conscience, after having been fairly consulted, should tell you to give it against the opinion of those very neighbours who have a share in it. But, if you follow your conscience, you cannot go wrong; and, indeed, in your own particular case, you have already said enough to satisfy me that, in the election about to take place, your wishes and your conscience will go hand in hand together; and moreover, that they will be found in full harmony with the wishes of that knot of hitherto unfranchised persons, in the midst of whom you live, and whose votes you represent; who look, let me tell you, with a jealous eye on you, watching how you are to employ that vote, which will be held by them to be, as it certainly is, the common property of them all."

"My eye! there's a speech for you, Master White!" exclaimed the haberdasher, slapping the baker's back, till the twelvemonth's dusting of flour, which had gradually accumulated in his jacket, arose and enveloped us like a mist. "There's a speech for ye, my boy! what say ye to that? Why, that would have done for our last dinner. What say ye to that, I say?"

"Troth, sir, a'll just tell ye the truth," replied the baker: "a ha'e not muckle to say, that's certain; an' there's nae doot muckle gude sense in what this gentleman has said. Weel, indeed, might he speak at dinner or at hustin's aither. But *possiteeveley* a wunna vote!"

"Why, what a soft un you are, Mr. White!" exclaimed the haberdasher; "you're one hundred per cent a worse article than Dull David Dowlas here. I tell ye, you are as soft as your own dough! But I am up to the cause of your not voting, Master White. You know that Mr. B—— is son-in-law to the Earl of C——; and the Earl of C——, wonderful to behold! after having, all his life, for his own private purposes, pretended to be the man for the people—so far, indeed, as to have been considered somewhat of a republican in the days of the Reign of Terror in France, at the end of the last century—has now most strangely discovered that his own private purposes require that he should fight like a Turkish Jannissary against freedom wherever it appears. He is the maddest of all the mad antis now going. But, Mr. White, hark in your ear, he takes his household bread from you, and you are afraid to lose his custom. But why don't you act boldly and independently, as I

mean to do, and defy the old earl, and the old devil, and all his works? Ah! you are soft as your own dough, Master White!"

"Sir," said the baker, sulkily, "a'd wish ye to keep in mind, that gif a'm dough, an' soft yenoo, a may grow mair crusty than may please your chafts, if a'm but made het aneuch; sae, a'd advise you to keep your jokes mair till yeresell. A say again what a said afore, an' that is, that *possiteevely* a wunna vote ava;" and with that Mr. White abruptly left the smithy.

"He's a poor spiritless fellow that," said the haberdasher, after eying his retreating steps for some time, till he saw he was effectually out of all hearing. "If all reformers were like him, indeed, what would become of the great cause? Aweel, how goes the county, Farmer Black?" continued he, now addressing a stout young country-looking man, who at this moment dismounted at the smithy door to have one of his horse's shoes fastened. "How goes the reform cause in the county? Is the reform candidate, Sir D—— E——, sure of his election?"

"A'm thinkin' he's gey an' shure," replied the farmer, shortly.

"I'm sure you wish him well at all events?" said the haberdasher.

"A'm no sayin' but a do," briefly replied Farmer Black.

"Ay, ay," said Mercer, "many's the good bumper of punch that you and I drank together to the glorious cause of reform, on that market day, you remember, when you stopped to take a bit of chack of dinner with me, after buying so many gowns, and shawls, and ribbons for your mother and sisters—ay, and may-be for some other lass, too, for aught I know to the contrary. You know you sold your nowt well that day; and I'm bold to say I never beheld a finer show of beauty than your large hay-cart exhibited on the glorious day of the Juboli, standing at the corner of the street; when the old lady and the girls, all dressed in my new gowns and finery, were placed bolt upright in it, thick set together like so many pots of stock gillyflowers and marygolds, as I passed by you bearing the banner, with the painting of a loom upon it, surmounted by a trifling *jew desprite* of my own, (for I now and then rhyme a little, ye must know, if the murder must out)—surmounted, I say, by the words

> When I set up my loom
> My pattern shall be
> Russell, Althorpe, and Brougham,
> Who have made us all free!
> Then for honest Joe Hume,
> I shall surely find room;
> And my colour, I say,
> Shall be that of Earl Grey."

"The banner was a vera bonnie flag, Maister Messer," replied the farmer. "An' troth, when a saw ye carrying it, ye pat me in mind o' ane o' ma ain stots routing awa wi' his tail straight up on end, when the puir beasts are fleggit wi' a flight o' clegs in a het summer day."

"Aweel, aweel," said the haberdasher, rather dashed by this uncouth simile, and anxious to divert the attention of those present from it, "I am sure you wish the worthy baronet, the representative of the cause of reform, every possible success."

"A'm no saying but a do," replied the farmer.

"Well," said the haberdasher, "he's sure of your vote at any rate, at the very first asking."

"We'll stop a wee till we see hoo the laird gangs," answered the farmer.

"What has the laird to do with the matter?" demanded the haberdasher. "If you pay him his rent you may laugh at the laird."

"Wha says that a dinna pay him his rent?" said the farmer, looking suspiciously over his shoulder, as he inserted his left toe into the stirrup, and threw his right leg over his beast. "That may a' be true eneugh that ye say, yet, for a' that, ane may like to bide a wee gliff till ane sees hoo the laird gangs."

"Silly aver!" exclaimed Mercer, after Farmer Black had ridden away, "that fellow has as little sense or spirit as the cart *Bassie* that bears him yonder. The fellow bawled about reform with the best of us; and, for all that, I do believe, that to keep the laird easy with him about some small arrear of rent, he will vote for Colonel E——, the anti-reform candidate, although it be against his very conscience. 'Pon my honour, such fellows are no more to be depended upon than a piece of cloth which has been rotted in the bleaching! Surely, Mr Dallas, you'll be ashamed not to show more resolution than yon turnip-headed gaby? Come, man, take a swatch from me; and make up your mind to vote, as I mean to do, for Mr. A—— and the cause of reform, which we have both stuck to so long."

"Na, na, Maister Messer, we'll no' be so rash—we'll just tak' a thought about it;" and so, with a civil bow to the party, the grocer departed.

"He! he! he! there goes Dull Davie Dowlas!" exclaimed the haberdasher; "depend upon it his *thought* has been taken already, and he is fairly tied by the leg. The Duke's commissioner has been with him, and deuce another raisin, or fig, or Stilton cheese from his shop will now be eaten within the doors of his Grace's mansion, if he does not give his vote to please the anti-reforming peer! But, let that pass: all men are not made of stuff strong enough to resist such friction as he has been exposed to. Gentlemen, you are strangers here; but I am proud to say you are no strangers to me; for I had the honour of seeing you both on the hustings in Bruntsfield Links, on the grand day of the *Juboli*, at Edinburgh. You were pointed out to me by a friend as great and well-known reformers, and as able supporters of that valuable, and enlightened, and liberal, and rapidly-rising journal, *Tait's Magazine;* and as such, as I reverenced you then, so I reverence you tenfold more now, that my own ears have heard you utter sentiments such as you have uttered. I see that some accident has happened to your carriage, which, though I regret it on your account, has been a great blessing to me, in giving me the honour of so much of your company and converse; and if I can be of any use to you?"——

"Sir," said one of us, "we are much flattered by your politeness. Our carriage has indeed met with a small accident, which you see is in the hands of Mr. Strongitharm, and which seems to be already so far in the way of being remedied, that the vehicle has at least been fully taken to pieces; but our *spring* seems determined to verify the proverb, so very applicable to *Scotch springs* in general—I mean, that '*Hope delayed maketh the heart sick;*' for, although my friend and I have been for these two hours back softly aspirating in the words of our native poet, Thomson,

'Come, gentle spring,'

and probably with no less impatience than the tiresome dregs of a long-protracted winter had driven him to, yet there seems as yet to be but little chance of its speedily 'coming when we do call.'"

"Instead of standing hanging on your pins in this uncomfortable place here," said the haberdasher, "like the unsaleable last year's ginghams in my shop, with all Strongitharm's hammers ringing in your ears, had you not better adjourn, as we used to say at our reform meetings. And now that the rain seems to be over, if you will venture to walk to my house, about eight or ten doors off, I shall be happy to take *you* in, as I take in *Tait's Magazine*, and to show you my back parlour; where you will do me great honour by accepting a glass of wine, to drink success to the liberal cause here, and everywhere else."

To so kind an invitation as this, it was quite impossible to say nay; so, after giving the smith and our own man our final directions, we followed Mr. Mercer through his front and back shop, into his snug little parlour behind both, where we were introduced to his wife, a smiling well-favoured black-eyed *bourgeoise*, to whom he appeared to have been recently united. Wine and cakes being produced, Mercer himself was soon called by his business to the front shop, and we were left in comfortable chit-chat with the lady; who speedily showed herself, like most of the sensible women we have met with, to be a keen reformer.

Whilst thus agreeably engaged, we heard a sound in which the well-practised ear never *can* be deceived; we mean the sound of patrician wheels. The coach of a peer, it is true, has no more wheels than a common stage-coach has; nor has it any more horses. But there is a deep, decorous, dignified roll about such a carriage, that even when it is hid from our eyes, never fails to conjure up on our retina the fat coachman, or the two splash-looking postilions, and especially the two tall, handsome, lazy, cane-carrying footmen in the rumble behind. It is a sound very different, indeed, from the rapid rattle, and jingle, and cracking of a mail or other such coach; even when that accursed horn is silent, which, unlike the happy horn of Oberon, is less calculated to conjure up pleasing delusions than to dissipate our celestial dreams of bliss. The partition between the parlour where we sat, and what was called the back shop, was thin; and a pretty considerable window, with a cotton blind hanging over it, whilst it was intended to give a borrowed light to the back shop, very much contributed to facilitate the transmission of sound.

"That's the voice of the Countess of C———," whispered Mrs. Mercer to us; "she's a proper anti. I wish my goodman were well quit of her! for, reformer though he be, he has no chance at all with so designing and so persevering a woman as she is; and depend upon it, she is not begging him into the back shop that way without some end of her own. Hist! Listen to what they are saying!" Thus tutored, we remained silent, by which means we were *compelled* to overhear the whole conversation; though we must, at the same time, honestly confess, that, although we are not ladies, our curiosity to know the issue was so great, that we found it no very severe penance to be *compelled* to listen.

"This way, my lady!—this way!" said the haberdasher.

"Mercer!" drawled out a soft but haughty voice; "I have hitherto been rather disposed to patronize you; and one of the best proofs of this very good disposition towards you is, that which I recently exhibited by bringing my niece, the Marchioness of F——, here to give you her patronage too. And now, in the same patronizing disposition, I come to desire you will give your vote, (for I understand that these levelling times have given you a vote)—I say, I come to desire you

will give your vote to my son-in-law Mr. B———, who, notwithstanding all I can say to him, is obstinately determined to contaminate himself among the riff-raff members of that abominable sink, the Reform Parliament."

"Really, my lady," stammered out the haberdasher, after what appeared to us to be a most ominous pause, "I am deeply sensible of your ladyship's patronage, and the patronage of your ladyship's niece. I beg pardon, I mean the patronage of the most noble the Lady Marchioness of F———. I feel all that your ladyship has so eloquently expressed. But, really, my lady, in times like the present, hem!—a-hem!—in times like the present, I say—it is—it is very difficult, indeed, to say what to do."

"What, Mr. Mercer!" exclaimed a new voice, pitched in a much higher key, which our *prologa*, Mrs. Mercer, at once informed us was that of the marchioness; "What, Mr. Mercer! can you have any doubt how to act in a case where the Countess of C——— where *my aunt* the Countess of C——— condescends so far as to advise you?"

"No, no, not exactly doubt, my lady marchioness,—not exactly doubt," replied Mr. Mercer, in a subdued tone, betraying considerable trepidation; and, then, after a pause, during which he appeared to have somewhat collected himself, "At all events, I cannot doubt that it must always be my duty to obey the smallest wishes of two ladies of rank, so high and noble, and especially of two such honoured patronesses as the Countess of C——— and the Marchioness of F———. But, really, noble ladies, in these times,—one's country,—something must be sacrificed for the good of one's country!" The last part of Mr. Mercer's speech was enunciated with an assumed firmness of voice as if he had twisted up the fiddle-reins of his nerves considerably above concert pitch. But the voice, that of the marchioness, which replied to him, was tuned a full octave above him.

"A haberdasher talking of his country! There is the march of intellect for you! There is reform with a vengeance! why, I shall next expect to see your man of muslins and of ginghams keeping his French cook! Where *can* such people have learned to talk of their country? But, indeed, when we have such Chancellors and Premiers as Brougham and Grey, who actually talk as if the common herd of the *canaille* were of the same blood, as well as flesh, as we of the Upper House, it is no wonder that we should have a haberdasher giving us a discourse upon his country, as if it were John Kemble himself arisen from the dead to perform the character of Cato of Utica!"

"Let *me* talk to him, my love!" drawled out the countess. "I shall not waste much time with him, I promise you, though I shall even condescend to reason with him. Mercer! you are an extremely foolish man; a haberdasher, as my niece, Lady F——, says, has no business in the world with his country, except to live in it, and to pay its taxes. He should attend to his muslins, and his silks, and his counter, and all that; but that he should interfere with politics, is a thing absolutely quite shocking. On the contrary, he should always be ready to listen to any lady of quality who deigns to patronize him, as I and my niece, the Marchioness of F——, patronize *you*, Mercer; to show his gratitude to whom he should always be ready to vote as his patronesses bid him, through thick and through thin; but, as to politics, a haberdasher in a small borough like this should never have any thing to do with politics, and still less with his country. Then say at once that you will vote for

my son-in-law, Mr. B——, and don't be so rude—do you hear, Mercer?—as to give me any farther trouble."

"I am sure, my lady," stammered out the haberdasher, "I am sure, my lady,—I—I—I do not know what to say. Your ladyship speaks—both your ladyships speak like members of the House of Com——, I mean of the House of Lords—like Peers of Parliament, I should say. Any thing so eloquent I have never heard in my life before; but, really—I—I—I do not know what to say."

"But I know what you *must* say," replied the shrill and impetuous Marchioness. "You *must* pledge yourself to vote for Mr. B——, and there's an end on't! What, sir, are two women of quality, such as my aunt and myself, to condescend thus to signify their pleasure to such a person as Mr. Mercer the haberdasher!" ("Proud minx that she is!" was here parenthetically interjected by Mrs. Mercer; "if the fellow has the spirit of a flea, he'll give her his mind.") "Are we, I say, to condescend to lay our commands on any such person as you, and are they to be received with doubt and hesitation? Reptile! if you detain us longer with your doubts, you shall be crushed to the earth like a worm in our path!"

"Hear the vixen!" exclaimed Mrs. Mercer. "If I were he, I would give it to her in the deafest side of her head!"

"Do not permit yourself to be excited thus, my love, by the folly of this weak, silly man," said the drawling countess. "He is a stubborn blockhead, to be sure, as all blockheads are. But I shall never allow such a person as he is, to rob me of my temper. I do not even allow my obstinate poodle to do that; though, it must be confessed, he has more than once tried me pretty severely."

"Ladies, ladies!" exclaimed Mercer, in a perturbed tone that spoke his extreme agitation. "Heaven knows I am the last man in the world that would think—nay, that would dream of offending you, but—but—but, really, what *can* a man do?"

"I say, with all the distinctness of utterance of which I am mistress," continued the countess; "and our family have always been remarkable for distinctness of utterance; and, of all our family, no one has been more remarkable for that quality than myself;—I say with all the distinctness of utterance of which I am mistress, *give me your promise that you will vote for my son-in-law, Mr. B*——, or I shall not only withdraw from you my patronage, and that of all the members of my family, but the Marchioness shall withdraw hers, and we shall blast the reputation of your goods, oppose their introduction by the influence of our superior *ton*, abolish the borough balls; and, finally, bring down a person who was a shopman with the so justly celebrated firm of Dyde and Scribe, to set up under our fostering *surveillance* in opposition to you; and you are, doubtless, sufficiently acquainted with the political economy of this paltry place, to know whether or not it has customers enough to make the new man rich, and to keep you from starving at the same time!"

"Horrible old witch!" muttered Mrs. Mercer; "what a demon she is. Have a care of me! heard ye ever the like of her?"

"Ahem! Your ladyship deals rather hardly with me," said Mercer; "or rather, I should say, you are pleased to, perhaps, just a little disposed to, it may be, to have some amusement at my expense. But—but really, 'pon my honour, I am really much at a loss what to say.

But suppose that, just to please you, honourable ladies, I should resolve that I should keep neutral, and not vote at all?"

"What, sir!" exclaimed the marchioness, in her highest key, "not vote at all! do you call that pleasing us? By all that is good we shall not bate you one atom of our demands; vote for Mr. B——, and have our patronage; vote for Mr. A——, or remain neuter, and take our heaviest vengeance as your reward. Is that plain and intelligible?"

"Come, come, my love," said the countess, "you are too hasty with this *imbecile*. He is a poor silly creature; but you should remember that our Bible teaches us to have mercy upon the weak. I see that our arguments have at length begun to operate upon him, as the continual dropping of a drop of water is said, by degrees, to perforate the hardest rock; and thus we perceive the powerful effect of sound reason, when properly directed and applied, and conveyed in fitting language. So now, Mercer, call my footman; and, as you show us to the carriage, give me the satisfaction of hearing you say that you have at last come to the determination of supporting my son-in-law Mr. B——. Call my footman, I say; Charles, the man's name is Charles." Here Mrs. Mercer half opened the parlour-door, that she might the better hear, and at the same time see the parties, as they moved through the front shop towards the door where the carriage was standing. Mr. Mercer followed the two peeresses, bowing with great humiliation, and pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf. "Call Charles, I say!" continued the countess, seating herself in one of the chairs of the front shop. "Charles, where is my book of pledges?"

"Here, my lady."

"Then write down in it that —— Mercer here—your name is Joseph, I believe?"

"No, my lady," replied the subdued haberdasher, in an humble tone, "my name is Dick."

"Ay! ay! true," continued she; "Richard Mercer. Charles, write down that Richard Mercer, (we cannot be too particular in such matters of business,) I say that Richard Mercer, haberdasher and silk merchant, number —— what is your number?"—"Fifteen, my lady."—"That Richard Mercer, haberdasher and silk merchant, and dealer in shawls and laces, number fifteen, High Street, pledges himself to qualify and vote for Mr. B——. Ha! let me see it; yes, right enough; that will do. And now, Mr. Mercer, have you any particularly rich lace veils at present? I think you occasionally commission such trifles. Let us see your last parcel; ay, that will do; vastly pretty, indeed! Hum! some of them vulgar enough in pattern, too; but, on the whole, not at all bad for such a shop in a country town. Put the whole parcel into the carriage; I may find use for them all."

"My troth, that is a wholesale bargain, indeed," muttered Mrs. Mercer; "but when shall we see the colour of her ladyship's money?"

Mr. Mercer came sneaking back into the little parlour, and swooped himself down in an easy chair, with a visage sorely humiliated by mortification and chagrin. His lady hardly allowed him to be seated ere she opened upon him.

"Well, Dick, this is a precious business. How can you ever venture—you who was, as a body may say, the very tongue of the trump of reform—to hold up your head, or to show your face among the neighbours, after allowing yourself to be cajoled by that Jesuit, and dragooned by that horse-trooper in petticoats, and to have the common sense driven

out of ye by such a pair of she-devils; Lord forgive me for such words? Bless me, man, I thought you had more spunk and spirit in you than to be so browbeaten by such a randy woman as yon marchioness, or humbugged by such a draunting drone as yon shy old witch, her aunty the countess. How *could* you be so dull and so soft?"

Now, be it observed, that the thin vapour of which the haberdasher's spirit was composed, had been, by this time, screwed down to its minutest possible volume, by the high pressure engines of the two ladies who had been so lately operating upon it. To prevent danger from its too sudden re-expansion, it should have been permitted gradually to escape harmless through some safety-valve. But, instead of this plan having been resorted to, the inconsiderate partner of his bosom thus began, by unexpectedly applying the poker to stir up the already intensely hot fire that burned within him; and an additional stimulus was given to it, almost equal to that of a barrel of turpentine, by her having thus, for the first time, made him aware of the fact, that we who had witnessed his triumphant chuckling over the weakness of his neighbours and friends, the grocer, the baker, and the farmer, had now both heard and seen the utter and complete debasement to which he had been reduced. Poo! off he went, with an explosion more like that produced by the ignition of carbureted hydrogen in a coal-mine, than the mere bursting of a steam-boiler.

"I'll tell ye what it is, Mrs. Mercer," said he, striking the table with his fist, "by the great oath, this is a subject which no woman shall dare to remark upon in my presence; and, damnation, ma'am, my wife shall never speak of it, if she would have her head on the same pillow, or under the same roof with mine, else my name is not Dick Mercer!"

"Mr. Mercer," said we, rising abruptly to take our departure, "we drink to your good health, and many thanks for your polite hospitality. Do not stir, sir; pray do not stir." But the haberdasher did stir, to accompany us to the door, with his habitual professional attention. And oh! what did he behold and hear when he reached it? On the narrow pavement in front of his shop stood a little ring of burghers, among whom we noticed Dull David Dallas the grocer, and the well-powdered Mr. White, the baker; while farmer Black was sitting in his saddle, and leaning over the kennel, listening with eager attention. A shout of laughter was at that moment arising from the group, in the midst of which one of the haberdasher's shopmen was in the act of finishing a waggish detail of the occurrences which we have so recently narrated. For our parts, we hardly dared to look at the poor man who was the subject of this history; but the slap of despair which he bestowed on his brow ere he again rushed inwards, was so loud, that it absolutely re-echoed from the opposite buildings.

We returned to Mr. Strongitharm's, just in time to witness another scene, which, after what had passed, was quite refreshing to us, as it will, no doubt, be to our readers. The last touch had been given to our refitted vehicle, and our worthy iron M.D. had received our grateful commendations for his expertness and expedition; when, as we were about to pay him his very moderate charge, a light barouchette, with four post-horses, and a brace of postilions, drove up to the door of the smithy. On the box in front, was seated Mr. B——, the present and would-be future member for the district of burghs we were then in; and in the interior appeared the heads of two individuals, the one elderly and the other younger. Mr. B—— sprang from the box with great ala-

crity, and, entering the smithy, addressed Mr. Strongitharm with a familiar yet haughty nod.

"You're a voter, my good fellow, a'n't ye?"

"A believe a wull ha'e a vote, sir, after a ha'e qualifeed," replied the smith, in a plain, simple, yet respectful manner.

"Well, you'll give it to me, wont ye?" said the candidate.

"May a ax wha ye are, sir?" demanded Strongitharm.

"Oh! I'm Mr. B——, you know, who has now represented this district of burghs in Parliament for these eight years back."

"Od, sir, ye mun ha'e been young begun wi' the Parlymentin' business," replied the smith, "but muckle though a ha'e read o' the newspapers, a ha'e never seen o' your doin' ony thing, either for the gude o' the country in general, or for this hamewald pairt o' the warld in parteecler; though they tell me ye hae gotten a gude fifeteen hunder a-year o' the nation's money; an' for what, a'm sure a kenna."

"That, my good friend, was merely the salary of a laborious office, of which the present men have deprived me," replied the candidate, in a somewhat subdued tone.

"A kenna whaure the labour o't lay than," said the smith, drily; "a can only say, that a dinna think muckle o' laborin' frae sax o'clock till sax o'clock wi' this bit fore-hammer i' my hand, an' a dinna get the fifeteenth pairt o' that siller for ma pains. They tell me that your warkshop's in Lunnon—an' a'm sure a never saw that the wark o't ever stoppit ye frae saumont-fishing i' the spring; nor frae deuk shootin' i' the loch a' the simmer; nor frae murderin' the poor muirfools nor paitricks, i' the autumn; nor frae ridin' after the fox, a' the rest o' the year. Whaure the labor o't can be than, is mair nor a can find oot. Labor eneuch did you indeed tak' whanever Lord John Russell, or ony o' thae pawtriotic chields, spak aboot reform. Ma certy, whatever sport was in play at the time, ye gaed aff an' left it in an auld hurry. An a' to do what think ye? By ma soul, for nae ither purpose but to gi'e your silent vote against a' thing that was raisonable; just that you, an' the pairty that gied you that laborious an' ill-paid office o' your's that ye spak o', might haud doon puir fouk's heads, an' prevent sic like as me frae ha'ein' that sma' voice in the nation, to the whilk, a tak' it, common sense wud say that they are fairly enteetled."

"You are a very sensible man, Mr. Strongitharm," said the candidate; "though some of your views are not altogether correct, or quite in harmony with mine. But, however much I may have opposed reform from conscientious motives, I am free to confess, that, since it has now become the law of the land, no one can be more disposed to see that it is fairly administered than I shall be."

"Weel, sir, that may be very true," replied the smith; "but a'm for pitten a chield to the new reform bellyses, wha had some hand in settin' them up, an' wha best kens hoo to work them. In short, sir, to save ye frae blawin' ony mair o' the wund oot o' yours, a maun just honestly tell ye, that a canna' gi'e ma vote to a gentleman, wha, gif he had had his nane wull, wad never hae letten me hae ony vote to gi'e."

"Then you have been canvassed already by Mr. A——, I suppose," said Mr. B——, in a pettish tone.

"Na, Maister A—— nor nae ane else has been naur me," replied the smith; "ye're the very first that ever spak till me aboot ony siccan a business. But whether Mr. A—— comes till me or no', a mean to gi'e him ma vote, as bein' the best man we can get for our turn; and, gif we

can get him to gang to Parliament to do oor wark, am thinkin' that oor burghs wull be muckle obliged till him."

"But, Mr Strongitharm," said the candidate, somewhat moved, "you seem to forget, sir, that although you never saw me before, the whole horses of my stud, hunters, hacks, and all, have been shod in your smithy for nearly two years past."

"That may be, sir," coolly replied the smith, "a'm sure a ha'e been very proud o' your custom; an' mair nor that, a'm proud eneuch to believe that your horses were the best shod horses in a' the country side. But what has horse-shoein' to do wi' the makin' o' members o' Parliament?"

"Why—hoy—whoy, nothing very directly indeed," said the candidate, taken a good deal aback by the suddenness of the honest smith's question; "but—but you know it is in my power to send my horses to be shod somewhere else."

"Ou, nae doot o' that, sir!" replied the smith, "though, wi' reverence be it spoken, a canna' just see hoo siccan a hint as that jumps very weel wi' your declaration, that nane could be mair disposed than you are to see the Reform Bull fairly administered, noo that it's an ack. But gif ye wull be contented to ha'e your hunters shod by gleed Wully Robb, poor chield, or even by the bit genty body up the street that maks the nice pokers an' tangs, and nit-crackers, and nitmug graters, a ha'e naething for to say against it; an' gif ony o' them, or ony ither man, can shoe ye're hunters as weel as a can do, what for no' employ him? But if the truth be, as a jalouse, that a can shoe your horses better than ony ither smith i' this pairt o' the country side, then, ma opinion just is, that if ye gang elsewhere to fare waur, ye ha'ena' just a' that wusdom for your ain interest that fouk gi'e ye credit for."

"Why do you talk so long?" called out one of the personages from the interior of the vehicle, in an impatient tone. "Come away! come away!"

Mr. B—— hastened to the side of the carriage, and after a little private parley, a servant was called to open the door, and to let down the steps; and the indefatigable Mr. B—— returned to the charge, reinforced by the presence of his two friends from the interior.

"Mr. Strongitharm, this is my father-in-law, the Earl of C——, and this is my wife's cousin, the Marquis of F——," said the candidate.

"Mr. Strongitharm," said the marquis, with a good-natured, familiar air and manner, "you know that I keep hounds, I believe; that I hunt a pretty wide extent of country; and that not only all my shoeing work is done in your shop, but that I have it in my power to give you, or to take from you, half the shoeing work and farriery business of this county, and those on each side of it. Will you refuse me your vote for my connexion, Mr. B——?"

"Mr. Strongitharm," said the earl, taking up the discourse before the smith had time to reply, "you know that *I* also have some shoeing in my stables, and much smith work adoing at the castle; all this I have the power of giving or withholding. But there is yet another thing to which I would earnestly call your attention: you hold a farm of three hundred a-year from me; and *now*, will you refuse me your vote for my son-in-law, Mr. B——?"

"Ma lords," replied Mr. Strongitharm, apparently now resolved to permit the negotiation to be as little spun out as he possibly could; "as to the horse an' smith pairt o' your twa speeches, a maun just say to you

what a ha'e already said to this gentleman himsell, what has the shoein' o' horses and the makin' o' members o' Parliament to do wi' ane anither? Gin ye dinna like to ha'e yere horses shod by me, ye maun just gang elsewhere to hae the job dune; an' gin ye find as gude a smith as me, a' that a say is, that a wuss ye baith joy o' him. An' as for the maitter o' the farm o' which his lordship the yearl spak yenoo, a canna see, for the soul o' me, what that has to do wi' makin' o' a Parliament man, mair nor the shoein' trade. A ha'e gotten a gey stark bargain o' the bit place, but a ha'e a tack o't, an' a'm aye yebble to pay the rent; an' sae a'm thinkin' there's naething left to mak or mend atween us. But, Lord sake, sirs! a hinna time to be stannin' haverin' here ony langer: a maun till ma wark as fast's a can; for a daurna leave ma study to gang and catch saumonts, and shoot deuks, as this gentleman can do." And suiting the action to the word, he snatched up the fore-hammer, and began to thunder such a peal upon the anvil as quickly drove the nervous senators of both the Houses to their carriages; and he never stopped his noise till that of their wheels was quite lost in distance.

There was a good-natured waggish leer of comical humour on his face, when he ceased his cannonade of blows, to receive the money which we had all this time been holding in our hands. Before again placing ourselves in our vehicle, we could not resist paying him some compliments on his firm, noble, and straightforward conduct.

"Fegs, gentlemen, it's a bad account o' human nature," said he, "that ye sould think it wordy while to commend a man for barely doin' that which he wad be a rascal for no doin'. But, troth, a maun say that some poor deevils are subjeckit to sair temptations by thae anti fouk, or conservatives, as they are cain' themsells. But, an they dinna let poor fouk alane, to be guided by God and their ain consciences, in the exercease o' a trust, the whilk they hould for sae mony ithers beside themsells, a'm muckle mistane gif ballot be na the upshot o'd."

THE GOOD OLD TORY TIME.

OH for the time when minstrels pour'd
  Their pœans for the great and glorious,
When truth and freedom were abhorr'd,
  And Tories all were *merry*torious!
When every prince was wise and good,
  By the sheer force of birth and station;
And princesses all hearts subdued,
  Which beat for beauty and the nation;
When loved by loyal lords and knights,
  They shone Lucretias in their carriage;
E'en though they claim'd the marriage-rights,
  Not waiting for the rites of marriage!

Such were the days of England's pride,
  When she was strong, and great, and moral;
When every muse in meanness vied,
  As if they struggled for the laurel!
Oh! would some pow'r those days renew,
  And wake the Muses from their slumber;
To tell how generous is Buccleuch,
  How liberal the Lord of Clumber!
To tell with what a fearless speed
  Our prince upon the footpath dashes,
And frights some ladies with his steed,
  And others with his grim mustaches;

How stout Sir George to rob the Guelph,
Of such a vast amount of glory,
Took the whole honour to himself,
And told a very *barefaced* story!

Alas! some muse, from trammels free,
Has hinted with malicious slyness,
How very false a knight may be,
How very *low* a Royal *Highness*.
But let her hint; on truth we'll lean,
Though, faith! the story was a poser;
If far from Perfect he has been,
'Twas right to draw a little closer.
If this wont do, we'll blame the steed,
The rein, the spur, and drop a hint in—
Their eyes were fathers of the deed;
For one is blind, and t'other s quintin'!

THE HARE-HOUND AND THE WITCH.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

Your genuine witches, who

——"seemed not creatures of the earth,
And still were on it;"

withered old women, who united in their persons the decrepitude of age with the most marvellous powers of locomotion; half spirits, half mortals; who seemed to live solely for the purpose of paying back to the whole human race the hatred lavished by men, women, and children, on themselves; who could blight the farmer's hope of plenty; cheat his cows of their milk, and his wife of her butter; cause the clouds to gather, and the tempest to scourge the earth; and yet, creatures of contrarieties! who, possessed of all this awful power, could not, or would not, redeem themselves from rags, hunger, and misery;—they, your genuine witches, as we have already called them, exist not, alas! at present, in our green island: extinct, though not forgotten, is their race, like that of our noble moose-deer, our formidable wolf, and our as formidable wolf-dog. Degenerate emulators of them, indeed, we still boast; individuals who dip into futurity by the aid of card-cutting or cup-tossing, or who find out stolen property, or vend charms against the peevish malice of the little sprites of the moonbeam; but, compared with their renowned predecessors, these timid assertors of supernatural endowment may be said to disgrace their calling; and, moreover, even they are fast sinking in repute, as well as diminishing in numbers.

But we would attempt to preserve, in the following pages, some fit idea of the importance of a true Irish witch of the good olden time. We are aware, that the chief event which must wind up our story—the sudden appearance, namely, of a lost heir—(we *have* the courage to speak it out, so soon) is a threadbare one; it can't be helped, however; and it, at least, is fact, to our own knowledge; although we are not quite as fully accountable for the respectable traditions that surround it with such pleasing wonders as we are about to relate, and which form the real interest of our narration.

On the western coast of Ireland is a certain dangerous bay; into it the broad Atlantic rolls his vast waters. Two leagues inland from its mouth high black cliffs frown over it, at both sides, of which the bases are hollowed into caverns; and when the winds blow angrily—and any wind can effectually visit the open and exposed estuary—tremendous and terrific is the roar, the dash, and the foam, which deafen the ears, and distract the eyes of a spectator. That hapless vessel which, in a storm, cannot avoid an entrance into this merciless turmoil of mad waters, has sealed its doom.

Formerly, a great number of ships, from different countries, used to be dashed to splinters against the iron-bound coast; and a few people conjecture, that the diminution of such terrible accidents, in the present day, is partially owing to some improvement in seamanship, or else to the timely warning now given to distant mariners, by lights erected at the mouth of the bay. But other persons, and by far the greater number in the neighbourhood, think that the comparative paucity of wrecks may more naturally and satisfactorily be accounted for in another way. In fact, there does not now reside, as formerly there did, in an almost unapproachable cavern, high up on the face of one of the black cliffs, "a real witch, of the right sort."

Not that her witchship always dwelt in her cave; no, her visits to it were but occasional. Nor did it ever become necessary for her to proclaim her presence on the coast, by exhibiting her person; the results of her close neighbourhood sufficiently "prated of her whereabouts." Farmers' wives toiled in vain at their churns; and when no butter would come, self-evident it was that the witch was at that moment in her cavern, seated on her heels before a vessel of plain water, from which, by drawing a dead man's hand through it, she appropriated the produce of other people's honest labour. Cows suddenly went back in their milk; and then it was known, that, by passing a wheaten straw between her finger and thumb, the witch amply filled her can, while the owner of the beautiful animal uselessly tugged at its udder. Cattle swelled, and died, too; and, once again, every one knew who was in the cave under the cliff; and if none of those events, or similar ones, proved her disagreeable proximity, the direful storms and the frightful wrecks in the bay abundantly warranted it. Often, amid the bellowing of the tempest she had raised, swelled her shrieking voice; and while the despairing creatures in the doomed vessel topped each short, high, foam-maned billow, which nearer and nearer dashed them on to their dread fate, the terrified watchers on the cliff's brow have heard her devilish laugh, until at last it broke into frenzied loudness, as the ship burst, like a glass bubble, against the sharp rocks under her dwelling-hole.

No one could tell whence she came or whither she went, when, for a time, no longer visible on the coast. Occasionally she was observed in conference with certain notorious smugglers; and the men appeared, it was well known, to petition and bribe her for a fair wind with which to enter the bay, and for a foul one to keep their pursuers out of it. And this was fully proved by the fact, that invariably their light lugger got in, and was safely moored in some little creek, against danger of coming storm; while, the moment the revenue-cutter appeared in the offing, out burst the wildest winds, from the witch's cavern, and up swelled the sea and the bay, in mountain billows; and his Majesty's vessel was sure to be wrecked during the night.

Like all of her sisterhood of that famous period, she could change herself, at pleasure, into various shapes. We give a serious proof of her talent in this respect.

A few miles from the coast which she so despotically ruled, resided a considerable landed proprietor. A great hunter of hares and foxes was he. His wife had just blessed him with an heir to his estate, And the boywas their only child. Of this event, the good squire was not a little proud; for, in case of his not leaving male issue, his property was to pass away to a distant, obscure, and neglected relation, a bone in whose skin its immediate possessor neither loved nor liked; for the heir-presumptive was mean in his habits and associations, uneducated and graceless; and it would be a sad thing to know that the fine old family acres were to go into such hands.

Shortly after his wife's confinement, and while she and her baby were "doing well," the squire, to dissipate the recent anxiety he had suffered, sallied forth for a hunting. His pack of harriers were his attendants, on this occasion, for the hare was the object of the day's sport.

And, surely, never had such a hare been followed by dogs, or "sohoed" by mortal lips, as the hare he and his friends and pack started, and hunted, upon that memorable day. From breakfast to dinner time, a sweeping and erratic chace did she lead them all; the dogs at full stretch, and the horses at top speed. Various accidents happened to the sportsmen; one maimed his steed; another fractured his collar-bone; some swampt in bogs; and none, except our good squire and his huntsman, escaped without injury or disaster. But, from starting to pulling up, they gallantly kept at the dogs' tails.

After "an unprecedented run," the hare suddenly scudded towards the cliffs of the bay, immediately over the witch's cavern. The good harriers pursued; and the eager squire did not stay behind them; his huntsman closely following. The hare gained the verge of the cliff. Sheela, the prime bitch of the pack, just had time to close her, make a chop at her, and take a mouthful of flesh from her haunch, before she leaped down the face of almost a precipice. Dogs and horsemen were at a pause; none dared follow her.

In some time, nearly all the other discomfited members of the hunt came up, soiled, wounded, or jaded. They heard of the termination of the chase; and all wondered at the extraordinary freaks of the little animal, which had so distressed and baffled the best harriers and the best hunters in the country, taking men and horses together.

"By ——!" suddenly exclaimed the huntsman, a young fellow of known hardihood of character, swearing a great oath, "I'll tell yez how it is; ye are afther huntin' the witch o' the cave sthraight undher us! It is'n't the first time that cratures like her have made a laugh, in this way, of nearly as good men as we all are, standin' here together."

Most of his auditors ridiculed the speaker; one or two, however, looked grave: perhaps in patronage of his assertions; perhaps because the pains and aches resulting from their many falls, during the day, lengthened their faces, darkened their brows, and puckered their lips. The huntsman offered, if any one would accompany him on the dangerous enterprize, to scale down the cliff, penetrate the witch's cavern, and prove his saying. One did volunteer to be his companion: an humble friend of his own, forming an individual of the crowd of gaping peasants assembled round the gentlemen hunters.

The adventurers succeeded in reaching and entering the awful cave.

Upon their return, over the line of the cliff, they reported that they had found the witch at home, stretched, panting and exhausted, upon some straw, in a dark corner of the cave; that they had dragged her, much against her will (and indeed her screams certainly had reached the squire and his friends above) to the light, at its opening; had, with main force, examined her person; and, sure enough, had found a deficiency of flesh in her haunch, with plainly the marks of Sheela's teeth in and about the wound, from which the blood freshly streamed. To be sure the better-informed of the hearers of this story, or at least a majority of them, still laughed at it; but whatever they might think, those to whom the talents and capabilities of witches were better known, firmly believed that the Squire and his companions had hunted all that day, a hare, which was no hare after all; and that the courageous little Sheela had tasted flesh of a forbidden kind.

And happy had it been for the squire and his pet bitch had they proved less eager after their sport. Poor Sheela died in great agonies upon the very night of that day, and her master was doomed to a speedy punishment for his own audacity.

Nothing daunted at the idea of whom he had been hunting, he took the field again a few days after; and now no question could be raised as to the nature of the game he a second time started and pursued. Puss did not, indeed, immediately make for the sea; but this was only a ruse to effect her own malignant purposes. She wanted to get her enemy alone at the edge of the cliff. And for this purpose, her speed and her manners quite outdid those of a former day: so much so, that, in a few hours, even the dare-neck and dare-devil huntsman was thrown out, and returned with a lamed horse and a sprained ankle to the gentleman who had suffered before him, leaving the squire alone close upon the dogs.

For a considerable time he and his master's friends awaited the re-appearance of the persevering Nimrod. Finally, they repaired to the cliff, which the huntsman had left him speedily approaching. There they found his horse without a rider; but himself they never again beheld. The unbelievers in witchcraft immediately surmised that his high-blooded hunter had borne him against his will to the edge of the cliff; had there suddenly started back; and that by the quick and violent action, the unhappy gentleman had been thrown forward out of his saddle, and precipitated from rock to rock hundreds of feet downward. A few who were able for the effort, cautiously descended towards the sea. On their way they discovered their friend's hunting-cap on the sharp pinnacle of a rock; its iron headpiece was stove in; and it became evident that, after having been loosed from its wearer, by the force of the concussion which had fractured it, the squire's body had tumbled still farther downward. They reached the sea's level. His remains were not visible; they must have fallen into the sea, and been floated away by its tide. The witch of the cavern disappeared with her victim,—her victims, we should say: for her vengeance on the squire was not limited to his own destruction. At the story of his shocking death, hastily and injudiciously communicated, his wife, yet enfeebled by her recent confinement, sickened, and in a few days died; nay, nearly within the hour of her departure from this world, her only child, the heir to her husband's estate, disappeared; no one could tell whither or by what means. Strange enough to say, however, part of the baby's dress was found on the identical pinnacle of rock where his father's hunting-cap had been met with; and, in the minds of the educated and wealthy of the neighbourhood, this

circumstance started doubts of fair-dealing towards father and child. Suspicion, however, could fasten itself upon no object; and inquiry and investigation did not lead to any solution of the mystery. It need not be added, that by far the greater number of the population of the district smiled at the useless efforts to establish a case of human, that is, ordinarily human agency: or that they went on tranquilly believing that the squire and his family, not forgetting his bitch, had been punished for the mouthful snatched by young Sheela from the haunch of a certain person.

Twenty years after the time of the tragedy we have detailed, our story is resumed. The once indigent and despised relation, of whom mention has before been made, sits at his breakfast-table in the old family house. He is in his forty-fifth year. Like other gentlemen of his day, he carries in his hair the contents of a large pomatum-pot; four tiers of curls rise over his ears; on the top of his head is a huge *toupée*, and a great *queue* lolls, like an ox's tongue, between his broad shoulders. On his loose, wide-sleeved, long-skirted, frock-like coat, is a profusion of gold embroidery: a lace cravat coils round his throat; ruffles flaunt over his knuckles; his gaudy waistcoat reaches only to his knees; and satin is his breeches, and silk his hose, and ponderous square silver buckles are in his shoes. So much for the outside of the jocular Squire Hogan. As to his interior pretensions, and, indeed, some of his external ones, too, the least said the soonest mended. He had never been able to raise himself above much of the homely acquisitions of his youth; but though we cannot present to the reader, in his person, a model of the true Irish gentleman of his day, we do introduce him in the character of—(to repeat what every one said of him)—"as worthy a soul as ever broke the world's bread."

Squire Hogan, upon the morning when we meet him, paid earnest attention to his breakfast. Powdered beef often filled his plate, and as often rapidly disappeared. And yet something seemed to gratify his mental palate as well as his corporeal one. A gluish, self-contented smile played over his round, ruddy face; his small blue eyes glittered; and, to the accompaniment of a short, liquorish laugh, occasionally were drawn up at the corners, as he glanced at his daughter, a good-natured, good-tempered, sensible, and (of course) beautiful girl of nineteen, who sat opposite to him, sipping her coffee and picking her muffins. And, whenever their eyes met, well did Catherine know that the chuckling of her papa had reference to some little triumph which, as he believed, he had cleverly and cunningly achieved over herself. At length the good Squire relaxed in his meal; emptied the silver tankard of October which lay at his hand; leaned back in his chair, and laughingly said—

"By Jove, Kate, my girl, I nicked you there!"

"Indeed, papa, you played me a roguish turn," assented Kate, convinced, from experience, that it was very pleasant to her parent to have the talent of his practical jokes fully admitted.

"Where did I tell you we were driving to, out of Dublin town, eh?"

"You told me, sir, with as serious a face as you could make, that we were only going to visit a friend a few miles out of Dublin."

"Ho, ho! Good, by Cork! Choice! a capital hoax, as I'm a living sinner! and I told you this confounded lie, with such a serious face, you say?"

"With such a mock-serious face, I meant to say, papa."

"Right, Kate; you are right, beyond yea and nay: a *mock*-serious face; yes, and there lay the best of it; if I had not been able to keep myself from laughing you might have suspected something; but I *was* able, as you yourself saw, and as you now don't deny; though, by Jove, Kate, it was enough to make a dead man shout out, seeing you sitting opposite to me, and believing every word I told you!"

"You kept up the farce cleverly, I must, and do admit it, sir."

"Didn't I, Kate, didn't I? And here we are, this morning, eighty miles from Dublin, in our own house, and taxing no man's hospitality. But, devil's in it! there's no fun in playing a good trick on you, Kate."

"Why so, dear papa? am I not as easily blinded as your heart could wish?"

"To be sure you are! What else could you be? I never met man, woman, nor child, that I could not puzzle. That's not the thing at all, No; but succeed as I may with you, 'tis impossible to make you a little cross. Why, if I had a lass of spirit to deal with, there would be no end to her tears and her pouts, and her petitions, the moment she found that I was whisking her away from her balls, and her drums, and her beaux, and all the other dear delights of Dublin."

"And I hope that my merry papa does not really wish to have me peevish and short-tempered, even for a greater provocation?"

"Kiss me, Kate, I believe not; and yet I don't know either, by Cork! There would be fun in tormenting you a bit, in a harmless way. But, Kate, can you give a guess why I ran away with you in such a devil of a hurry?"

"Let me see, papa. I remember you telling me of some original matches you had on hands before we set out for Dublin. Perhaps you have engaged the two cripples to run a race on their crutches?"

"No; that's put off—ho, ho!"

"Or the two old women to hop against time, carrying weight for age?"

"Ho, ho! wrong again!"

"Probably you have succeeded in making the two schoolmasters promise to fight out their battle of the squares and angles with their respective birches; their scholars standing by to show fair play?"

"Ho, ho, ho! Though that's a matter not to be let slip out of reach, neither."

"Then all my guesses are out, papa."

"I'll help you, then. Tell me, you little baggage, what is it on earth you most wish for?"

"Indeed, my dear papa, I have no particular wish to gratify, at the present moment."

"Get out! get out, for a young hypocrite! Kate, wouldn't something like a husband be agreeable to you?"

The girl blushed the colour of a certain young gentleman's coat, and drooped her head. Of that certain young gentleman, however, her worthy father knew nothing; at least, in connexion with the present topic.

"Oh, ho! I thought I saw how the land lay."

"Indeed, my dear papa"——

"Say nothing more about it. Leave it all to me, lass I'll get him for you. None of your half-dead-and-alive fellows, that you could knock down with a tap of your fan; no, he shall be an able, rattling, rollock-

ing chap, able to take your part by land or sea. Did your mother never tell you how I came by her, my girl?"

Kate, dispirited by her father's coarse humour, as well as by other things, answered in the negative.

"I'll tell you, then, as truly as if she were alive to hear me. Though as poor as a church mouse at that time, I was a hearty young shaver;* ay, as hearty, though not so matured as I am this day; now that I am squire of the town-land, and a justice of the peace, to boot. By the way, I wish they'd make the parish clerk a justice of the peace in my stead; for I hate to be trying to look as grave as a mustard-pot, and as solemn as a wig-block. Well, I was at a Christmas raffle, Kate, and your mother's father was there too; as comical an old boy as you'd wish to know! I had a great regard for him, by Cork! and so, away he and I raffled, and he lost to me every throw, until at last I didn't leave him a stiver. 'All I've won from you, and my watch to boot, against your daughter Nelly!' cries I of a sudden. 'Done!' cries he; and we threw again; and he lost, and I won again: and that's the way I got your mother, Kate! And now, do you guess any thing else I'm going to say about yourself, Kate?"

"Oh, papa, I hope"——

"I know you do hope. Yes, Kate, I *am* going to provide for you in something like the same way"——

"Now, good heavens, papa!"——

"Don't speak a word more till you hear me out. At the last club dinner in Dublin, Ned O'Brien calls me aside with a face as long as my own when I'm on the bench; and after a long-winded beginning, he prays my interest with you, Kate. 'To be sure man,' says I, 'you must have it.' Then, up sneaks George Dempsey, and his business was the same. 'By Cork, I'll court her, in style, for you, my boy,' was my word to George. And then, Mick Driscoll takes a turn at me, and begs of me, for the Lord's sake, to listen to him; and I was obliged to listen to him, all about his title-deeds and his pedigree; and he, too, craved my countenance with the prettiest girl, and (what he *didn't* call you) the richest heiress in the province; and, 'By Jove! I'll do my best for you, Mick,' says I; and Mick nearly pulled the arm out o' my body, shaking my hand; but I'm not done yet. Harry Walshe made his way to me; and the boy to my fancy is Harry Walshe, Kate. 'I'm up to the saddle-skirts in love with your beautiful Kate,' says Harry. 'Pull away, my hearty fellow,' answers I; 'never fear, but I'll poll for your election.'"

"My dear, papa"——

"Let me make an end, as I told you, Kate. Well, after dinner, and the bottle going merrily round, and every one of us right jovial, I rehearsed, for the benefit of the whole company, all the promises I had made, and a high joke it was; and then, 'Here's what I'll do among you all, my good boys,' says I; 'Let every one of Kate's wooers be on the turf the first morning of the next hunting-season, each mounted in his best style; let there be no pull-in from the cover to the death; no baulking or shying, but smooth smack over every thing that offers; and the lad that mounts the brush may come a-courting to my daughter, Kate.' Well, my girl, you'd think they had all lost their wits at this proposal; such joy amongst them, such shouting; many a bottle the

* *i. e.* One who begins to use a razor.

rivals emptied, each to his own success; and in ten days from this blessed morning, the match comes off, my girl; and whoever wins, Kate will have a wooer worth throwing a cap at."

Kate remained silent; tears of mortification and disgust, unseen by her father, streaming from her eyes.

"But the cream of the jest I have not told you, Kate. Rattler is in training, privately, the last two months—no one the wiser; and, harkee, Kate! by Cork's own town, I intend to start for you, myself! and the brush I'll wear in my own cap; and then, if I hav'n't my laugh, right out, why, in that case, 'tis the devil that made little apples!"

And before the sensitive, and high-minded, and spirited girl could reply, away went her father to superintend Rattler, greatly chuckling over his scheme; and poor Catherine sat alone to blush and weep at the thought of being made, by her own father, the object of a vulgar and foolish contention.

Other sad thoughts mingled with her reveries. The unestated military hero, to whom, while in Dublin, she had all but plighted her troth, had promised, in answer to a letter she dispatched to him from the first post where she had halted with her father, on their flight from town, to make his appearance in the country, and try his fortune with the squire; but days had now rolled over, and he came not; neither did he send a line to account for his absence. This was sad mortification to the pure ardency of a first love, in the breast of such a girl as Catherine; particularly when she recollected the most disagreeable predicament in which her father's unthinking folly and indelicacy had placed her.

The morning of the hunt drew near, and still her lover was absent and silent. The match had become the talk of the whole country. With great difficulty and perseverance, Catherine succeeded in bringing her father's mind to contemplate her position, in something of a vein of seriousness. He could not, indeed, "for the life of him," surmise why she seemed so earnest and afflicted. But he did see and comprehend that she was really unhappy; and the best that he could think of, to cheer her, he said and swore. He would break his neck with pleasure, and to a dead certainty, rather than not bring home the brush, and fling it into her lap. And when Kate's fears, at this solemn declaration, took, naturally, another turn, the honest Squire was again at a loss to account for her tears, her clinging, though gentle embraces, and "her tantrums." He bawled right out, in utter mystification, at her entreaties that, come what might, he would not join the hunt; and, in fact, upon the appointed morning, away he rode towards the fox-cover, mounted on his crack hunter, Morgan Rattler, as full of buoyancy, and vigour, and solicitude, as the youngest of the competitors he expected to meet.

Great shouts rent the skies, as, one by one, the candidates for the gentle Catherine arrived at the appointed ground. Their horses, as well as themselves, were examined by curious and critical eyes, and heavy bets were laid upon the issue of the day's chase. The Squire, without communicating to any of his rivals his intention to hunt for his daughter himself, had contrived that his own fox-hounds should be in requisition; because he well knew that Morgan Rattler would do surpassing wonders on their tails.

The ruler of the hounds was the same who had held that situation under the former owner of Squire Hogan's estate. In his youth, twenty years previously, we have noticed him as a daring fellow; we should

have added that he used to be as remarkable for his boisterous good spirits as for his reckless intrepidity. Now, however, at five-and-forty, mirth, and even outward dash of every kind, had disappeared from his character. His face was forbidding; his words were few; he never laughed, he never smiled; and, altogether, people regarded him as a dogged and disagreeable man. But enough of our huntsman for the present.

The day promised to be most favourable for the remarkable chase it was to witness.

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaimed a hunting morning."

The ground was in prime order; the horses were full of vigour and spirit, after their long training; and, except the huntsman's, (and he comes in again sooner than we foresaw,) every face beamed with joyous animation. In fact, upon this day, he was making himself particularly offensive; quarrelling unnecessarily with his hounds; sulkily refusing to take any advice or opinions (commands were out of the question) concerning his treatment of them; and giving short answers, and looking "as black as thunder."

"What is the matter with you, Daniel?" questioned the Squire.

"I have no fancy for the work to-day," answered the huntsman.

"Why so, man? what is all this about?"

"It was this day twenty years that my ould masther followed the witch down the rocks into the sey; and I was dreaming last night that he and I were hunting here, again, together, and that he drew me down the same lip afore him."

"Hutt, tut, you fool! there's no witch to hunt now, you know."

"I know no such thing. You hav'n't heard that she is in her cave again?"

"Pho, no; and 'tis impossible."

"It is not impossible: 'tis thrue. Let little Tony take my place to-day; for I tell you twice once, I don't like the work."

"Bother, Daniel. This day, of all days, I can't and I wont spare you. Draw on the dogs; come, stir! see to your business."

With mutterings and growlings, Daniel proceeded to obey. He cast the dogs into the cover. For some time they drew through it in silence. Presently some yelpings were heard; then the leader of the pack sent forth his most melodious note; dogs and men took it up; the fox broke cover; away after him stretched the eager hounds, and, close upon them, the no less eager huntsmen.

The Squire stood still a moment, willing to let the foremost and most headlong candidates for his daughter's favour blow their horses a little before he would himself push forward. While thus manœuvering, "Whom have we here?" he asked of the person nearest to him. His inquiry was directed to a strange huntsman who had just then appeared on the ground, no one could tell whence.

"By the good day!" exclaimed the person addressed, "that's Jack Hogan who fell over the cliff, this day twenty years!"

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the Squire. The stranger turned round his head, as if he could have heard these words, though he was at a good distance.

"'Tis he, man! just as he looked the last day he hunted! his very dress! see how different from ours; and his black horse. I'd know horse and rider among a million! By all that's good, it is himself!"

The horses of the Squire and of his neighbour, a man of fifty, who thus spoke, would brook no further delay; and their riders were compelled to loosen their reins, and allow them to spring onward.

Daniel, the black-browed huntsman, was at this moment immediately next the hounds. Two or three of the rivals for fair Catharine's love rode within a little distance of him. The new-comer loitered behind the last of the candidates: of course, the Squire and his friend now pressed him hard. Suddenly his coal-black horse, seemingly without an effort, and certainly independently of one from his master, cleared the ground between him and Daniel. The huntsman turned in his saddle, fixed an appalled look on his follower, uttered a wild cry, and desperately dashed his spurs into the sides of his steed. The stranger, still seemingly unexcited, as also appeared his horse, stuck so close to Daniel's crupper, that he could have put his hand upon it.

All swore that the fox outstripped the wind in swiftness. The hounds did their very best, and more than they had ever done before, to keep near to him. Each huntsman, including even our honest Squire, spared not whip and spur to rival them; but the huntsman first, and the stranger at his horse's tail, were the only persons who succeeded in the achievement.

Vain was the endeavour to come up with those two. And every now and then, black Daniel would glare behind him into the face of his pursuer, and with a new shout of horror, re-urge his hunter to greater speed; and still, and still, although the stranger sat tranquilly in his saddle, Daniel could not gain a stirrup's length a-head of him. Over hill and valley, over ditch and hedge, over bog and stream, they swept, or plunged, or leaped, or scrambled, or swam, close upon the dogs, as if life were of no value; or as if they were carried, eddied forward, with supernatural speed, and in superhuman daring. Onward, onward they swept, scarce seeming to touch the earth, until at length only three other horsemen were able to keep them even in distant view. And, soon after, those three became two; and, again, but one followed remotely in their track; and this one was our excellent friend Squire Hogan.

The sea-cliffs came in view! and straight towards them did the mad chase now turn. In amazement, if not in terror, the Squire pulled up his horse on a rising ground, and stood still to note its further progress. He saw the panting fox make for the dangerous place over the cliff's brow. For an instant he saw him on its very line. The next, he disappeared towards the sea. At his brush came the hounds, and down they plunged also. The rival horseman followed, and they, too, were, in a second, lost to view. A woman suddenly started up over the perilous pass, gazed below, and then sprang, as if into the air.

The mysterious fate of his predecessor fully occurred to our Squire; and he sensibly vowed to himself that, "By Cork! the faggot of a witch should never tempt him to leave the world by the same road." H also brought to mind his huntsman's words that morning; and a struggle arose between his reason and his superstitious propensities, as to whether or no the man's dream had been verified.

While thus mentally engaged, one of the baffled aspirants for Catherine's hand came up, himself and his horse soiled and jaded. Another and another followed, until almost all the members of the day's hunt surrounded Squire Hogan. He recited to them what he had witnessed. Greatly excited, some of them dismounted, and, under the care of an experienced guide, descended the cliff.

They found that the bewitched hounds, and their bewitched followers, need not, as the Squire had supposed, have jumped direct from the land into the sea; inasmuch as they might have turned, obliquely, into a narrow, rocky ravine. Down this pass, however, it seemed impossible that horses of mortal mould could have found a footing. The explorers themselves were obliged to follow their guide very cautiously; as well to avoid tumbling downward, as to save their heads from the loose stones and fragments of rocks, which almost every step displaced and set in motion.

After having proceeded a little way, they caught, far below them, a glimpse of the dogs, whose cry came up to them, mingled with the roar and chafe of the waters of the sea. Shortly after, they saw the huntsman, still closely pressed by the stranger. The next moment, dogs, horses, and riders were lost to view, behind a curve of the tortuous and stony course of the ravine, all hurrying onward and downward, with whirlwind speed, as if to bury themselves in the waves of the ocean.

Our adventurers, persevering in their descent, suddenly turned a projecting rock, and came in view of a strip of strand, running, promontory-like, into the sea: this they soon gained. Daniel, the huntsman, lay on his back upon it; his horse not be seen. His dogs were squatted around him, each holding a fragment of bone between his teeth. The stranger sat still in his saddle, as if intensely observing the prostrate man. The woman who had appeared to Squire Hogan on the cliff's brow stood on a rock amid the shallow breakers which rippled over the edges of the neck of strand.

As the explorers approached this group, the unknown horseman glanced towards them, took off his cap, waved it, and said, "Let no man claim Catherine Hogan's hand till I come to woo it. I have hunted for her; won her; and she is mine."

Those of Catherine's lovers who heard this speech were not chicken-hearted fellows. They resolved to ascertain who was the dictatorial speaker. Their friend, Squire Hogan, appeared in view, having nearly completed, at his cautious leisure, the descent to the sea's level, after them; and they first approached him, momentarily turning their backs on the object of their interest, for the purpose of consulting him, and enlisting him in a common plan of operations. After some discourse with the good Squire, and when he and they would have confronted the unknown horseman, no human form but that of sulky Daniel was visible on the patch of strand; and there he lay, stretched at his length, and still apparently insensible.

To him their attention became directed. They found him covered with blood, and seemingly a corpse. His dogs continued to couch around him, holding bones between their grinning teeth; and they snarled fiercely when the new comers approached them.

"By the blessed light!" exclaimed the Squire, "this is part of a man's skull that Ranger has his teeth through!"

"It is," answered Harry Walshe; "and not one of the dogs but holds a human bone between his jaws!"

The prostrate huntsman opened his eyes, and glared fearfully around him.

"What has happened to you, Daniel?" questioned the Squire.

Daniel's head turned in the direction of the voice, and he seemed to recognise the speaker.

"Is he gone?" he asked faintly.

"Is who gone? for whom do you inquire?"

"The masther's sperit—the sperit of the murthered man—the man that *I* murthered and buried in this sand, twenty years ago!"

Amid exclamations of surprise and horror from all who heard him, the huntsman gained, for a moment, more perfect power of observation. He looked from one to another of the group around him; then most ghastlily at the dogs; and then, closing his eyes, and shuddering, continued to speak in snatches.

"Ay, and it was a cruel murther. I have never slept a night's sleep since I did it. And every dog of the pack brought me one of his bones to-day. I will hide it no longer. I will own it to the world, and suffer for it. His sperit drove me before him to the spot where I had buried his broken body, afther I tumbled him over the cliff—yes, buried it, as deep as I could dig. Twenty years passed away, and he came to chase me to his unblessed grave; and at the sight of it, my horse tossed me out of my saddle, and my own accursed bones are broken this day, and so I have half my punishment. Did I see the witch near me, here, a while ago? I did; an' the wathers o' the sey gave her up, alive, to be a witness against me. For, when I was burying him, this day twenty years, I spied her watching me; and I ran afther her, and saized her, and pitched her far into the waves; but now she is come to hang me. Let her. I will tell all—all—of my own accord; I will; and swing high for the deed."

He was conveyed to the Squire's house; and in his presence, and that of other magistrates, made a more ample confession. He had been tempted to commit the murder under the following circumstances:

The mother of his old master received under her protection a friendless and pennyless orphan girl of low birth. The young huntsman loved her to distraction; and his ardours were seemingly returned, until the Squire, then a minor, became his successful rival, seducing, under a promise of marriage at his mother's death, his fickle mistress. Rage, hatred, loathing, took possession of Daniel's heart; he could have beaten out the brains of his young master with the loaded end of his hunting whip; and his amiable feelings were not added to, when, upon a day that he was expostulating, alone, with the estranged object of his affections, the Squire suddenly rushed upon him, snatched that identical whip from his hands, and energetically laid it across his own shoulders.

The Squire's mother died. The Squire cast off his mistress, and married a wealthy wife. It was now the turn of the depraved, bad-hearted, and forsaken girl, to look for her revenge. Upon certain conditions, she offered herself, "soul and body," and without the trouble of a marriage, to her old lover. Daniel's eager passion for her, and his deep detestation of her undoer, had scarce abated. He felt sorely tempted, but hesitated. The girl threw herself in his way, from time to time; refired him; and in almost a year subsequent to the first attempt to make him a murderer, he *was* one, nay, a double one; for, a few days after he had dragged his master off his horse, and hurled him down the cliff, he placed in his tempter's arms, on the understanding that she was to destroy it, the only child of his victim. But, even in the disappointment of his feverish dream of passion, he had a foretaste of the punishment due to his crime. From the moment he committed to her the helpless infant she so much detested, he had never seen the authoress of his ruin; and his belief was, that, after having murdered "the child of days," she had put an end to her own existence.

A few hours following his confession, the huntsman died.

Whether or no the gentle Catherine shared the popular belief that she had been hunted for, and won by, and was doomed to become a spectre's bride, is not clearly ascertainable. True it is, that her cheek faded, that her eye grew dull, and that the smile of contented pleasure forsook her moistly-red lip, now no longer red nor moist. But these changes may as well be accounted for on less supernatural grounds. Her military adorer still continued absent and silent; he who had so often vowed himself away into wordless sighs, nay, tears, under the big effort to define how much he loved her, and whose only hesitation to declare himself to her father, had always assumed the shape of a fear of being regarded as a speculating fortune-hunter; when, at a glance, it could be ascertained that he was almost an unfriended adventurer, courting the hand of a wealthy heiress.

As to good Squire Hogan, he contrived, or, perhaps, rather tried to laugh at the whole thing; vaguely calling it a very good hoax; "a choice one, by Jove!" just to save himself the trouble of trying to unravel it; or else to hide his half-felt ignorance on the subject. Meantime he got some cause to laugh a little less than usual. Ejectments were served upon his estate, in the name of the lost son of the man whom he had succeeded in it. And Squire Hogan only strove to laugh the more; and to affect that he considered the claim as an uncommonly good attempt at "a capital hoax!" practised upon him by some unknown persons whom, on some past occasion, he must have outwitted "gloriously;" but it was a poor attempt at mirth, and he saw that Catherine, as well as himself, felt that it was.

In fact, he spent many hours alone, mourning for his beloved child, and taxing his brains to shield her from probable and verging misfortune. And a brilliant thought came into his head.

Would it not be a happy, as well as an exceedingly clever thing, to dispose of Catherine, before the trial at law, grounded upon the ejectments, should commence, and while the matter was little suspected, to one or other of her ardent admirers at the club-dinner in Dublin; to, in fact, Ned O'Brien, or George Dempsey, or Mick Driscoll; or, above all, to Harry Walshe? And the wise father made the attempt, duly, four times in succession; and learned, thereby, that the serving of the ejectments was more generally known than he had imagined.

Still he tried to laugh, however; until one morning, when his boisterousness ended in sudden tears, as he cast his head on Catherine's shoulder, and said:—"Oh, Kate, Kate! what is to become of *you*?—I think I can bear poverty,—but you!"

"My dear father do not be cast down," answered Catharine; "I can earn money, in many ways, for us both, if good people will give me employment."

"And you are going a-working to support your father, Kate?" He left the room sobbing. His tears affected Catherine to the quick. Other sad and bitter recollections swelled her sorrow into a flood. She could now account for the persevering neglect of her lover, and her tenderly-beloved, upon no other grounds than those of her approaching poverty. Oh, that was a heart-cutting thought!

The day upon which the poor Squire must necessarily start from the country to attend the trial in Dublin, arrived; and he commenced his journey with another magnificent conception in his head; to eke out which, he carried in his pocket, without her knowledge, a miniature of

his daughter Catherine. And with this miniature, and a note, expressive of his willingness to compromise the matter by a marriage, he called on the new claimant for his squireship, the evening of his arrival in the metropolis. But, having retired to his own town-house long before he could have thought it possible that his note had received a leisurely reading, he received back the miniature with a technical epistle from his rival's attorney, stating that no compromise could be entered into; that the heir-at-law was determined to accept nothing which the law should not decide to be his right; and, adding, that any attempts to see the young gentleman must prove unavailing, while they would be felt to be intrusive; inasmuch as, in cautious provision against a failure in his attempt to establish his claim, he had invariably concealed his person, even from his legal advisers.

This was the first really serious blow our Squire had received. Hitherto he had courageously depended on his own innate cleverness to outwit the coming storm; now, within a few hours of the trial which was to determine his fate, he acknowledged himself without a resource or an expedient, beyond patience to attend to the grave proceeding, sit it out, and endeavour to comprehend it.

To beguile the remainder of his sad evening, after receiving the attorney's communication, he repaired to his club-room. He found himself cut there. Issuing, in no pleasant mood, into the streets, he encountered, by lamp-light, an individual in a red coat whom he had hitherto considered rather as a deferential hanger-on than as an acquaintance to boast of. Now, at least, by unbending himself, he need not fear a repulse; so, he warmly stretched out both his hands, received a very distant bow of recognition, and was left alone under a lamp-post.

"By Cork!" said the Squire, with a bitter laugh, "the puppy officer thinks I am turned upside-down in the world already!"

The cause came on. Our good friend's eyes were rivetted on every person who uttered a word, upon one side or the other. The usual jollity of his countenance changed into the most painful expression of anxiety; and when any thing witty was said by one of his Majesty's counsel, learned in the law, at which others laughed, his effort to second them was miserable to behold. And although it was a bitter cold day, the Squire constantly wiped the perspiration from his forehead and face; chewing, between whiles, a scrap of a quill which he had almost unconsciously picked off his seat.

The depositions, on his death-bed, of Daniel the huntsman, were tendered against him. They established the fact of the wretched self-accuser having kidnapped the heir of his then master, and handed the infant to his partner in crime. And the first living witness who appeared on the table, was that witch, supposed to have been long dead, even by Daniel himself. She swore that she had intended to destroy the babe; that, however, having got it into her arms, she relented of her purpose, and gave it, with a bribe, to a strange woman, in a distant district, to expose for her on the high road. Next came the woman alluded to, and she proved that she had followed the directions of her employer, and afterwards watched, unseen, until an elderly lady of her neighbourhood, passing by with a servant, picked up the little unfortunate. And, lastly, the aforesaid elderly lady, who, by the way, had endured some little scandal, at the time, for her act of Christian charity, corroborated this person's testimony; and further deposed that she had carefully brought up, on limited means, until the day she procured him a com-

mission in his Majesty's service, the plaintiff in the case at issue. Not a tittle of evidence, in contradiction to that stated, was offered by the defendant; and the only link of the chain of proof submitted by the heir-at-law, which the Squire's counsel energetically sought to cut through, was that created by the first witness. On her cross-examination, it was ingeniously attempted to be impressed on the minds of the jury, that no reliance could be placed upon the oath of a depraved creature like her; that she had really made away with the infant, according to her original intention; and that the one she had offered for exposure, must have been her own, the result of her acquaintance with the son of her benevolent and ill-requited protectress. But, without pausing upon details, we shall only say, that during the trial, sound confirmatory evidence of the truth of the miserable woman's assertion was supplied; and that, in fact, without hesitation, the jury found for the plaintiff.

Squire Hogan's look of consternation, when he heard the verdict, was pitiable. For a moment he bent down his head and wiped his forehead with his moist handkerchief. Then, with a wretched leer distorting his haggard countenance, he started up, and, muttering indistinctly, bowed low to the judge, the jury, the bar, the public, all; as if he would humbly acknowledge the superiority of every human being. After this, forgetting his hat, he was hurrying away; some one placed it in his hand; he bowed lowly, and smiled again; and, finally, forgetting the necessity to remain uncovered, he pressed it hard over his eyes and left the court; carrying with him the sincere, and, in some instances, the tearful sympathy of the spectators.

As fast as horses could gallop with him, he left Dublin, a few moments following.

"By Cork, Kate"—— he began, laughing, as his daughter, upon his arrival at the house which used to be his home, hurried to meet him: but he could not carry on the farce; his throat was full and choking; and suddenly throwing himself upon his child's neck, he sobbed aloud.

She understood him, but said nothing; she only kissed his cheeks and pressed his hands, keeping down all show of her own grief and alarm.—Woman! in such a situation, *you* can do this: man cannot: it is above the paltry selfishness of his nature.

He rallied, and tried to take up his absurd jeering tone, but soon tripped in it a second time.

"Ay, Kate—by the good old Jove, I'm a poorer man than the day I raffled for your mother: and you *must* work, sure enough, to try and keep a little bread with us. If there's any thing you think *I* can turn my hand to, only say the word, and you'll see I'll not be idle, my poor girl."

He entered into the details of his misfortunes and mortifications. Among other things, he mentioned the slight of "the puppy officer;" and neither his wonder nor his curiosity was excited, when, now for the first time, Catherine burst into tears.

It shows much good sense to take my Lady Law at her word. Fortune is fickle, but law is fickleness: the principle itself. And so seemed to argue the successful young aspirant to the Squire's estate. While yet only expatiating on his past misfortunes, our worthy friend received a note which informed him that, in a quarter of an hour, an authorised agent would arrive to take possession of the house and lands; and father and daughter had not recovered from the shock this gave them, when

the agent was announced and entered the room where they sat. Catherine turned away her face: she could not look at him.

"Possession of every thing in the house, too?" asked the trembling Squire—"Every thing, you say?"—"Every thing," answered the agent; who was no man's agent, but his own, after all. Catherine started at his voice—"Yes, every thing; even of the angel that makes this house a heaven."—He advanced to her side. She turned to him—shrieked—laughed—and lay insensible in his arms. It was the Squire's "puppy officer" in the first place; Catherine's faithful adorer, in the second place; the plaintiff in the late action, in the third place; and the triumphant hunter for his mistress's hand, in the fourth place. Surely, dear fair readers, he had a claim on her. "Yes—if he account for his neglect, since she left Dublin." Very good. That's easily done. He had vainly applied for leave of absence; and his letter advising her of the fact, as also of his intention to take the field for her, dressed in the costume of a picture of his then unknown father, (which, in the Squire's town-house, Catherine had often pronounced very like him,) that letter had miscarried.

"So your daughter is mine, good sir, on your own terms," added the four-fold hero.

"Capital, by Jove!—Capital! a glorious hoax, by Cork! capital!" laughed the ex-Squire.

"I am delighted, you think so; and I assure you, my dear sir, that I dressed myself up like the picture, merely at the time to endeavour to recommend myself to your good opinion, by the oddity of the conceit; for I knew you liked a hoax in your very heart."

"Give me your hand, my dear boy!—Like a hoax!—Ah, don't I?—and it *is* such a prime one! choice! capital! capital, by the beard of the good old Jove!"—and, wringing his own hands, and transported by his feelings, the worthy man left the room, to describe and praise to his very servants, what so much gladdened his soul.

"You were ignorant of your parentage upon the day of the hunt?" asked Catherine, after they had conversed some time together.

"I was. Upon the spot where the huntsman fell, I encountered the woman, returned from half a life of wandering, who exposed me in my infancy: she had been seeking me, in Dublin, to unburden her conscience, and do me a tardy justice. I was on the road for the hunt; thither she followed me rapidly, and outstripped me some days; assuming the garb of the former witch of the cave, to conceal her identity. I need scarce say, that from her I then received the information which enabled me to prosecute my claim. My beloved Catherine's sense of delicacy will readily suggest to her, why I kept out of her view, from that day, until I could prove the truth or falsehood of her story. And now, here I sit, able, thank heaven! to show to the woman of my heart, that she did not quite misplace her generous love, when she gave it to a poor and friendless ensign, and with it the prospect of wealth, and of rank in the world."

It is recorded that, from this hour, Squire Hogan never wore, except perhaps when asleep, a serious face. Having resigned "with a hearty good will," his commission of justice of the peace, there remained nothing on earth to compel him to "seem wise," as Bacon says; and he had full leisure to pursue, uninterruptedly, his practical hoaxes; which he, himself, if nobody else did it for him, called "capital! choice, by Cork's own town!"

TAIT'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

COBBETT IN EDINBURGH.

PASTA and Paganini, Miss Fanny Kemble, and Mademoiselle D'Jeck, created not half the sensation which the arrival of Cobbett did among us of the Athens. The advent of these luminaries affected only the "thrones and dominions," with their few tributaries and dependencies; but Cobbett's visit was even more powerfully felt in the depths of the Cowgate, and chasms and labyrinths of the *closes*, than in the club-houses and booksellers' shops. Edinburgh was in universal commotion; and Whig, Tory, and Radical elbowed and jostled each other at the doors of the theatre, which, for the first time, looked like the grave, where all sorts of people must meet at last. The ill-judged attempts of one or two of the ministerial newspapers to stir up the popular feeling against Mr Cobbett, if it had any effect, awakened a generous feeling in behalf of the stranger, and piqued the national honour into a more scrupulous observance of politeness, and a warmer welcome than might otherwise have been given. He presented himself before an impatient house, filled from floor to ceiling, which rose to greet him in a tumultous rapture. His appearance is highly favourable; his ease, tact, and self-possession, are unrivalled. He was neither overpowered nor taken by surprise with these demonstrations of the Modern Athenians, but received them all as matter of course, which came a little in the way of proceeding to business. Mr. Cobbett is still of stately stature, and must, in youth, have been tall. He must then in physiognomy, person, and bearing, have been a fine specimen of the true Saxon breed,—

> The eyes of azure, and the locks of brown,
> And the blunt speech, that bursts without a pause,
> And free-born thoughts, which league the soldier with the laws.

As, with the "Ciceronian suavity" he had promised to assume, he presented himself before the "critical audience of Edinburgh," he looked like an old English gentleman

> Of the good olden time—

a hearty Essex or Hampshire squire, of the fourth magnitude, whose woods are flourishing, and his paternal acres unmortgaged, dressed for a dinner of some ceremony, in a coat of the best Saxon blue broad-cloth, with its full complement of gilt buttons, and an ample white waistcoat, with flowing skirts. His thin, white hairs, and high forehead—the humour lurking in the eye, and playing about the lips, betokened something more than the squire in his gala suit; still the altogether was of this respectable and responsible kind. His voice is low-toned, clear, and flexible; and so skilfully modulated, that not an aspiration was lost of his nervous, fluent, unhesitating, and perfectly correct discourse. There was no embarrassment, no flutter, no picking of words; nor was the speaker once at fault, or in the smallest degree disturbed by those petty accidents and annoyances which must have moved almost any other man so oddly situated.—Put down Cobbett! It will be as impossible for the "Collective Wisdom" to overbear him, as for that more overwhelming power, the Collective Taste, to put him down. He would, in ten minutes, either laugh or shame the House out of its insolence of ill-breeding,—sometimes its only defence against dulness and twaddle, but as frequently the weapon with which impudent knavery assails honest, plain, and modest men, when such have stumbled into Parliament, and endeavoured to serve the people. The corporation had best keep him out, for assuredly it will never keep him down, once he gets in. To those acquainted with the writings of Cobbett there was little in the matter of his lectures absolutely new: the facts were familiar or thread-bare; the arguments, such as we have heard from him a hundred times before, in the Register. But then the old family jewels, the Cobbett heir-looms, were all newly and most exquisitely set. He is indeed a first-rate comic actor, possessed of that flexible penetrative power of imitation which extends to

mind and character, as well as to their outward signs. His genius is, besides essentially dramatic. We have often read his lively characteristic dialogues with pleasure and amusement; but to see him act them, and personate Lord Althorp pommelled and pozed by the future member for Oldham, was a degree beyond this.—He was in nothing vehement or obstreperous, though every body had anticipated something of this kind; and his subdued tone, and excellent discretion, gave double point to his best hits. Instead of the sledge-hammer, like that which poor Cook employed to knock down Bingham Baring, Cobbett used a poignard as polished as keen. The humour of his solemn irony, his blistering sarcasm, but especially his sly hits and unexpected or random strokes and pokes on the sore or weak sides of the Whigs, told with full effect on two parts of the audience. The high Tories, at such passages, screamed and crowed with delight; and the hearty applause of the Radicals testified their extreme satisfaction at hearing bold, honest truths spoken in Edinburgh by William Cobbett. To oratory, in the highest sense of the term, Mr Cobbett never once rises; but he is ever a wily, clear, and most effective speaker. What a mystifier of an ordinary Jury he might have been, with his readiness, dramatic power, and skill in presenting homely objects under the most lively and picturesque forms. There, indeed, his strength lies. His protestant miracle of the two thousand half-pay officers, his lady pensioners, and the Right Reverends the Fathers, &c. can never be forgotten by his Scottish auditors.—Mr Cobbett expressed himself highly gratified with his reception in Edinburgh. In Glasgow and other parts of the country, he has been, if that were possible, still more popular. And at this we rejoice, as evidence of affection for the cause to which, whatever fastidious persons may think, Cobbett has been a useful, rough pioneer, and most powerful auxiliary.

Such of our Readers as wish to become acquainted with Mr Cobbett's remarkable career, and to attain a just notion of his character as a writer, are referred to "THE SCHOOLMASTER," Nos. 7 and 11. Having met with Mr Cobbett in private society during his sojourn in Edinburgh, our impression of him was, that, besides being a very clever man, (which all the world knows,) he is a very pleasant man; more disposed to be good-humoured and droll than satirical or severe; not impatient of contradiction, except when he thinks the speaker insincere; and a zealous friend of the poor.

PUBLIC MEETING FOR ORIGINATING A MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE principal, the only striking feature of this assembly, was the numerous attendance, and the deep feeling evinced by all the spectators. It was too formally got up; the struggle to preserve the balance between Whig and Tory, lay too bare to the day; the speakers, with the exception of Professor Wilson, the *fourth* speaker, were evidently thinking more of the figure they were themselves cutting than of him they were met to honour. The meeting was a good idea indifferently executed. It was like the Catholic service for the dead; grand and imposing, but impressing us with a feeling of hollowness and want of heart. It was a premeditated burst of uncontrollable emotion,—the white dots that are supposed to indicate tears on a burial vault. But the worst mistake of all, was placing the Duke of Buccleuch in the front of the battle. If the good citizens of Edinburgh had met to commemorate a nobleman, good cause there might have been for his Grace officiating as fugleman. Had they met to cry salt tears over the illustrious Rothschild, there might have been some sense in conceding the *pas* to one who is understood to be as rich as a Jew. But when homage was to be paid to genius, genius ought to have been employed to give it voice. The mean appearance and silly stammering of the first performer damned the piece. When Lord Rosebery (whose manly, sensible appearance deserves that we except him from the general censure) complimented the Duke upon his "powerful speech," a subdued titter ran through the room. It was cruel in Lord Rosebery. Strange that the Duke could not repeat his lesson with less hesitation, seeing that he had delivered the same speech, *verbatim*, at

Kelso, a day or two before. The old idolaters of Greece lent an idealized expression even to the brute portion of their theocracy; but we worship the golden calf, even when the silliness and feebleness of the animal are caricatured.

The noble Duke, to whose rank that precedence was given on this occasion which was due to the genius of Professor Wilson, appeared in a short hunting coat and plaiden trowsers, and subscribed, out of his income of £200,000, the sum of £100, for the monument which he moved that the public should erect to "his departed friend." At the funeral it does not appear that the noble Duke, although of the same clan, deigned to attend. His name is not mentioned by the newspapers among those of the men of worth or rank who followed the remains of Sir Walter Scott to the grave.

In the course of his speech at this meeting, the Lord Advocate took occasion to allude to the two great political parties, whose generous rivalry, according to his Lordship, tends to keep the Vessel of the State in equilibrium, and to prevent the rise of those extreme opinions which, he trusted, would never take root in Scotland. We differ with his Lordship as to the utility of the two political parties; and think the Vessel of the State no more benefited by their generous rivalry than would be a ship by two breezes from opposite quarters. The effect in both cases would, we fear, be the impeding of the vessel's progress; and an *equilibrium*, not inconvenient to either of the parties, (factions, we call them,) or the breezes; but far from being beneficial to the progress of either description of vessel, or productive of comfort to the crews.

The Court of Arches.—Who would have dreamed of a settlement of vagrants, rivalling in wretchedness and wildness the Ellangowan hamlet in Derncleugh, established under the dry arches of that splendid monument of a prosperous city,—the new London Bridge, where, scarcely a year ago, kings, queens, and princesses, cabinet ministers and *their* cabinet ministers, beauties wits, and dandies,—in gorgeous array, met together to eat venison; where, as they quaffed their champagne,

> They bade the kettle to the trumpet speak,
> The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
> The cannons to the Heavens—the Heavens to Earth—
> Now the King drinks to Don Key!

where healths were dedicated to every official present, while every official present, after the established precedent of health-drinking, mingled his thanks for the honour with assurances of the universal prosperity of the kingdom,—the civil dignitaries, in particular, setting forth that the city conduits ran brown stout, and the mansion was tiled with pancakes. "A saucepan was boiling under one of the arches," says the street keeper of the London Bridge district, in his examination before the Magistrates concerning the new colony "containing a ram's liver, the parings of two sheep's heads, and a considerable quantity of bow-wow (?), which an old bone-grubber was stirring up with a piece of iron hoop!" The London Bridge colony consists of 50 persons, who find nightly shelter under the arches, and luxuriate upon bow-wow soup.

Lady Blessington's Reminiscences.—The conversations reported by Lady B. as those of the author of "Childe Harold," bear strong marks of originality. But it was not with him as with the upright and manly Scott,—the words of his mouth were not always those of his mind; and such persons as are curious in forming a just estimate of his character, must take into consideration the character of the party addressed. Byron was a man to confide his real sentiments to a woman whom he loved, or a woman whom he respected. It appears from his letters addressed to a person of rank, (extracts from which will probably illustrate the next edition of his works,) that his curiosity was strongly excited by the fame of Lady Blessington's beauty and singular elevation in life; and that, foreseeing the improbability that she should ever have any communication with the Ladies Byron, Jersey, Holland, (so severely stigmatised in the reminiscences of the Countess,) he permitted himself to gratify the female appetite for detraction, by the expression of opinions almost as severe as those

with which the Countess herself was noticed in his private correspondence. It is to be hoped that Lady Blessington's friend, Madame Guiccioli, will also favour the world with the stock of her recollections; and it will be hard if, among the multitude of friends and acquaintances who have stept forward to defame him, the public is not enabled to form as black an ideal of his Lordship's character as even himself, in the wildest chimeras of his love of mystification, was induced to shadow forth. It is not one of the least advantages possessed by Sir Walter over his gifted contemporary, that *his* life will be pourtrayed by the hand of affection, and *his* actions interpreted by a cultivated and honourable mind. Moore might have done as much for Lord Byron; but he was shackled in the attempt by restrictions such as no biographer can overcome.

DRAMATIC POLITICS.—It seems that one night, early in the month of October, John Reeve, the idol of the Gods of the Adelphi, and one of the best comic actors on the boards, chose to vary the humours of an American election introduced into the piece founded on Washington Irving's tale of "Rip Van Winkle," by a speech from the hustings in the character of the popular candidate. "If you return me to Congress," quoth he, "I promise to vote for the reduction of rent and the abolition of TITHES!" This extemporaneous sally was received by the house with a round of cheering of several minutes' duration; and the thing would have been speedily forgotten, but that, at the close of the scene, the manager, Mr. Yates, rushed breathless upon the stage with the following address:—"Ladies and Gentlemen! I beg to assure you that what has fallen from Mr. Reeve *was by complete accident*, and shall never be repeated." This very elegant apostrophe was received by the house with a dead silence. It is, however, but just to Mr. Yates to consider that his license was probably at stake.

MENAGERIES.—A daily journal has the following paragraph:—"The Prince Regent is gone Eastward to collect beasts for the Zoological Gardens."—The Prince Regent! "To what base uses may we come at last!" We remember another prince who was fond of collecting beasts, the late King of Wurtemberg, whose zoonomania all but caused a revolution in his half-starved kingdom. At best, menageries are cruel things; cruel, that they deprive the *feri naturæ* of their liberty, and still more cruel that they "take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs." A much larger proportion of wholesome food is daily devoured by the animals in the Zoological Gardens of the Regent's Park, than by the paupers in Marylebone workhouse. A new Society, moreover, has been recently established in London for "Promoting Rational Humanity to Animals." Among the items to which the subscriptions are applied, is one for humane carts for conveying calves to market; and the chief abuses proposed for reformation lie in the knacker's yard!—All this is very well.—Let the humane subscribe as liberally as they please for the comfort of the calves about to supply them with fillets of veal, or the sheep they intend to eat in mutton chops; but the kingdom of Great Britain is not within fifty years of that degree of national prosperity which justifies the application of its impulses of humanity to the beasts that perish. We have starving men and women:—we have infant children who require humanity-carts to convey them to the loom and the factory; we have a knacker's yard of infirm and miserable paupers, where the aged poor are suffered to die by inches, as described in the Synopsis of the Society. Let Mr. Gompertz, who is an enlightened and humane man, reflect upon this, and not lavish all his good Samaritanism on the inferior animals of the creation.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—It is asserted by those who resided at Rome during Sir Walter's visit to the Eternal City, that he was with difficulty persuaded to visit the monuments of its ancient glory. His mind was totally untouched by classical associations; and, perhaps, to this very peculiarity are we indebted for that freshness of perception, that vivid and glowing sunshine of the imagination, which was not distracted by the shadowy imagery of antiquity from the objects on which it was his pleasure it should fall. The days of chivalry were to *him* what the classic era was to the writers of the time of Anne; and Charlemagne was probably the Agamemnon, whose reign formed the primitive limitation of his inquiry and interest.

CROSBY HALL.—It is curious enough that, while the nation, or its representatives are always prompt in resisting proposals for a benevolence towards erecting a royal residence for the sovereigns that be, they are no less ready with their purses to

prevent any relic of royal antiquity from falling into decay. A year or two ago, an old barn, forming part of King John's Palace at Eltham, (concerning which, so long as it was permitted to stand, few people expressed or exhibited the least curiosity,) was sentenced to demolition. Upon this arose an outcry from the antiquaries. Destroy a monument of seven hundred years' duration! Monstrous! A subscription was instantly set on foot; and Wyatt employed to repair the royal barn. In the same taste, the *dilettanti* of London have recently come forward in defence of Crosby Hall, once the residence of Crookback Richard, and now a packer's warehouse. It seems that the palaces of kings, like the shell of the nautilus, do not become objects of interest in the eyes of the multitude, till they afford shelter to some new inhabitant. Perhaps even the old Dutch guard house at St. James's (a flagrant disgrace to the taste of the first capital in Europe) will, at some future epoch, find favour in the sight of His Majesty's subjects, and be saved from conversion into useful warehouses by a voluntary subscription.

FREQUENTERS OF COURTS NO COURTIERS.—The witty old Countess of Aldborough, having applied to Lord Lyndhurst, as a friend, for legal advice, was somewhat ungraciously repulsed. "Ah!" said Lady A., "I see how it is; I have applied to the wrong court. It is plain your lordship has nothing to do with CIVIL LAW."

INFANT LABOUR.—A certain eccentric Tory member, who, till he obtained a seat in the present Parliament, had never made his appearance in society, dined last year, in company with Sadler, and several other political personages, at the mansion of Sir Robert Peel. After dinner, as the gentlemen were drinking coffee in the fine picture gallery of the ex-minister, a conversation took place between Sadler and Sir Robert on the subject of the Bill for the Regulation of Infant Labour. Mr. ————, who was standing near, occasionally joining in the discussion, while he contemplated Lawrence's exquisite picture of the infant daughter of his host, (considering, perhaps, that the baronet was lukewarm towards the interests of the manufacturing classes,) suddenly slapped him on the back, and exclaimed, while he pointed to the portrait of little Miss Peel, "Ah! Sir Robert! that little darling *might* have been slaving in the factory you know; 'twas a narrow escape." The amazement of his disconcerted auditors may be easily conjectured.

LINE OF SUCCESSION.—It was observed by a noble earl, an eminent upholder of the Tory interest in one of the northern counties of England, that whenever he came out of his gateway, he was greeted by the earnest salutation of a withered crone, who had taken her station on the steps—"Long life to your lordship!—May your lordship live for ever." Astonished to find that, month after month, his gratuities produced no change in the wording of her apostrophe, Lord L. one day accosted her—"My good woman, you appear very earnest for the continuance of my days: have you any particular interest in my preservation?"—"To be sure I have," cried the old woman: "I recollect your uncle Sir James, when he owned the estate and ruled over us; and a bitterer enemy to the poor never broke bread. Then came your father, who was a still blacker curse to us; and every body said we could never be worse off. When you came to the estate, my lord, we found out our mistake; and what may come after you is a dreadful thing to think of!—Long life to your lordship!—May your lordship live for ever!"

WHIG UNDERLINGS.—Under the old system the effective force of *jobbers* on the establishment of this country increased to a prodigious amount. It was utterly impossible to give employment to the whole of them. Idlers belonging to this class were to be met in every corner, lounging about like "*unattached* officers," or the ancient Edinburgh functionary, "Wha wants me?" Even in the worst of days some of these superfluous rascals, just for the sake of keeping their hands in, joined the liberal party. The number of them who have taken service under it, since the accession of Earl Grey to office, is *prodigious!* and if honest people be not on their guard they will soon succeed in making the Whigs as bad as the Tories. Their caterwauling is heard in every corner. Do the electors of any burgh dare to be dissatisfied with the candidate palmed upon them by Ministers? Does an independent candidate come forward at their call? He is instantly bespattered with abuse. In compliance with the urgent and reiterated request of a large body of the Bath electors, Mr. Hume recommended Mr. Roebuck to their notice; they being distrustful of a recent and dubious convert to liberal principles, notwithstanding he was delivered to them, free of expense, under a Treasury frank. *The Times* began to growl

immediately; accusing, in no measured terms, Mr. Hume of seeking to divide the reform interest, in the face of a strong Tory force, for the purpose of getting a party in the House of Commons ready to support his "crotchets." Mr. Roebuck's committee addressed a letter to the Briarean journal, stating the real facts of the case, which was refused insertion, except as an advertisement. A communication from Mr. Hobhouse's friends, similar in every respect, except that of veracity, was ostentatiously stuffed into a "leading article." *The Times* has since eaten in its praise of Mr. Hobhouse; but has left unrepented, at least unconfessed, its rude and vulgar attack upon Messrs. Hume and Roebuck.* Again, two government protegés have started for Harwich, opposed by Mr. Herries. With one of the *soi-disant* liberal candidates, the inhabitants of that burgh were much and justly dissatisfied: and, at their request, Mr. Leader, son of the Irish patriot, offered his services. *The Times* was instantly at its dirty work again, and broadly accused Mr. Leader of having made a coalition with Mr. Herries. Upon a remonstrance being made, however, it softened down the charge to that of "a virtual coalition." Thus far *The Times*; next comes *The Globe*, "to the self-same tune and words." "While we are disposed to express little in the way either of surprise or objection to a few individuals of ultra-radical pretensions being produced as candidates *for some of the new manufacturing constituencies*, it is with considerable regret that we ever witness that sort of intrusion into the struggle *which tends so to vulgarize it*, that any person, with a due share of self-respect, feels himself indisposed to the encounter. * * * * * On the whole, so far as present indications exist, we apprehend that much fewer Radicals, *of the class which may be regarded as entirely without the pale*, will get into Parliament than people imagine. There may possibly be four or five Dromios of the Preston class instead of one or two, but that will be all; of the Hume school, possibly fifteen or twenty more; but our present conviction is, that the next Parliament will practically, and for the most part, assume the tone of liberal Whiggism, meaning thereby," &c. &c. &c. The which dismal ditty, when rightly interpreted, we take to be, among other things, an obscure and somewhat mystical prophecy of the ousting of Colonel Torrens from Bolton, by the exertions of Mr. Cobbett and his friends. Its main object is to follow up the personal onslaughts of *The Times* by a general charge; a plan of attack which does honour to the military talents of the editor of *The Globe*. To these "vituperative personalities" are added *quant. suff.* of "laudatory personalities."† These "most sweet voices," whether they be the "forward voice, to speak well of his friend," or the "backward voice, to utter foul speeches, and to detract," have but one aim; to establish the present Ministry upon the basis of a well-organized body of agents, who, diffused through the country, may, by their restless activity, give to the operations of a few the appearance of the will and deed of the many. They hope to flatter the people by the persuasion, that what is merely passing before its eyes is its achievement, until the present excitement has subsided, and all things are quietly left to their management. They hope and trust, that our new constitution will soon become like everything the world has yet witnessed—a machine worked by the few, and mainly for the interest of the few. If there be wisdom among the electors they will laugh into nothingness these shallow pretences. They will choose a man of sense and principle, in preference to a brawling fool, of course, whatever be the professions of the latter: this point settled, they will choose even a party Whig in preference to a Tory; but a Liberal, free from all party connexions, in preference to either. In short, they will choose a man to represent themselves. A House of Commons thus elected will be a sufficient guard to Ministers against the machinations of an expiring faction, while by the check it lays on them by their knowledge of its character, it will form a guarantee for their honesty. Be it observed, that we attribute this plan, now concocting for our future subjugation, to the *jobbers* alone. Instinct has taught them, that success will place both governors and governed at their mercy. We have not the shadow of a ground for attributing to Lord Grey a knowledge of what is going forward. Indeed our fear is, that the people will not return a Parliament sufficiently decided to support the bolder and better spirits of the Ministry in that line of policy which is necessary for our national salvation. There is a noble generous spirit abroad, but a great want of precise and definite political knowledge.

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* *The Times* has been accused by *The Examiner* of denying all knowledge of Mr. Roebuck, while, at least, one person identified with that paper knew him well. *The Times* persists in its denial. This is one of the advantages of having three gentlemen in a firm, each of whom is entitled to use the pronoun "we," when, in reality, he only means "I."

† Vide "The Book of Fallacies," p. 123 to p. 142, *inclusive*.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE CHURCH IS IN DANGER. The dignitaries of the overgrown establishment of England, like the boy who cried wolves, in the fable, have raised this clamour so often, that nobody will believe them, now that their words are sooth. We beg to add our unsuspected testimony to theirs. "The Church *is* in danger;" and a brief recapitulation of the signs of the times will shew it. *Imprimis*, At the Hornby Reform Festival, celebrated on Tuesday, the 9th of October, the Hon. C. A. Pelham, M.P., thus expressed himself:—"I have had the satisfaction of informing you, upon excellent authority, what are the measures which it is the intention of his Majesty's ministers to introduce in the next session of Parliament. *The Bill for Reform of the Church, I know is already prepared.* (Tremendous cheers.) It is, therefore, not for me, if I am again returned as your representative, to say, before I go into the House, whether I shall support that bill or not: all that I can state at present, is, that I will give it my best attention; and I will anxiously and deliberately form my judgment upon it. (Loud cheers.) At the same time, I believe,—at least, I have great hopes,—I shall be able to support it; because I do not conceive that the same ministers who would give you so full, and efficient, and beneficial a measure of reform for the representation of the people, will so change their principles in so short a time, as to give you a mean and scanty measure of reform in the church. (Loud cheers.) I trust that this measure, like the one recently given, will be temperate and moderate, but amply efficient. (Continued cheering.") One great point, therefore, is established,—that ministers have a plan of church reform *in petto*. The next point is, to inquire "for what extent of church reform is the country ripe?" In so far as Ireland is concerned, this question has already been pretty loudly and intelligibly answered. Let us next look to England. First in the field, as in duty bound, is the native county of Hampden. On Saturday, the 7th of October, a stirring appeal to the Dissenters appeared in the Bucks' Gazette, which has since run the circle of almost every newspaper in the kingdom. It throws down the gauntlet. "Let us awake to a sense of that duty which devolves upon us as men and Christians. Let us wipe away that reproach which rests upon us in a compromising support of the established hierarchy. Let us vindicate the cause of true religion and justice, which are injured and violated by its existence. We believe the church establishment to be founded in error, to be unjustly supported, and inefficient for the great purpose for which it exists. Let us act as men labouring under such impressions. Let us conduct ourselves as the correctors of error, as the opposers of injustice, and the determined foes of every inefficient monopoly, whether temporal or spiritual. Our separation from the established church, is a standing memorial of our dissent, an ever-abiding witness of our oppression; but we neutralize our dissent by a quiet and compromising payment of all ecclesiastical demands. We cast an imputation upon our sincerity, by continuing to support that practically, which we are ever theoretically condemning. . . . We call upon you not to violate any law, not to embarrass the operations of our ministry, (our strength is in the prompt obeyance of the law,) but we do call upon you to obey it; in such a manner, as shall shew your sense of its injustice, and your determination to cast off its yoke, while, so long as it continues, you are willing to comply in one sense with its demand. *The example of the Quakers is that which we call upon you to imitate.* They have been for the last fifty years at least, bearing a silent, but increasing testimony to the injustice of the claims of the clergy. If the whole body of the Dissenters had imitated their example from the first, we do not hesitate to say, that long ere this, the question would have been settled for ever." We call the county of Bucks first in the field; because from it has proceeded the first proposal for a general strike on the part of the Dissenters. Isolated individuals and communities had already, before the appearance of the appeal from which we have quoted, begun to act upon the principle in different parts of England. In the spring of the present year, a gentleman in the north of England allowed his furniture to be distrained and sold by auction, for his tithes, and embraced the occasion of the sale, to address to a numerous assembly, an exposition of the principles upon which he acted, and his resolution to adhere to them. An adjourned meeting of rate payers, held at Birmingham, on Tuesday, the 2d of October, has flatly

refused to pay any rate. Mr Churchwarden Salt moved, that a rate of threepence be granted for the present year. Mr Allan, seconded by Mr Bourne, moved, as an amendment,—"That, under all the circumstances of the case, the churchwardens having at present funds in hand, the vestry will not at present grant any rate; but that, if requested, a subscription be entered into, for the purpose of defraying all legal and proper expenses connected with the church." Mr Joseph Parkes proposed another amendment, —"That the rate be postponed; and that the churchwardens of the parish of Birmingham be requested to raise a public subscription, to defray their current expenses; and in the meantime, the rate payers be recommended to petition the legislature in the first reformed Parliament, for a repeal of the laws which tax Dissenters for the maintenance of the established church." The rector, who was in the chair, refused to put this second amendment, and any more of the first than went simply to negative the original motion. The first amendment, thus curtailed, was put and carried: a rate is, therefore, ultimately refused. On Saturday, the 6th of October, the Bow Street magistrates, on the application of the officers of St Martins-in-the-Fields, decided,—That the 10th of Geo. III. declaring that all rates must be made by "the churchwardens, overseers, vestrymen, constables, and other ancient inhabitants of the parish," did not mean that every inhabitant of the parish should have a vote; that the power of making rates was confined to those persons only who were *the ancient inhabitants of the parish*; that the term "ancient," meant those persons who had either served some of the parochial offices named in the statute, or had suffered fine for not having so served. The parishioners have, in consequence of this decision, declared their resolution not to pay the rate. In a manly address, presented to Earl Grey by the Northern Political Union, this striking passage occurs:—"In this country, (which, availing itself of the great privilege of Protestantism, is proud of the right of private judgment, and regrets the dogmas of creeds and churches, and is crowded with Dissenters and Catholics,) the whole body of the people are doomed to the support of a church, whose adherents, compared with the whole mass of the population, are but few in number, if we count as adherents those only who believe in its doctrine, and approve of its discipline. No tax can be more monstrous, more unjust, more impolitic, than that which obliges any portion of the people to support in splendour and luxury the priests of a religion which they conscientiously reject. The whole country expects from the wisdom of a reformed Parliament *the utter abolition* of the tithe tax, which is not only a tax upon agricultural improvement, but an infringement of liberty of conscience." Turning from the advice of the Bucks' Gazette, the example of Northumberland, Birmingham, St Martins-in-the-Fields, and the representation for Newcastle, we find declarations in favour of church reform exacted from the candidates through the whole of England. Equally pregnant is the fact, that all the provincial newspapers, with a very few exceptions, advocate this cause. Even the *cautious* Scotsman, and the Times, which was never yet known to support any person or principle which it had not previously ascertained to be popular with an immense majority of the nation, are clamorous in the cause of church reform. But more important, as an index of the strength of popular feeling on this subject, than all besides, is the bustle and stirring among the clergy to spruce up their nests against the day of examination. The call for church reform has been raised within the walls of the church itself. Sorely to the annoyance of the Bishop of Durham, some of his clergy have been addressing him upon this topic. Nor is this determination to amend clerical abuses confined to England. Even in Scotland, where church oppression is much less heavy, the same spirit is beginning to awake. For upwards of a year have the inhabitants of Edinburgh been striving to reduce the established clergy to the incomes of their churches. At Mr Cobbett's late lectures, no passage was more rapturously applauded, than his *sortie* against the church of England. In Glasgow, a "Voluntary Church Association" has just been formed, including almost all the talent and respectability of the Dissenting interest in the West. A paper devoted to the church asserts, that in Scotland there are 350 petitions against a church establishment prepared, and ready to be showered upon the reformed Parliament, as soon as it meets. The truth is, that if the Dissenters of Great Britain do not strike in at this crisis, they deserve to be trampled upon for ever. The nucleus of their body,—the three great classes of Independents, Baptists, and Congregationalists, have long been accustomed to act together. Let the Quakers, the Dissenting Methodists, the various Scottish Secession churches, and all the others, rally around them. Let them demand their rights as men and as Christians, to be put in every respect on a footing of equality with the members of the Churches of England and Scotland. Let them make a stand for Christian liberty. The spirit of Hampden, Vane, and Milton, is again abroad in the land. The consummation which they yearned after, is now attainable. THE CHURCH IS IN DANGER. Not that spiritual church, "the salt of the earth," without which it had lost its savour, that mystic union of all true believers, which is founded on a rock, "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," but that flimsy structure of man's device, which those who shew their disbelief in the divine origin of Christianity, in their attempts to prop it up by human inventions, seek to substitute in its place. Up, men, brethren! for our cause is holy. Up! follow the banner on which is inscribed,—"The lion of the tribe of Judah hath overcome."

THE ELECTIONS.—There is every probability that the elections to the new Parlia-

ment will prove bungled jobs, in not a few instances. People are not accustomed to elect a legislative body, for the sole purpose of representing the opinions, wishes, and intelligence of the nation. They are still haunted with the old folly of ranging themselves into parties, and inquiring, not who is the best man? but, will he strengthen our side? The Tories, of course, are banding themselves, for the purpose of expending their last venom. The Whigs have an ugly trick of suspecting, or pretending to suspect, the intentions of every man, who does not believe in the infallibility of their leaders. The Radicals—under which convenient and comprehensive term, the ministerialists include all who do not belong to one or other of the old parties, thus classifying together men of the most widely diverging principles and character—sometimes seem inclined to yield too tamely to dictation, and at others shew a tendency to bristle up into opposition without good cause. The great object with all true patriots ought to be, the selection of men of sound and thoroughgoing principles, business habits, and cool, but daring character. The times imperatively demand such men; but we fear, even the reformed Parliament will not be overstocked with them. In ENGLAND, the Whigs will, in all probability, carry the day. The men most in request, seem members of aristocratic families, who profess liberal opinions. A frank manner, a fluent tongue, and fair general promises, seem to go far with John Bull. He rarely inquires regarding the stock of knowledge, or the fitness for transacting business, possessed by those who ask his vote. The jobbers are taking advantage of this, and working manfully, for the purpose of packing a Whig Parliament. Wherever a man of independent principles offers himself, he is sure to be assailed by the abuse of these creatures. By dint of good organization, unscrupulous chicane, and reckless concussion, the Tories have every prospect of mustering a tolerable minority. Mr Hume and Mr Roebuck are, we trust, secure of Middlesex and Bath, notwithstanding the unprincipled opposition making to them. Lancashire will return a strong body of Radicals—Cobbett among the rest. Birmingham is the portion of the Union. Leeds and Manchester have thrown themselves into the arms of the liberal portion of the ministry. The Whigs are yielding to the universal demand for the ballot, "with coy, reluctant, amorous delay;" and attachment to the cause of church reform, is professed by candidates of every colour. The Globe, in one of its wheedling articles, praises the Dissenters for selecting their representatives from among the adherents of the established church. If the Dissenters deserve this praise, they are greater blockheads than we take them to be. In SCOTLAND, the Whig interest will preponderate more decidedly than even in England. The concentration of all legal business in Edinburgh, and the prominent part which the lawyers of that city have all along taken in politics, have enabled the party to organize itself, and to spread its ramifications over the whole country. The Tory party is, if possible, still better drilled; and had they not sinned themselves out of all respect, might have given their old adversaries a shrewd shake. With a few exceptions, the population of the country are inclined blindly to follow the leading of those who have fought their battles. There is a fine spirit among them, but a sad lack of precise political knowledge. There seems also to be a sad lack of men fit to serve in Parliament, if we may judge by the characters of most of the popular candidates. They will be returned partly because of the zeal and activity of their partisans, partly because there are no better men to be had. Some exceptions there are. Edinburgh returns the Lord Advocate, out of gratitude for past services,—Mr Abercromby, because it likes him. In the Linlithgow district of burghs, Mr Gillon has met with such unprincipled and mean opposition, as was to be looked for, by a man of his independent principles, at the hands of an aristocratic family; and in the Wigton district, particularly in Stranraer, the efforts of the Galloway family to keep up a close-burgh system, are of the most unblushing complexion. Lord Ormelie, we rejoice to say, will be carried in for Perthshire on the shoulders of feuars and dissenters, in spite of the most oppressive and dishonest tricks resorted to in the hopes of foiling him. His adversaries' machinations have recoiled upon themselves, serving only to irritate the insulted electors. Dumfriesshire was threatened with Lord Stormont; but the younker found a storm was brewing, and wisely withdrew. The Dumfries burghs will fall to the most radical bidder. Mr Hannay speaks scholarly and wisely; but General Sharpe more precisely, and to the point. Poor Sir John Malcolm has invoked the spirits of his ancestors; but they cannot aid him. Glasgow has no paramount leaders, and will return the man whom the real majority wish. The result of the election is quite uncertain; but if Mr Crawfurd be not returned, our good friends of the West will have sadly stultified themselves. In Paisley, the contest lies between Sir John Maxwell and Mr Mackellar; but both are regarded as a *pis-aller*. The eminent editor of the Examiner was sounded as to whether he would stand for this burgh; but declined, on account of his weak state of health. The electors of Paisley might do worse than lie by, till they learn with some certainty what Mr Hume's prospects in Middlesex are. It would be a feather in their cap to have him for a member. Mr Oswald is secure of Ayrshire, and deserves to be so, on account of the manly way in which he went to work. A strange crotchet has seized some of the Kilmarnock electors. Their choice lies between a steady and consistent Whig and a young Lieutenant in the Guards, whose only public appearances, previous to the commencement of his canvass, were at the last Ayrshire election, where he voted for the Tory candidate, and at a meeting

of the freeholders of Kirkcudbright, where he supported a petition, introduced for the purpose of indirectly defeating the Reform Bill. And yet the Political Union has thrown itself into the arms of this youngster. We really expected more sense from the townsmen of Baird and M'Laren. Dundee promises to carry the Radical candidate through with a wet sheet. In the far Caithness, a Tory Sheriff, devoting himself, like a second Curtius, for his party, contests the county, in opposition to its present reforming representative, with the prospect of having to denude himself of his snug semi-sinecure, in the event of success. He has been rewarded with the promise of ten votes. The different *ruses* employed by the old faction, in order to bolster up a sinking cause, are instructive enough. In one burgh, a neighbouring farmer, whose garden was included within the boundary, run up a brick tenement upon it, a few weeks before the time fixed for the lodging of claims, and demanded to be registered. Nay, when the claim was discussed in court, an equivocating witness was produced, in the hopes that his oath to there having been an erection on the lands for upwards of a twelvemonth, might be left unsifted, and understood to mean the new house. In one county, *an Edinburgh practitioner* of the law claimed to vote upon a property which he sold nearly twenty years ago, having received part of the price at the time, and drawn regular interest for what remained owing. In a western burgh, the agents of the two contending parties agreed to remit the estimation of some houses, the value of which was disputed, to the decision of joint valuators. When these claims came to be disposed of, the agents of the *con*forming candidate gravely stated, that although they were determined to abide by the decision of the valuators, the claimants insisted upon being heard for themselves. *And these very agents proceeded to lead proof, in the name of the claimants.* We could add many instances of a similar sort. We could, and without fear would, name place and person concerned in these we have adduced; but we think a better fate awarded them, when we let them,—

> Not even damn'd to everlasting fame,
> Live without sex, and die without a name.

Of the fifty-three Scottish members, ten will be Tories. In IRELAND, a veil of mystery hangs over the electioneering proceedings, which we do not presume to penetrate. Irish tactics are a pitch beyond us.

IRELAND.—MR STANLEY.—MR O'CONNELL.—THE WORKING OF THE COMMUTATION BILL.—On the 24th of September, a letter was addressed to the Secretary for Ireland, from which what follows is an extract:—"What taxes are meant by 'municipal taxes,' which the Irish Reform Bill states must have been paid by each person, seeking the power of voting for a representative in Parliament? As the period for registering is so near at hand, it is of the utmost consequence that those persons who have given notice of their intention to register, should receive the earliest information possible, as otherwise the intended extension of the elective franchise may in a great measure be defeated." This letter was signed "Edward Dwyer, Secretary to the Political Union of Ireland." Mr Stanley's answer is in these words:—"Sir,—In answer to a letter which I have received this morning, signed 'Edward Dwyer, Secretary to the Political Union of Ireland,' I must beg to decline entering into communication with that body, or any of a similar description. I have," &c. Mr Dwyer immediately replied:—"Sir,—I had the honour to receive your letter of reply to mine of yesterday, in which you decline entering into any communication or correspondence with me, as secretary of the Political Union of Ireland. On this letter I shall not presume to comment; but, in my private capacity as a freeholder of the city of Dublin, I again, with all due respect, reiterate the query contained in my letter,—what taxes are meant by 'municipal taxes,' which the Irish Reform Bill states must have been paid by each person seeking the power of voting for a representative in Parliament? I entreat the favour of an immediate answer, and have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, Edward Dwyer." To this letter no answer was returned. Bravo! Mister Secretary. *Tu me lo pagherai.*

The clergy of the established church are endeavouring to delude ministers into the belief that the payment of tithe may still be enforced. They write the police bulletins, and uniformly represent the military as triumphant or the peasantry as submissive. Meanwhile Mr O'Connell has solemnly pronounced his opinion, that the valuation of tithe before the crop is secured, is illegal, and any intrusion into a field for that purpose is a trespass. Those who may incline to call in question the law as laid down by the liberator, will do well to consult the evidence delivered by Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq. resident magistrate of police for the county of Tipperary, before the Tithe Committee. That gentleman shews that this is likewise the opinion of the Crown Counsel. The work goes on notwithstanding, and blood is daily shed in consequence, and the peasantry are driven to desperation. On the 29th of September an unsuccessful attempt was made to rescue the Walstown prisoners. On Wednesday the 3d of October, a public meeting of the parishes of Connalmay, Old Connell, Great Connell, and the vicinity, was held on the Curragh of Kildare, to petition for the abolition of tithes. Strong bodies of military and police were hovering in the neighbourhood, but did not interfere; and the assembly dispersed without any disturbance. Blood has been shed, in the county of Waterford, in an attempt to enforce the provisions of the new Tithe Bill. An attorney in the county of Kildare has been forced to resign the office of tithe collector by the threatened secession of all his clients, and is now acting for the parishioners of Kill in opposition to their incumbent. Another Dublin editor has been bound over in heavy recognisances to stand his trial for

alleged offences committed so far back as March last. The parties prosecuted for the anti-tithe meetings have been allowed to traverse until next session. This will never do.

Slave Colonies.—The slave-holders are still determined to drive matters to the utmost. In the beginning of August, the Baptist preachers resident in Jamaica addressed the Earl of Musgrave. His Lordship observed, in his answer,—"With regard to any regulation touching the exercise of your sacred calling which the constitution may have reserved, I cannot too strongly recommend, on your parts, submissive deference, in the first place, to the decisions of those authorities to whom the administration of the law is intrusted, and who are themselves responsible for the due *exercise of the functions committed to their charge.*"* A perspicuous commentary on this obscure text was published on the 8th of August. Subsequent to the cessation of martial law, Mr Kingdon, a Baptist missionary, took up his residence at Savannah-la-mar. The North-side union had previously declared that no Baptist preacher should in future be allowed to preach in the island. Representations to this effect were made to Mr Kingdon, and offers made to pay his passage money. A sense of duty forbade him to desert his sable flock. His house was attacked on the evening of the 8th, firearms were discharged on both sides, and finally the missionary was forced to abandon his house, which was "gutted from top to bottom." The same evening the house of the Messrs Deleon, friends of Mr Kingdon, was pulled down about the owners' ears; and on the following evening, two other persons of the Baptist persuasion were destroyed. On the 9th, Mr Kingdon was lodged in the common gaol; the Deleons, and some dozen more, were likewise committed. These transactions admirably illustrate the dark sayings of the Earl of Musgrave. While this frolic was acting in the West, the men of the East have not been idle. Mr Jeremie, author of a very temperate pamphlet on the subject of colonial slavery, was some time ago appointed Advocate-General and Protector of Slaves for the Mauritius. The white population were in arms to oppose his landing. On the 3d of June, he disembarked under the cover of several barges, each armed with an eighteen pounder. Sir Charles Colville, the governor, lost heart, however, and Mr Jeremie was under the necessity of reimbarking for England. Surely such open defiance of law and justice must drive ministers to take some decided step.

Newfoundland. — The Newfoundland Royal Gazette of the 11th of September contains a copy of the proclamation for summoning a General Assembly, by which also the colony is subdivided into districts, and the qualification both of the electors and the members is determined. Every man who has attained the age of twenty-one years, and has occupied a house within the island, either as owner or tenant, for two years preceding the election, is eligible as a member of assembly. The qualification of an elector is exactly the same; but in this latter case, occupancy for one year is held to be sufficient.

CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

In France the Duchess of Berri has been decerned to be tried in absence, *par contumace*, before the Court of Assizes, by the Chamber of Accusation. The lady is said to be in the meantime snug at Frankfort on the Maine. An army of 25,000 was some time ago reported as assembled on the north-eastern frontier, for the purpose of interfering in the affairs of Belgium. A fleet has been fitted out for the purpose of co-operating with the English in the investment of Antwerp. Soult is at last prime minister, and has issued (an order of the day, we had almost called it) a notification of the event to all counsellors of state and local magistrates. He declares, "the system of policy adopted by my illustrious predecessor will be mine. It is the true national system — the two Chambers have declared it to be such." He afterwards assures his attentive auditors that "anarchy was conquered at Paris on the 5th and 6th of June by the noble devotedness of the national guards and the troops of the line." His views regarding foreign policy are thus oracularly expressed: "A government which makes itself regarded at home may, without danger, employ abroad a firm and independent policy. In concert with the powers, our allies, we shall urge the solution of all the great European questions. Our armies, ardent but docile, lend to our moderation the support of strength." This antithetical document is wound up by a pretty epigrammatic turn:—"It is in me an ancient habit to refer every thing to the honour of France." This ape of Napoleon will endeavour to keep a tight bridle-hand on the French people. They may enjoy quiet under him—but liberty! "Lord love ye, that is quite a different sort of thing."

Miguel's troops have at last mustered courage to attack Oporto. The town was furiously assaulted on Michaelmas day, and defended with difficulty. Pedro's affairs seem hopeless. Either the Portuguese nation is utterly spiritless, or it thinks the one brother as good as the other.

No decided step has yet been taken in Germany. Holland and Belgium were threatening a few weeks ago to go together by the ears, conclusively, but nothing has been done on either side. Charles X. has by this time taken up his abode in his Austrian city of refuge. Francis of Austria, and Frederic William of Prussia, are to have an interview at Töplitz. Lord Durham has returned from Russia, *via* Berlin. Every thing is in uncertainty.

* Is this English?

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

October, 1832.

We are able to confirm the pleasing accounts given in our last, of a decided improvement in trade, and in the prospects of the country. A large increase in the public revenue, shared pretty equally by the customs and excise departments, affords unquestionable proof of increased comfort and prosperity in the body of the people. It will, moreover, tend to the restoration of that confidence in our financial condition, which the unfavourable state of the revenue, for many months previous, had necessarily impaired. The cholera, our formidable enemy, still hangs upon our quarters, and restricts our operations; but the good harvest will be a countervailing agent, and will materially assist in bringing back such a degree of prosperity as the nation can be expected to enjoy under its present burdens. The tranquillizing and healing effects of the Reform Bill are proved by the restoration of commercial confidence, and the total cessation of the agitation and uncertainty which last year pervaded the mercantile world. Trade is now in a healthy state: there is almost an entire absence of speculation; the increased demand for manufactured goods springs from the actual wants, and the enlarged means, of the consumers. Stocks are generally low; at least in the hands of the retail dealers, and are in course of being replenished. The farmer has obtained a remunerating price for his wool, and his crops of corn are abundant; and the nation generally will enjoy the benefit of comparatively cheap provisions. Were it not for the cholera, we should doubtless have to say, that trade was not merely healthy, but in a state of high vigour.

Our representation (last month) of the result of the harvest, is borne out by subsequent events: the crops were exceedingly abundant; but in the north a large proportion of the corn received some injury from the rains. The damaged corn has of course lowered the average prices: wheat, which was 67s. 8d. per quarter in the middle of July, is now, by the official return, 54s. 1d., and the duty on foreign wheat has arisen to 29s. 8d. But, as it is fully proved that a considerable quantity of corn was damaged, sound wheat is rising again in price both in the London and the provincial markets. On the whole, however, the harvest may be regarded as above an average; and, in the south of England and Ireland, it has been very plentiful.

Trade continues dull in London. The prices of colonial produce tend downwards. Some kinds of sugar, especially Mauritius and Brazilian, are quoted lower than last month; there is a considerable reduction in the price of British refined sugar. Jamaica, Brazilian, and Havannah coffees, have also suffered a decline of from 2s. to 4s. per cwt. Cocoa, owing to the reduction of the duty, has fallen 10s. per cwt., which will probably bring that nutritious article of food into more general use in this country. Indigo, at the East India Company's sale this month, fetched higher prices by about 3d. per lb. than at the July sale; the purchases were chiefly for exportation. The last advices from Calcutta state, that the prospects of the new crop are favourable.

The Cotton Manufacture continues to improve, and the manufacturers of Lancashire and Glasgow are well employed. The demand for cotton goods for the *home market* is great, and this is clearing off the heavy stocks which the manufacturers had accumulated; payments are also made with tolerable punctuality, so as to shew that the retail dealers throughout the country are doing a safe and advantageous business. Prices of goods, however, have not risen in proportion to the recent advance in the price of the raw material. We announced last month a rise of ¼d. per lib.* in most kinds of cotton wool, and we have now to notice a farther advance of ½d. per lib. on American, West Indian, Egyptian, and most other kinds; which is to be ascribed, in a great measure, to speculation, as the stocks of cotton in the ports are less than they were at this time last year by 61,000 bags; the quantity in October, 1831, having been 350,050 bags, and in October, 1832, being 288,680 bags. It is also anticipated that the difference will be still greater before the end of the year; and as the consumption is not lessened, the diminished stock will naturally cause an advance of price.

The *foreign* demand for cotton goods is gradually, though slowly, improving. To those markets which have suffered from glut shipments are cautiously resumed. The Brazilian market, as noticed in our last, is in a greatly improved state. Trade is reviving at the ports on the western coast of South America; but the utmost caution is still requisite in sending goods thither. In the Mediterranean, from one end of it to the other, there are appearances of a sound and healthy, though by no means a spirited, or particularly profitable, trade. The prospects in the United States are somewhat more favourable. At New York, and other places, the cholera had so completely suspended business, that mercantile engagements in very many cases could not be met, and bills and credits had been largely renewed, producing, of course, very great inconvenience. From these effects the markets were obviously recovering at the date of the last advices, and there was every prospect of business proceeding again in its usual manner. The crops in the United States—always of

* This was, by a typographical error, printed 1s. 4d. instead of ¼d., in our last number; which, however, could mislead no one.

importance to trade—were great; that of wheat particularly so, and of very superior quality. The accounts from the East Indies are better: trade was improving at Calcutta, where it had for some time been stagnant, and it continued to be in a favourable state at Bombay. Freights from the East Indies generally have been at very satisfactory rates for the ship owners, who have done, and are still doing, well. To the Continent of Europe, the business through the season has been considerable. On the whole, the foreign trade wears an encouraging aspect. Of course, every thing depends on the preservation of peace; the effect of war upon our trading interests would be desolating.

The Woollen Manufacture is in the same state of improvement as the cotton, though by no means enjoying high prosperity. The demand for the home market is good and regular. In some qualities of goods an advance of price has been obtained, equal to the advance in the raw material; but in others the manufacturer has not been reimbursed for the rise in the price of wool. For the lower kinds of woollens there is a large demand, and at present superfine cloths sell better than they have done for many months past. The Worsted Stuffs, Flannel, and Blanket trades, continue active. An advance of wages has been given at Bradford and Rochdale. English long wool commands about the same price as it did last year; South Down wool is lower in price; and German wool, from the very short supply received this year, has advanced; yet it is actually dearer in some parts of Germany than in England, owing to the great demand of the German woollen manufacturers. At the Frankfort fair just ended, wool was 10 to 15 per cent dearer than at the spring fair.

The Revenue.—We have referred to the great improvement in the quarter's revenue. Its extent and the departments in which it has taken place, will be seen from the following table:—

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Years and Quarters ended 10th October, 1831, and 10th October, 1832; shewing the Increase or Decrease on each Head thereof.

	Years ended Oct. 10, 1831.	Years ended Oct. 10, 1832.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs	15,577,687	15,201,299	—	376,388
Excise	14,896,521	14,956,307	59,786	—
Stamps	6,484,580	6,528,843	44,263	—
Post Office	1,393,011	1,313,000	—	80,011
Taxes	4,945,110	5,022,324	77,214	—
Miscellaneous	439,479	387,039	—	52,440
	43,736,388	43,408,812	181,263	508,839
Deduct Increase				181,263
Decrease on the Year				327,576

	Quarters ended Oct. 10, 1831.	Quarters ended Oct. 10, 1832.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
Customs	4,339,751	4,696,139	356,388	—
Excise	4,370,598	4,668,188	297,591	—
Stamps	1,681,745	1,657,759	—	23,986
Post Office	366,000	333,000	—	33,000
Taxes	540,576	656,959	116,383	—
Miscellaneous	98,090	81,551	—	16,539
	11,396,739	12,093,586	770,362	73,515
Deduct Decrease			73,515	—
Increase on the Quarter			696,847	—

Thus the actual increase on the quarter is close upon £700,000; but, when it is taken into account that the candle tax, of which the annual produce was £480,000, came into the corresponding quarter of 1831, and is now repealed, there will appear to have been an improvement in the other branches of the revenue equal to £800,000. The increase of £356,388 in the customs, shews a material improvement in the foreign trade, at least in the quantity of our imports.

The Corn Laws.—Whilst some of our Tory contemporaries are endeavouring to deter the agricultural interest from supporting liberal candidates at the approaching election, by stating the possibility that such candidates will advocate a change in the Corn Laws, and that the present Ministry are meditating such a change; one of the wealthiest and most truly noble of the landed aristocracy is addressing his fellow "landowners of England," to convince them of the injustice and folly of the present laws against cheap bread. Lord Milton has, on this subject, displayed that rare disinterestedness, that superiority to prejudice, that independence and true patriotism, which led him, though educated an anti-reformer, and though heir to one of the largest borough properties in the kingdom,

to become a hearty Reformer; though long politically connected with the manufacturers of Yorkshire, and depending upon them for his return to Parliament, to combat their opposition to the exportation of English wool; and though he had retired from the representation of Yorkshire, under the anticipation of being soon called to the Upper House, to throw himself into the contest for one of the most Tory counties of England, Northamptonshire, at the late memorable election, against the wishes of his colleagues and his friends, and to inflict on the enemies of Reform one of the most signal defeats they then sustained. This enlightened and virtuous nobleman has for some time made it his principal object to obtain the removal of the present Corn Laws; and he was only prevented from pressing a motion on the subject in the last session of Parliament, by the fear of prejudicing the still more important question of Reform. He has now published an *Address to the Landowners of England on the Corn Laws.* Let the landowners weigh, mark, and learn from the striking, clear, and candid appeal made to them by one of the most judicious of their own number; and let them virtuously reject the system which, for the sake of securing to them an unjust, temporary, and even dubious, advantage, lays an almost insupportable burden on every other class of the community.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SARRANS' LAFAYETTE, LOUIS PHILIPPE, AND THE REVOLUTION OF THE THREE DAYS. 2 vols. *Effingham Wilson, London.* — This work of Sarrans' is the best narrative we have yet seen of the late events in France, and a most important contribution to French history. If published earlier, which it might have been, it would have been less candid, and not so full. It comes just in time to afford a key to the events rapidly developing, and to the course of action and prospective policy of the subtle founder of the new dynasty. The memoirs of Lafayette are identified with the history of the two French Revolutions, and the first part of Sarran's book is devoted to the events of 1789, and their consequences; but its interest commences only with the THREE DAYS of July, 1830. Those memorable days found the author the editor of a newspaper in Paris, the *Courrier des Electeurs;* and who can ever forget the exalted patriotism and noble courage of the persons connected with the public press in Paris at that crisis? They and their heroic auxiliaries of the Barricades were the real authors of this bloodless revolution — the triumph of opinion over despotism. Their only error lay in reposing too blind a trust in trading politicians and intriguing statesmen. Sarrans, who had been known from his youth to Lafayette, enrolled himself in the National Guard, and when the General was appointed commander of it, he became one of his aids-de-camp, and held that confidential situation, which brought him into close contact with the great leaders of the different parties. As a warm friend of liberty and France, and a grateful admirer of Lafayette, he is disposed to place every thing in which the General is concerned in the fairest light. His opinion of Louis Philippe, Europe has anticipated. If at this moment it were asked, which is the most detested sovereign in Europe, the answer might be Nicolas or Miguel: which the most contemptible? no satisfactory reply: but that Louis Philippe is the most suspected and odious, would be shouted with one acclaim. Sarrans may hate this wily and hypocritical enemy of freedom the more that his patron Lafayette has been the dupe of the fudge and cajolery which has made cat's-paws of much shrewder men than an open-minded old soldier, more exalted by the moral qualities of his mind than distinguished by the strength of his intellect. The interest of the work, as we have said, commences with the promulgation of the memorable ordonnances, which Sarrans clearly shews the court of Charles X. were fully prepared to support by armed force. We have seldom had so good an opportunity of close and distinct inspection of the manner in which great political events are managed, or manage themselves, as in this rapid narrative of hasty, confused meetings, and abrupt adjournments, and all the cross and by play of passions and interests among the different great actors, each, the moment the victory was gained, studying how to make his own advantage of the battle gained by the people. Those chapters which give so steady a view of what passes behind the scenes, are for the diligent study of the people of every country. From these we make our extracts, which can, however, give but a very inadequate idea of the work, nor can we at all approach that portion of it which shews what the cause of freedom has yet to dread from this new "hollow ally" Louis Philippe, between whom and his venerable predecessor on the throne of France there seems nothing to choose but deeper design and viler hypocrisy. Lafayette was at his seat of La Grange when the ordonnances appeared. Several of those confused conferences were held; and in the course of the 27th Lafayette arrived in Paris, and attended a meeting of deputies at the house of M. de Puyraveau, of which Sarrans gives this lively account:—

"I shall now retrace my recollections, and relat that which, with my head leaning on the edge of a window-frame, my ear attentively listening, and my eye fixed on that large ground-floor apartment, where are being debated the destinies of a people, or rather the destinies of all Europe, I saw and heard at that awful moment; I am at the bar

of my country; I shall speak without hatred and without fear; I shall relate the whole truth.

"M. Mauguin spoke first. He is the man to confront danger; he is the orator of revolution; nature has made him a tribune of the people. He traces in broad outlines a frightful picture of the situation of Paris; he speaks of the wicked attempts of the court, the resentment of the people, their combats, their successes, their reverses, their fears, and their hopes. 'Listen,' said he, with enthusiasm, 'listen to the roar of the cannon and the groans of the dying; they reach you even here; it is a great people effecting a revolution which you ought to direct; it is no longer permitted us to hesitate: our place, gentlemen, is between the popular battalions and the phalanxes of despotism; beware of losing time; the royal guard loses none, be assured: once more, I say, this is a revolution which calls upon us to act.'

"At this word *revolution*, several deputies rose and threatened to retire immediately. It was an explosion of all the fears that had found their way to this assembly. Messieurs Charles Dupin, Sebastiani, and Guizot distinguished themselves among the most zealous advocates of legal order. 'I protest against every act that goes beyond the bounds of legality,' exclaimed M. Dupin. 'What speak you of resistance?' said M. Sebastiani, with heat and precipitation; 'we have only to consider how legal order may be preserved.' 'The slightest imprudence,' added M. Guizot, 'would compromise the justice of our cause. Our duty is not, as is asserted, to take part either with or against the people, but to become mediators, to check the popular movement, and convince the king that his ministers have deceived him.'

"A voice well known to the friends of liberty now makes itself heard; it is that of Lafayette, always equally courageous and skilful in bringing back questions to their true principles. 'I confess,' said he smiling, 'that I find it difficult to reconcile *legality* with the *Moniteur* of the day before yesterday, and with the firing for the last two days.' Then assuming the calm and solemn tone suited to the solemnity of the occasion, he declared that a revolution certainly was in the case; and proposed the immediate creation of a provisional government; an idea which was adopted subsequently, but which as yet was too decided and patriotic not to be regarded by a good many of his colleagues as at least premature.

"At this moment, it was announced that the people had carried the Hotel-de-Ville after a terrible carnage; but the conflict continued; the royal troops received reinforcements, and it was feared that they might again be victorious. This incident, however, seemed to revive the drooping courage of some of the champions of legality. M. Guizot, condemning the *respectful* letter proposed to be written to his majesty Charles X., was willing to incur the risk of a protest of which he read the outline, and in which fidelity to the king was still professed.

"This protest was adopted, notwithstanding the courageous observation of M. Lafitte, who declared it to be insufficient and below the rightful claims of a people who had already poured out so much of its blood.

"M. Perier proposed to send a deputation to the Duke of Ragusa, to obtain from him a truce, during which the deputies might carry their *complainings* to the foot of the throne; but Lafayette demanded that the deputation should confine itself to ordering Marmont, in the name of the law, and upon his personal responsibility, to put an end to the firing. However, this deputation was appointed; it was composed of MM. Perier, Lafitte, Mauguin, Lobau, and Gerard. Lafayette, visibly indignant at all these delays, whilst the blood of so many citizens was streaming around him, declared to his colleagues that his name was already placed, by the confidence of the people and with his consent, at the head of the insurrection; that he ardently wished his determination should obtain their approbation; but that, happen what might, he considered himself as pledged in honour to establish on the following day his headquarters at Paris.

"Thus ended this first sitting, its whole result, a proclamation without energy, without meaning, and which was to be published—ON THE MORROW. It was two o'clock; they adjourned to four at M. Berard's.

"At four o'clock the deputies re-assembled at M. Berard's. Here, my historical task becomes more painful. I have to retrace scenes which it would probably be better to obliterate from our parliamentary annals, but that they must be preserved for the instruction of posterity. My pen shall do its duty. In the short interval of time between the first and second assembling of the deputies on the day of the 28th, affairs had taken another turn. The patriots had been beaten at several points; the Hotel-de-Ville, already twice taken and retaken, had remained, at last, in the power of the royal troops, with whom some brave citizens were again contesting it, but the combatants began to feel discouraged; their energy, for want of proper direction, was becoming exhausted; anxiety was at its highest point, and the defeat of the people generally considered as inevitable. Shall I declare it! Scarcely one-half of the deputies who had been present at the meeting in the morning attended at that in the afternoon. The deputation sent to the Duke of Ragusa now reported to the assembly the insolent reply of that cut-throat, who required the submission of the people as a preliminary to any negotiation. This answer excited the indignation of those deputies who were faithful to their country; but it froze with fear the greater number of those gentlemen who, in the midst of the misfortunes of France, thought only how to escape individually the consequences of the ordonnance which declared Paris in a state of siege. At this moment was brought in the proclamation agreed upon in the morning, and which several of the journalists had printed, after divesting it of the servile expressions in which fear had clothed it. And here, I have fresh weaknesses to record: this protest, so feeble, so unmeaning, was rejected, through the consternation which had seized upon MM. Villemain, Sebastiani, and Bertin-de-Vaux: not one of these gentlemen now dared to entertain it; they withdrew, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of several of their colleagues, who implored them not to abandon their country on the brink of a precipice. At that moment Lafayette declared, as he had already done in the morning, his firm resolution to throw his life and fortune into the movement, andto establish his headquarters, at daybreak, at the Hotel-de-Ville, or at some other point in possession of the people.

"The number of the deputies assembled was reduced to ten, when this happy intelligence was brought them. It revived some nearly-extinguished patriotism; and even M. Guizot proposed to affix to the proclamation the names of all the deputies, whether absent or present, whose opinions were known to be liberal. This gave rise to fresh protestations on the part of M. Sebastiani, who had again made his appearance; and this dilatory measure might again have been rejected or postponed, but for M. Laffitte, who, with that truly civic disinterestedness and courage for which he is distinguished, cut the question short, by saying, 'Let us adopt this proposal, gentlemen; if we are vanquished, they will charge us with falsehood, and prove that we were only eight in number; if we conquer, be assured they will be emulous to acknowledge the signatures.'

"The declaration was adopted, and subscribed, on presumption of patriotism, with sixty-three parliamentary names, out of the four hundred and thirty which compose the Chamber of Deputies. The name of M. Dupin was inserted at first; but it was erased, on M. Mauguin's observing, that it would only be exposing themselves to certain and disagreeable remonstrances.

"Another meeting was appointed for eight o'clock in the evening, at the house of M. Audry de Puyraveau. This meeting reproduced all the proofs of courage, and all the symptoms of weakness that had marked those which preceded it. A contest, which will never be effaced from my recollection, was waged between MM. Lafayette, De Laborde, Laffitte, Mauguin, and Audry de Puyraveau, on one side; and Messieurs Sebastiani and Mechin on the other. The former demanded that, cutting short so many shameful tergiversations, the de-

puties now at Paris, clothed in their Parliamentary costume, and mounting the tricoloured cockade, should place themselves boldly at the head of the people; the latter ventured again to speak of legal order, of mediation, and of concessions to be obtained from Charles X. This was more than the citizen soul of Lafayette could bear; he rose and demanded of his colleagues what post they assigned him in the name of the country; for that he was ready to occupy it on the instant. The seceders had departed; and the patriot deputies, now reduced to five only, but resolved to raise again gloriously the tricoloured flag, separated, after appointing to meet again at five the next morning, at M. Laffitte's: it was then midnight."

The courage of the Deputies ebbed or flowed exactly in accordance with the reports of the success or defeat of the patriots. By the evening of the 28th they had succeeded in regaining the Hotel de Ville.

Thus events progressed. We must make room for one short extract of a very different character from the above.

"The struggle continued during the day of the 28th. There, around the barricades, in the streets, in the houses, under the porticoes of the churches, everywhere, were profusely repeated that multitude of acts of heroism, magnanimity, and contempt of death, which had already made of the preceding days the finest period that has ever ennobled the human species, the most glorious of which liberty and philosophy have to boast. Where shall we find a pencil to pourtray with truth, or even to render credible that multitude of sublime traits, any one of which would suffice to immortalize an age, but which now pass undistinguished amid the mass of lofty deeds which absorbs them and exhibits in prominence only a population radiant, as one man, with courage and virtue! There we find barricades rising as if by enchantment, behind the soldiers, occupied in attacking the barricade which intercepts their progress; there we see women hurling from the windows paving-stones, furniture, burning brands, in contempt of the balls which strike them beside their infants' cradles; children waving the tricoloured flag amid the volleys of grape-shot, and rushing amongst the enemy's squadrons to poinard the horse of the cuirassier whom they cannot reach: I have seen them go gliding under the horses, and find out the lower extremity of the cuirass of one the enemy, and thus kill one of those soldiers cased in steel, the weight of whom alone was sufficient to crush them: I have seen others hook themselves on the stirrup of a gendarme, and get themselves hacked in that position, while endeavouring to discharge a pocket-pistol at his breast.

"And how many instances of generosity and humanity were seen among these miracles of heroism! The wounded enemy, or the prisoner, ceases to be an enemy; he becomes a citizen, a brother, whom the people do not distinguish from those who defend him, and towards whom they entertain the same anxious feeling. Who can ever forget the conduct of those excellent females belonging to the lower classes, who either in their houses, or at the corners of the streets, and exposed to the grape shot, hasten to bind up the wounds of the workman struck by a royal bullet, and the soldier who has mutilated this brother or that friend! And then when fortune had declared in favour of the people, what an affecting sight to behold the number of dwelling-houses, churches, and theatres, which the piety of the citizens had transformed into hospitals! Here you would see the mustached, wounded Swiss lying between two beds in which were young patriots who treated him as a friend, and to whom the surgeons afforded the same assistance.

"However, on the opening of this memorable sitting, opinions appeared more divided than ever; every system, with the exception of the republic, found partisans; they spoke, by turns, of the Duke of Orleans, the Duke de Bourdeaux, the Duke of Angouleme, and even Charles X., who, incredible as it may seem, still had an evident majority in his favour. It was at this decisive moment that M. Sebastiani was heard to exclaim, speaking of the tri-coloured flag that had been hoisted at the Hotel-de-Ville: *The only national flag at this time was the white flag!* It was also upon this occasion that M. de Sussy, unsuccessful at the Hotel-de-Ville, came to present to the Chamber the revocation of the ordonnances and the formation of a new ministry, insisting, but to no purpose, as it may be supposed, upon M. Laffitte's delivering these appointments to those for whom they were intended. The principal object of this meeting was to pass the declaration which was to call the Duke of Orleans to the lieutenancy-general of the kingdom. A committee had been appointed to present a report to the Chamber upon this important measure, and they had added to their number several members of the Chamber of Peers, among whom was the Duke de Broglie. A warm discussion arose in this committee, composed of deputies and peers, as to the principle upon which the throne was to be declared vacant: the peers and some deputies insisted upon the absolute necessity of taking as an exclusive basis the abdication of Charles X., and the renunciation of the Duke d'Angouleme.

"Violent agitation prevailed without as well as within the Chamber. New machinations, darkly preparing, were rumoured about in order to make the Chamber postpone its decision: it was asserted that an important personage, recently raised by Charles X. to the presidency of the council of ministers, had been met upon the road to Saint-Cloud; and, indeed, this report had been confirmed at the Hotel-de-Ville by different patriots, upon whose depositions a warrant was issued against M. Casimir Perier. Whatever may be the truth of this circumstance, general uneasiness prevailed."

To the efforts and intrigues of Lafayette to place the Duke of Orleans on the vacant throne we can only advert. They first became apparent to the Deputies on the 29th, though the attachment of Lafayette to the Duke, and his desire to see his patron wear the crown of the Bourbons, had long been suspected. From and during the THREE DAYS he was in constant communication with Neuilly. We give two more extracts. The last is sufficiently curious.

"About ten o'clock, almost all the deputies present in Paris assembled at M. Laffitte's; some peers also repaired thither; among them was the Duke de Broglie, who spoke at great length upon the excited feelings of the people, and the dangers of a republic. These dangers, intentionally exaggerated by M. Dupin, produced general anxiety, of which M. Laffitte skilfully took advantage, in order to propose the election of the Duke of Orleans, as the only means of settling uncertainties, and arresting the torrent. This opinion, expressed for the first time in an *official* manner, produced some astonishment, and met with opposition; but M. Dupin supported it with so much eloquence and energy, that from this moment it became evident that the measure which had the appearance of being merely deliberated upon, was nothing less than a plan already settled between the prince and a party, at the head of which M. Laffitte had placed himself. Nevertheless, much indecision prevailed, and the discussion was becoming more animated, when the dexterous champion of the house of Orleans observed, in a solemn manner, that the proper place for the deputies of France, reconstituting the government of a great empire, was the Palais-Bourbon, and not the cabinet of a private individual. This advice prevailed; it was settled that in two hours they should meet in their ordinary place of sitting, and the Orleanists took advantage of this interval to redouble their efforts and their bribes."

At last it was but the turn of a feather between the elder and younger branch of the Bourbons. The gratitude of kings is pro-

verbial, though there are few instances of this royal virtue more striking than the following: —

"One of the first cares of Lafayette was likewise to ascertain the intentions of the new authorities with respect to the patriots condemned for political offences during the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. He saw in the decision which he was endeavouring to draw from the government on the subject of these noble victims, not only an atonement to be made to justice, but a fresh consecration of the principle of resistance to oppression, and to violation of the laws. Therefore, it gave great scandal to the *doctrinaire* faction which had already engrafted itself upon the new-born court of Louis Philippe, that, on a certain day, when the saloons of the Palais Royal were crowded with deputations from all parts of France, an aide-de-camp on duty was heard to call out with a loud voice, *The gentlemen condemned for political offences*, and Lafayette, advancing at their head, said to the king: 'Here are the political convicts; they are presented to you by an accomplice.' The king received them with a most touching affability, and, reminding several of those generous citizens of the persecutions which, to his great regret, they had experienced, he promised them all the most solicitous attention to their interests, and a prompt indemnification for their long sufferings. What have those promises produced? The complaints of those brave men have told it to the country; their misery repeats it every day: repulsed by every administration, exposed to the scorn of the sycophants of every hue that beset the royalty of the barricades, the *condamnes politique* are dying of hunger, under the eyes of that monarch to whose throne they had served as the stepping-stone. History will have to relate that men who, during fifteen years, had sacrificed their all for their country, found in it for themselves only water and earth, after the *glorious* Revolution of July. What a monument of the gratitude of kings!"

We commend this work to every one interested in public affairs, but especially to those who "put their faith in princes," or are captivated by the original and splendid idea of "a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions." It is proper to add, since there are different translations in the field, that this published by Wilson is executed with fidelity and spirit. Our extracts shew as much.

Address to the Landowners of England on the Corn Laws. By Viscount Milton. *London, Ridgway*, 1832.—An important alteration in the Corn Laws cannot be far distant, when one of the greatest landholders in the kingdom takes up the pen, to advocate the removal of the restrictions on the importation of grain. Lord Milton was a supporter of the Corn Law of 1815; but he is not now ashamed to acknowledge the error he then committed. He has for some years advocated in Parliament a change in the present system; and he has published in the newspapers his views on the Corn Laws; and the present address, though short, evinces a careful study of the subject, and a laborious investigation into all the circumstances which are necessary to arrive at a sound conclusion. His Lordship shews most clearly, that the restrictive system has been most injurious to the farmers, and that the benefit derived from it by the landholders is very inconsiderable. By means of tables, in which the rate of wages and the price of grain at different periods are compared, it is shewn, that the statement so often and so confidently made, that the working classes are in a more favourable situation when grain is dear, than when it is cheap, is utterly unfounded; and he proves that the prosperity of our manufactures is of the last importance to the landowners themselves. Coming from the quarter which it does, this address cannot fail to be attended with beneficial consequences. Many of our legislators are more influenced by the name and rank of a writer, than by his arguments; but to high rank and deep interest in the matter under discussion, we have here added important facts, and clear and unanswerable reasoning. In every point of view, the address is most honourable to Viscount Milton; and did the peerage contain a few such members as his Lordship, it would go far to redeem it from the bad odour into which it has lately fallen.

Sunshine; or, Lays for Ladies. *Willoughby, London.*—This is a pretty little tome, of which the principal part is dedicated to fashionable themes, the nature of which may be judged of, from such titles as,—"I'm not a Marrying Man," "Lay of the Younger Son," "Lay of a Spinster," "Offer of Marriage," and so forth. The verses are airy and sprightly, and will, we dare say, be greatly admired by the class for which they are meant. Some of them have humour and point. "The Excursion," an epistle from a managing sister to a brother for his guidance in securing a friend with a fortune of fifteen hundred a-year, is one of the best. Better than this sort of badinage,—for it scarcely reaches satire,—do we like the serious "Occasional Verses," at the close of the volume. Some of them are really beautiful.

Letter to Lord Brougham on the Subject of the Magistracy of England. *Cawthorne, London.*—The great unpaid are once more shewn up in good style, and an array of facts placed under the eye of the Lord Chancellor, which, if they cannot inform his judgment on this subject, for it must be made up already, may help to stimulate his activity. For this, and for great painstaking on a point most important to the country, the author of this letter deserves its gratitude.

Address to the Mechanics of Manchester. By Joseph John Gurney. *Manchester.*—A sensible, well-meant tract, which deserves praise for its purpose.

Memoir of the late Captain Peter Heywood. By Edward Tagart. *Effingham Wilson, London.*—This memoir of a worthy and deserving naval officer will be read with great interest by all his personal friends and acquaintances, and with advantage by every one that chances to peruse it. It is indeed the record of a good man's life, and than this what can be more instructive? Captain Heywood, when a lad, was a midshipman on board the *Bounty*, at the time of the memorable mutiny against *Bligh*. Time,

which sets every thing right at last, has cleared the mutineers of the Bounty of much of the *moral* obloquy attached to their conduct. But Heywood was in no degree implicated, save by his incidental presence in the ship. Professional etiquette made it, however, necessary that he should be both tried and condemned, though he was immediately pardoned. His adventures in Otaheite, and the anxiety and enthusiastic attachment of his mother and sister during three years of suffering and vicissitude, give a sort of romantic interest to the work. There never was a stronger picture of family affection. Young Heywood again entered the navy, and became eminent in the scientific part of his profession. The close of his life was tranquil and happy. The most remarkable circumstance attending his latter years was adoption of the Unitarian belief, from the irresistible convictions of his own mind, before he had become acquainted with the Unitarians as a sect. From his earliest years Captain Heywood had been of a religious and reflective disposition, and had long entertained Unitarian tenets without properly understanding what they meant, or by what name they were designated among Christian sects. In his latter years he attended a Unitarian chapel, without, however, connecting himself with that body, his religion being more practical than speculative.

MEMOIRS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, WITH CRITICAL NOTICES OF HIS WRITINGS, COMPILED FROM VARIOUS AUTHENTIC SOURCES. BY MR VEDDER, AUTHOR OF ORCADIAN SKETCHES. *Aliardice, Dundee.*—A poet should write the life of a poet, is a common saying; and Mr Vedder's poetical bias has certainly helped his qualification for the labour of love he has undertaken. His MEMOIR is a cheap compilation in a neat form, detailing the leading events of Sir Walter Scott's life, but attending chiefly to "his life of life," his works. Of these we have an interesting detail, and criticisms, in the right spirit, warm and reverential. Mr Vedder has given immense value to his publication by embodying in it some of the ablest critiques that have appeared on the Waverley Novels. This of itself, we conceive, entitles his work to attention; for where else can we find the eulogiums of Byron, and of Jeffrey, and Hazlitt under the same wrapper? Mr Vedder is indebted to an American biographer for some curious details relative to Sir Walter's commercial involvements, which will be new in this country.

THE EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY: *Oliver and Boyd*, Edinburgh. Vol. IX.—PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY ON THE NORTHERN COASTS OF AMERICA.—This is the only LIBRARY of the dozen now publishing, which appears in Scotland; and, as a matter of national pride, it is gratifying to us to see EDINBURGH holding the same high or exclusive place in a *series* of this useful and solid kind, that "our town" has done for so many years in Encyclopædias, Quarterlies, and Monthlies. The subject of this new volume is only inferior in interest to the first of this series; and in real importance is much higher. The one refers to desolate and barbarous regions, which nature has doomed to sterility and solitude; the other to the laying of the foundations of what is hastening to become the mightiest empire, or cluster of empires, on the face of the globe. The author, Mr TYTLER, the HISTORIAN of SCOTLAND, having first carefully collected an immense store of rich materials, has selected, condensed, and arranged them with great pains, judgment, and discrimination. He sets out with *Cabot* the elder's discovery of the northern parts of the vast continent of America; traces the progress of discovery through successive ages, under the Portuguese, French, English, and Spanish early navigators; and thence issues on the wide field of modern and contemporary enterprise—the perilous adventures of the individuals who established the fur trade—the journeys of Hearne—the expeditions of Mackenzie and of Franklin, and the recent voyage of Captain Beechey. We have here, in short, the substance of many ancient tomes and modern volumes of great interest, condensed into one volume of clear succinct narration; comprehending all that general readers need know, and a hundred times more than they could ever learn, unless indebted to the skill and high-pressure power of such writers as Mr Tytler. The *Natural History* is written by Mr James Wilson. We hope it may at once be appreciated. It is like every thing Mr Wilson has written for this Library, (all of his writings with which we are acquainted), so living and teeming, that we can only wish the author had larger space, to give the world the most vital and picturesque popular NATURAL HISTORY it has yet received. What he has given to this Library are important contributions to a great whole. In an appendix to the work, Mr Tytler has defended the reputation of RICHARD HAKLUYT in a generous and (concerning the commonwealth of letters) patriotic spirit. The world at large cannot understand a tithe of the merit of this labour of love; but if, some five centuries hence, the Historian of Scotland shall be attacked with the same injustice, let us hope that some enthusiast may arise, with like disinterested zeal, to do battle for him.

LIVES OF EMINENT MISSIONARIES. By JOHN CARNE, Esq. Forming Vol. VI. of The Select Library. *Fisher, Son, and Jackson, London.*—A pleasant, instructive, and *companionable* volume have we found this of Mr Carne's by the quiet fireside on these long October evenings. Nor can we bestow higher praise on any book, than to call it companionable. When a work is so found, it attains its best end, for there is no fear but it will then be instructive. The *Lives of Eminent Missionaries* must of necessity be a compilation; but compilations may differ

vastly in merit. This, if not laboured with much care, is written with liveliness and spirit; and though neither the most brilliant nor powerful of books, is of the number which impart more pleasure of a safe and gentle kind than more ambitious performances. And is it nothing to be presented with views of life, exact portraits of MAN, in his indoor easy undress, and in his costumes of ceremony, from "Indus to the Pole." In the Life of Eliot we have the American Indian, "the Stoic of the Woods;" in that of the apostle Swartz, the mild and polished Hindoo; and in the interesting history of the northern Moravian mission, the rude Greenlander. And these are not the passing sketches of the traveller, hasty and often ill-informed, but of the patient, indefatigable, pious missionary, narrating the observations of half a lifetime spent in constant intercourse with the natives and in anxious inspection of their manners. More volumes of lives of missionaries are to follow the present; and if as interesting as this, which is, we think, likely to become very popular, there cannot be too many.

BIBLIOPHOBIA, *or Remarks on the present languid and depressed state of Literature and the Book Trade. In a Letter, addressed to the author of Bibliomania.* Bohn: London.—This same *bibliophobia* is the very distemper we are groaning under. Heaven forfend that it prove chronic, though the recent symptoms are alarming. "Fear," says our author, "is the order of the day. To those very natural and long established fears of bailiffs and tax-gatherers, must now be added the fear of *reform*, of *cholera*, and of BOOKS." One evil is conquered—the second is about to disappear—and for the third, surely time, if nothing else, will find a remedy. This pamphlet is written with great humour and liveliness, and felicity of allusion, by one who, if not a genuine brother of the craft, or the great Dibdin himself, is deep in the mysteries of the Row. He makes a tour of the booksellers and print shops—most graphic and picturesque in its progress, but frightful and melancholy in the results. Our inquirer has coursed through the Row and *Chancery Lane*; and then we have him just out of Mr Bohn's, who is in as awful a plight as his neighbours, and next popping in to Mr Sharpe's, every place worse than the last.

His account of *Magazine* and *Almanack* days is curious as a matter of commercial economy.

Mercurius Rusticus, the author of Bibliophobia, tries to encourage the traders in book merchandise, before he takes leave of them, with the assurance that better days are at hand. So be it.

THE DESTINIES OF MAN. By ROBERT MILLHOUSE. Simpkin and Marshall, London.—Another self-educated poet of the kind that may put universities to the blush. Mr Millhouse is, we understand, an artizan in Nottingham. This is not his first public appearance; but we hope it may prove his most successful one, though the subject of his poem is not calculated for extensive popularity. It is a piece of religious and philosophic musing and retrospection, extending from the creation of the world to the Christian era, and touching upon all the momentous events of this succession of ages,—the Flood, and the rise and decay of the mighty empires of the old world. On these lofty themes, the self-educated poet descants in a lofty tone. We take leave of Mr Millhouse, with great respect for his talents, and affectionate wishes for his success.

BECKET: AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY, THE MEN OF ENGLAND, *and other Poems.* Moxon, London.—This is after the manner of those respectable productions which well-educated English gentlemen, professional or of fortune, publish at, or about, the conclusion of their learned studies, as a sort of inaugural dissertation, which shall make them free of the corporation of men of letters, or of that of gentlemanly authors; though they may never again exercise the honourable privilege thus gained. Such dissertations come abroad in all forms of essay, novel, poem; or, if the youth enjoy hopes of being "pushed in the diplomatic line," a thin tome of political economy, or a pamphlet on the "CRISIS," or "THE CURRENCY." Sometimes these specimens of mental accomplishment take, as in the present instance, the more ambitious shape of a tragedy. As a drama, we cannot say more for Becket than for ninety-nine of the hundred tragedies that appear. The action is often languid, the characters, in general, feeble; and though history has made the attendant circumstances highly picturesque, and susceptible of high poetic embellishment, the author has but scantily availed him self of these resources. The opening is languid—the closing scenes attenuated to a mere thread of interest; and, with singular unskilfulness, the writer has expended his strength before it is required to concentrate all his power for the final thrust. The third act is full of bustle and interest. The character of Becket, the haughty, domineering priest, is better conceived than executed. The king's is more successful, and perhaps the best drawn character in the play. Of Queen Eleanor, a character of that passionate and mixed kind which nature has laid, ready made, before the dramatist, nothing is made. Prince Henry, and Idonea, the sister of Becket, with her lover Reginald, are personages more within the range of the writer's spells. With this much of blame, there is a good deal to praise in Becket. The choice of the subject is high merit; the moral tone is unexceptionable; and, if the language never rises to poetry, it is often pleasing, nervous, and always correct.

The spirit of the MEN OF ENGLAND is excellent.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XIX.—This work was started under the auspices of as many screech-owl prophecies of failure, as could well be imagined. It had to contend,

during its early career, with the competition of a Sosia, brought forward for public acceptance, by deserters from its own corps. Yet still it keeps the onward tenor of its way; and if its success at all equal its merit, with high acceptation. The Foreign Quarterly gives, in its periodical appearances, full and able descriptions of all the most interesting and important literary *phenomena* of the Continent. It has, at the same time, done more to extend the field of statistical knowledge, and of the application of economical science, than any of its contemporaries. The work, instead of being characterized by any meretricious glare or splendour, has been always marked by the subdued tone of true taste. Its leaning is liberal, notwithstanding a strange blunder in the present number respecting the liberal press of Germany. We are inclined to look upon the Foreign Quarterly as one of the most useful of our periodicals; and we know it to be one of the most interesting.

THE YOUNG STUDENT'S PRECEPTOR; OR, INTRODUCTORY COLLECTION. By A. Weir, Master of the English Department, Kilmarnock Academy. Edinburgh; Stirling and Kenney.—The Young Student's Preceptor is one of the best selected and best arranged introductions to English reading we have met with.

ON CIRCULATING CREDIT, WITH HINTS FOR IMPROVING THE BANKING SYSTEM OF BRITAIN, &c. By a SCOTTISH BANKER.*—An admirable book, written by a man whose head is well furnished, and "all compact." Here is the true science of Banking—a key to all the mysteries of the questions of Currency and Credit, and withal an important introduction to the whole subject of Political Economy. What is most singular, too, in these days, when men are doing little but hammering and toiling at the work of Macadamizing the *beaten track*, our banker has taken a path of his own, explored it thoroughly, rooted out every gnarled stump, and made it a king's highway! The name at the bottom of his title-page should make us sparing of the language of eulogy. This Magazine *is* no bookseller's hack, and shall never be suspected of being so; but we cannot sacrifice truth, even to delicacy.

THE PARENT'S CABINET OF AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION. *London: Smith and Elder.*—This is number one of a neat little periodical for children, intended to assist in domestic education. It is full of anecdotes, poems, prints, and cuts, illustrating Natural History, and promises to be very amusing as well as instructive. *Brave Bobby* is what children will call a very *nice* tale.

* Edinburgh, W. Tait, 1832.

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THE FINE ARTS.

FINDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF BYRON. — The Seventh Part has appeared, and puts in an equal claim to admiration with the former numbers, if, taken as a whole, it does not exceed them. *The Plain of Troy* during a storm, a poetically conceived vignette by TURNER, scarcely equals some of his former sketches. *The Gate of Theseus*, another vignette, is also harder than the favourite productions of his etherial pencil; but to atone for this, he sticks closer than usual to his text. *The Temple of Jupiter Olympus*, STANFIELD, is one of this artist's best contributions to this series. Every part of the view is treated with the same care as if each were the first in importance; while all are subordinate to those majestic pillars which fill, and, without overawing, subdue the mind to homage of the grandeur of ANCIENT ART. — *Cape Colonna* is commonplace, but very pleasing; and, any where save in this series, would be admired. — *Cagliari Sardinia*, a matter-of-fact view of the kind that ought to be for *use*, since such views cannot be rendered beautiful. — *Patrass* by COTTERMOLE, is our favourite view of those in this number. It is charmingly grouped, and full of life and spirit. The portrait, of which each number has one, is that of *Margarita Cogni*, one of the Venetian favourites of Byron. He has described her by the attractive name of the "*Tigress*," which, by his own shewing, was very appropriate to the cattish character of the lady. HARLOWE has made the most possible of the feline beauty.

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY. NO. II.

This Number is a decided improvement on Number I. The subjects are, we think, infinitely better selected. *A Landscape and Marriage Festival*, by CLAUDE, to which a scriptural name is given for want of a truer, deserved more careful engraving; but the grouping — the character — is there; and there also is Allan Cunningham's vivid description, which makes out what is obscure or wanting otherwise. The other two pictures are masterpieces of REYNOLDS — A HOLY FAMILY, full of *English* affection and imagination. *Holy Family* is, however, a misnomer. It is a charming English group, and, though not a holy family, a delightful picture of a grandsire with his daughter and her infants. The back-ground is rich and beautiful. PUCK is the flower of this number. He is the antipodes of all pre-conceived notions of the tricksy, elvish, merry sprite of Shakespeare; yet we receive him at once as the true Puck — the realization of a hundred vagrant fancies. There he sits, in guise of a chubby boy, on a mushroom top; his fragile mimic throne, which his light buoyant humours prevent him from either crushing or bending. The whole character is expressed in the attitude, and concentrated in the merry roguish twinkle of the eyes. This picture also is enriched with one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's favourite back-grounds — an entanglement of wood and luxuriant trailing plants. The tasteful and critical remarks of Cunningham give great additional value to this work.

THE BYRON GALLERY. NO. III.

This historical accompaniment to the new edition of Byron's works differs in design from FINDEN'S. The BYRON GALLERY is the more ambitious attempt of illustrating the writings of the poet by imaginative pictures. Here we have the Invocation of Manfred to the Witch of the Alps, and her appearance, — *Son of Earth, what wouldst thou with me!* A pair of *pretty juveniles* from the Hours of Idleness, and a scene from the Dream, "*a Maiden and a Youth*," are sweet pictures. The sketch from Parisina is deficient in the grand point, the expression of the passion of the scene. In this important requisite, the picture from Beppo is happier. This is a *cheap* pleasing publication of its kind; and if so great a proportion of the public prefer having five pretty pictures for less than five shillings, instead of one of real lasting worth and beauty, neither we nor the print publishers of the nineteenth century can help this prevailing taste. We may wish it mended.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS *of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, with Portraits of the Principal Female Characters.*

BYRON and SCOTT have half the artists in England at present enlisted in their service. Parts V. and VI. are before us. The landscapes, if not first rate specimens of art, are pleasing pictures, and have besides the merit of being exact portraits of scenes which Scott has described and animated, and which most of us have opportunity of comparing with the original. Each number contains four landscapes and a portrait, for one half-crown! Among the landscapes, we would distinguish the *Solway Frith*, *Loch Ard*, *North Queen's Ferry*, and *Inch Cailleach*. The portraits are the *Flora Macivor* of Finden's series, which gives us at least a female face of great beauty, and *Isabelle de Croye*, whom we cannot admire.

THE DRAMA.

No true jockey ever thinks of putting his bit of blood to the top of her speed on starting, and no manager adventures his maximum strength in the commencement of the season. The first month is usually characterised by fugitive representations, the lowly bow of two or three second-rate debutants, the occasional appearance of one of the mighty great, (just to keep the drowsy head of the town from nodding quite,) and, better still, certain goodly announcements of fine things to come, the very hint at which were sufficient to spur a grateful public into anticipatory patronage. Bottling up our choicest powers, therefore, like shrewd and thrifty worldlings, for fittest use on fittest occasion, our remarks on the events of the past three weeks will necessarily be of a general character, reserving detailed criticism for those brilliances which are in store for us by-and-by. Our notice, too, of those first appearances which have occurred, shall purposely be of a cursory nature; for the two-fold reason that the capabilities of an actor are not to be truly ascertained from initiatory exhibitions; and that we are not over-solicitous to indulge in any prophetic antics, which might mislead some, injure others, and make ourselves look immensely silly, if Time, the only safe interpreter of prophecy, were not in a concurrent mood.

DRURY LANE.—At this house the season commenced most busily; and, auguring from the activity and promptitude displayed by the management, in furnishing, at so early a period, something wherewithal to whet the appetite, great doings may be looked for. Macready, Braham, Farren, Power, Harley, Miss Philips, and Mrs. Glover — sounding names — have already appeared; and if the employment cut out for them hereafter be worthy of their efforts, matters may once more look cheerily in the

eyes of the lessee. The first night introduced Mrs. Nesbit, in her maidenly *alias* of Mordaunt, as the widow Cheerly, in the comedy of "The Soldier's Daughter," (about the most yawny thing in the language,) selected, we suppose, because being the character she originally supported, it was her fond show-task, and because, also, of divers expressions occurring in the play which appeared allusive to the peculiarity of her situation as a young and bereaved woman. This lady is prepossessing, and of good figure, and her light and agreeable acting appears not to have been impaired by her temporary secession from the stage. Our friend Power (what a name for an actor and a pun!) was rather hardly tasked on the first few nights, but his quiet humour and irresistible drollery gained for him a requital sufficient to subdue any little outbreaking murmurs in which he might have else felt disposed to indulge. In the second week, Mr. Serle's "House of Colberg" was brought out; but it met with equivocal greeting. With every disposition to urge the author to a cultivation of the talent he possesses as a writer, of whom we are inclined to predicate favourably, we confess this to be a production, which, lacking interest, and unmercifully monotonous, never could adapt itself to an audience, whatever its merits might do for it in the closet. Nothing but the spirited acting of Macready and Miss Phillips could have secured for it the few repetitions that were allowed. Mr. Macready, by the way, is now all that is left us of sound tragic talent; but high as he therefore stands, he must not pronounce himself faultless. He possesses many objectionable mannerisms, which if he study nature with a steady eye, and a humble mind, he will soon perceive how detractive they must be to his reputation. His violent and sudden transitions of voice, and his occasional rapid and inarticulate enunciation, though doubtless pleasing to those who are tickled at mountebank gambols, vocal or otherwise, are, to the man of true taste, a capital defect, and mars most wofully the excellence he does possess. Very different, indeed, is it with Miss Phillips, in this respect; her deep and *deprecating* tones almost pall upon the ear from very monotony, a misfortune which excites not censure but regret. The present position of Mr. Macready on the stage will, it is hoped, induce him to scrutinize his powers and peculiarities with the just discernment of one who is wisely jealous of honorably acquired fame. Of Miss Phillips, we think so highly that we have scarcely a word of advice to offer her; she has had some uphill work in her career, but she is all the better for it, she may be assured.

A new piece called the "Factory Girl," by a Mr. Jerrold, was also produced; would that it had been conceived by Mr. Senator Sadler, for the author's sake. It failed. Three very beautiful scenes were wasted on the occasion. As works of art, they ought not to be allowed to perish. Mr. Serell (who has been engaged here) made his first appearance as the hero: it would be ungenerous to offer an opinion of his abilities under such circumstances.

"Der Freischutz" has been again revived, and with a success that amply attests the deep impression its wild and witching music still continues to make on every ear. Braham, the ever-green, was the Rodolph; and sung with exquisite taste, and undiminished skill, the plaintive and beautiful melodies allotted to the character. We had a new Caspar in Mr. Bedford, who supported it with great credit; the drinking song well merited the encore it received. Mr. Seguin "did" the music of Bernhard, but his acting was villanously bad; as a concert singer, this gentleman is a valuable acquisition, but as an actor— whenever it is his humour to be humorous, he becomes ridiculous. Miss Betts is scarcely equal to the part of Linda; she essayed her utmost, and pleased.

But the great lion of Drury, for this month, has been the grand Pageant, "in commemoration of Scotland's immortal bard," which, in conception, is truly very happy, and in execution admirable. There are those, it is known, who condemn such an exhibition as a mock solemnity, puerile in design, and dishonouring to the memory of the departed great one; as being nothing more, in fact, than an unholy trick, to put money in the treasury, by catering, to a corrupt taste, in an excited hour. We have nothing to do with *motives*, but we differ upon the inference; for, whatever tends to call into action those feelings of respect and veneration, which the god-like attribute of genius claims at the hands of all men, is praiseworthy in itself; a wholesome incentive to those in whom it presently exists, and encouraging to the less gifted, by forcing upon their attention its immeasurable value, and the importance of cultivating what they do possess. Such feelings, however keen at first, or just, or general, are too apt to melt into speedy oblivion, unless animated and promoted by some public token of acknowledgment, some stirring occasion, by which they may be kept rife and active; and whether the public mind isi mpressed by what the cynic would call pantomimic mummeries, unworthy of a "thinking people," or by the solitary monument, admonishing, in its marble silence, the object and the act are alike

useful and justifiable. Mankind are not all philosophers; and in so far the end consecrates the means.

The scenery and the grouping were excellent, and the "Pageant," judging from its great attraction, will, no doubt, repay with interest the labour and expense which must have been bestowed upon its production.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE has undergone divers alterations since last season. A sparkling thousand-guinea chandelier depends from the ceiling; the interior of the house is made resplendent in pearl-white and burnished gold; re-covered seats, and dress circle stalls, convenient for ingress, egress, and regress; refreshment lobby, and other accommodations have been all sedulously contrived for the accommodation of a comfort-loving public.

A young gentleman with a curious name, having no foes to save him from his friends, opened the business of the season by undertaking the inarduous task of failing in Shylock; which, having fulfilled, he sagaciously retired into his pristine privacy gloryless. This achieved, the absence of Miss Kemble gave an opportunity to Miss E. Tree to exhibit her powers in the character of Julia in Knowles' comedy of "*The Hunchback*;" which seems to lose none of its influence by frequent repetition. A part so identified with the former lady, and latterly not less ably sustained by Miss Phillips, offered difficulties in the way of fame which few actresses would have been delighted to contend with. Miss Tree, however, may rejoice in her triumph. Her performance was admirable, and must have exceeded the expectations of her warmest friends; the feeling and spirit with which she pourtrayed the indignation of a slighted woman, and the striking energy of her entreaty to Master Walter, in the last act, to spare her from the marriage her passion had caused her to assent to, were most excellent, and called forth long and loud applause from all parts of the house. Mr. Knowles sustained his original character of Master Walter, and is evidently improved in his new walk of life.

The comedy of "All's Well that Ends Well" has been hashed up into an opera of three acts; but the sacrilege was not, we are glad to say, well countenanced. Mr. Jones, after a lapse of six years, reappeared in the part of Parroles, and was most flatteringly received. This old favourite, and a masque very effectively, arranged from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," were the two most pleasing novelties of this very insipid opera, by—Shakspeare!

Mr. Butler, an actor from the provinces, has made two or three successful appearances in the higher walk of tragedy. He came out in Hamlet; and his subsequent repetitions of the character appear fully to have justified the very high commendations that have been generally bestowed upon his abilities. He possesses a commanding figure, a good face, and a full sonorous voice; these physical advantages united with judgment, feeling, and apparently well-disciplined powers, make him a very valuable acquisition to Covent Garden Theatre; and his engagement reflects credit upon the discernment of M. Laporte.

The new military spectacle of "His first Campaign," is really a splendid affair; the costumes are picturesque, and the scenery most masterly, and very beautiful. The ball-room scene at the close of the first act is brilliant to magnificence. Little Miss Poole "transfixes" everybody by her clever performance; we hope the talents of this delightful child will be more enduring than precocity usually gives promise of: she is a treasure.

The "Pageant" at this house, and Mr. Knowles' version of "Waverley" appeared too late in the month to allow of notice in the present number.

THE MINORS.—These theatres, from their number, and supported by the talent consequent upon competition, have assumed a position formidable to the patent houses by rivalry in excellence, and important to the public in opening up new channels for the efflux of amusements, "various, yet the same," and of far more attainable price. Within the last three or four years they have challenged an attention they seldom previously received, and rarely deserved; and by unceasing and well-directed efforts, have, at length, fairly effected a more than equal division in the public patronage. The coincidence that exists between the metropolitan stage and the current literature of the present day, is somewhat remarkable, and might be wrought into a pleasant conceit of argument. A few years ago the great leviathans of our press, the QUARTERLY and the EDINBURGH, exercised a domination against which nothing could withstand; they were "alone in their glory," and ruled with the sceptre of a true despot; but despotism, be its aim physical or moral, seems ever to contain the seeds of its own destruction. Other lights arose; minor periodicals began to peep forth one by one, and backed by enterprise and irrepressible genius, acquired by degrees a sturdy maturity that became formidable soon and subsequently irresistible. A new era opened upon the world of letters:

and what now is the condition of the leviathans? Just so was it with the patent theatres. Neither the editors nor the managers, unluckily for themselves, appeared, in those days, to be blessed with the lights of political economy. They saw not that the population of readers, or of hearers, waxed redundant; that the demand was becoming greater than the supply; and that competition would soon assuredly spring up and produce the effects which have since been made so conspicuously visible by Mr. Macculloch and our own beloved Harriet Martineau. From this pernicious monopoly, it was (we leave untouched the question of vested rights) that the minors were originally called into existence; and by reason of gradually accumulated accessions of assistance and strength, their united power has, at last, enabled them to wage a successful fight for a participation in public favour.

There is, at this moment, scarcely a minor theatre in London that does not possess one or more *stars*, persons of established celebrity either, or of rapidly rising reputation. The pieces brought forward, generally, are compositions of the most creditable kind, clever and attractive from intrinsic merit, and valuable as incentives to literary labour in a department long and grievously neglected; while the performances are so skilful and well conducted, the scenic and decorative displays so creditable, and the management so well appointed, that no reasonable mind need regard with surprise the unequivocal encouragement these little theatres have thus received. At some of them, indeed, the proprietors have had the temerity to represent those plays which constitute what is understood by the term "legitimate drama;" and though, in consequence of legal interference, they have burned their own fingers, it has been the means of shewing the fitness of such places for such a purpose, and the evident leaning of the public taste—any thing in the Parliamentary investigation "to the contrary, notwithstanding." Without wishing to make an invidious selection, who, we would ask, that has witnessed the performance of "William Tell," "Virginius," and other "stock tragedies," at the Surry Theatre, and the very excellent acting of Osbaldiston, Elton, Mrs. West, and the rest of the corps generally, will deny that the claim is powerfully made out, that *here* have been legitimate representatives of the legitimate drama, within walls that ought to be legitimatized. The minors, by their merits, have challenged a fair share of that critical attention which is almost exclusively bestowed on their more protected rivals, the patented majors, and no apology is therefore needed for giving to them a notice more commensurate with their deserts than it has been heretofore the practice to concede.

THE OLYMPIC.—Few women can smile like Madame Vestris, and the smile that answered the hearty greeting of a closely packed audience, on the opening of this charming little theatre, was the smile of the graceful woman, as well as of the flattered actress.

It must be a pleasant thing, in truth, to see well-thronged seats and laughing faces, and a thriving treasury; to hear of theatrical distress, and feel it not. It must be a useful thing to others, moreever, for it induces thought, and makes managers reflect upon the wherefore and the why: adversity, like prosperity, rarely occurs without a cause, and when it approaches, the wit to avert it becomes wonderfully sharpened, and gives a double force to example. The only addition of moment to the last year's troop at this house is Mrs. Orger. This lady, Liston, and Madame, are a triple surety for the continuance of the success of this theatre, which, according to Charles Kemble's assertion, has hitherto exceeded that of any other in town. Vestris re-appeared as Fanny Bolton, in the old favourite of the "Grenadier," "ever verdant, ever fresh," which, like our other popular friends, the "Revels" and the "Devils," seems never tiring. A new piece called the "Water Party," launched from the pen of Mr. Dance, has proved a *hit*, and bids fair to become another of the undying ones, begotten of the Olympic. "My daughter, sir," a light one act burletta, introduced a Miss Murray, who, from not having acquired that most necessary qualification, self-possession, without which the latent abilities of a performer can never be displayed, is hardly amenable to critic law.

The house is constantly well and fully attended, it would seem.

THE SURRY.—At this house has been performed a piece called "The Tower of Nesle," a translation or an adaptation of a French original; and it has proved highly attractive. The interest never for a moment flags, for the thing is full of incident; and well it may be, when the crimes of incest, parricide, murder, and other revolting infamies, are freely made subservient to the plot. There are some good situations for the actors, of course; and Mr. Osbaldiston, Mr. Emphasis Bennet, and Mrs. West, displayed their abilities to the greatest advantage. However suitable for the exhibition of histrionic talent such plays may be, they are certainly very great abominations; for they

tend much to deprave our better taste by familiarising the mind with the most atrocious conceivable acts of guilt. It needs not the recourse to the worst passions of our nature to produce interest and mental excitement in stage performances, when our sympathies may be sufficiently called into vivid and delighted action by homely and domestic incidents of far more profitable tendency. From the number of clever people, however, who are now beginning to give themselves to dramatic composition, we hope for better things to come.

A "domestic drama," called the "Factory Lad," which is intended to depict the misery of that unhappy class of beings in its worst state, has gained great favour among those whose feelings were most likely to be interested by it. Mr. Stuart (a provincial) performs in it with much spirit. This gentleman aspires to the higher walks of the drama. He may do well in melo-drama, but we question his fitness as a substitute for Mr. Elton or Mr. Bennet, whom he has succeeded.

A series of "Tableaux," very pleasingly devised and arranged, has been got up in honour of the "great minstrel of the north." They are very effective, and exhibit great taste.

Astleys and the Coburg (the neighbouring rivals of the Surrey) are now closed, so that its rule there is none to dispute, and the house is nightly filled.

SADLER'S WELLS.—From the abdication of *Grimaldi the Great*, of joyous memory, and the extinction of the "real water"—cœval disasters—this theatre, up to the last season, had been sinking from a state of glorious renown into degradation the most pitiable. Countenanced by a community *sui generis*, artificers in bricks, excavators of the earth, and folk of that clique, Sadler's Wells was beginning to be looked upon as but a convenient arena for the congregational exercise of those abilities, in whistling, screaming, yelling, and other laryngial energies, which so pre-eminently characterised its delighted audiences. If that the performances comprehended a fair sufficiency of bandit-ruffians, rant, fighting, fire, brimstone, and devils of all degree, the pleased spectators complained not of the infecundity of dramatic authorship; they came with the two-fold purpose of being amused, and of themselves amusing; and when the curtain fell, they went their ways rejoicing. But even this could not last for ever; Tartarean horrors were wrought dry at length, and Pluto would have been puzzled to devise novelties for a sulphurated public. The "management" then desperately tried its hand at the shilling-order scheme, by which the gods, if so it squared with their pleasure, might quit their altitudes, and quaff gin cordial in the boxes; and here abomination pretty nearly reached its climax. How long time it would have taken to effect its impending self-destruction, was a subject for amicable disputation. Its career, however, was checked in a happy hour.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam, aided by a male adjuvant, and fired with the chivalry which animates her Amazonian sisters, Vestris and Waylett, came valiantly forth in the commencement of the summer season, to peril her fame and fortunes in the undertaking; since which time wonders have been indeed wrought. Some pretty Vaudevilles, good scenery, costumes clean, wholesome, and sparkling, clever men and women actors, and well-selected functionaries, have secured to her theatre that best of benefits—a good name, to herself a respectable auditory, and to it a fair and rational amusement; so that it is now no longer debasing to avow a visit to "The Wells."

The "Pet of the Petticoats," (a most infelicitous name by the by, bordering on vulgarity for the sake of a sorry alliteration,) translated by Buckstone, and garnished with some very pretty music by Barnett, has had a long and deserved *run*; other novelties, though of less attraction, yet all amusing, have rapidly succeeded. We counsel Mr. Buckstone, however, (who is a clever writer as well as a droll actor,) and all other authors and adapters whom it may concern, to mark well that nonsense is a sorry substitute for humour. Another "Little Red Man" will do more harm to his reputation than the doing into English of half a dozen "Victorines" will be able to repair: trash, however decorated, will provoke something more than a yawn. The fountain scene of "real water" was one of the most delightful things of the kind we ever saw.

Here, also, has been produced another commemoration of the "great bard," consisting of several *tableaux vivans*, illustrative of several popular scenes in his novels and poems, very ably designed and as ably executed. The representation is preceded by the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," Mrs. Fitzwilliam sustaining the character of Madge Wildfire, to which she owed all her original notoriety. Of the other performers, among whom are Mr. Manager Williams, Hunt, unquestionably the finest man on the English stage, Miss Forde and Miss Somerville, we shall speak on another occasion.

STRAND THEATRE.—This is about one of the prettiest places of amusement in London, at once homely and unexceptionable. That calamity in all others—a gallery—exists not here, and the consequent absence of all the noise and vulgarity, which invariably proceed from such a region, renders the performances doubly attractive, and gives a tone to them which the cultivated taste of a respectable assembly must of necessity impart. The theatre is compact almost, yet not to a fault, and its aspect is truly English; neat, clean, and—fie! for the inelegancy—snug to a luxury; the quiet audience can see and hear with pleasure to themselves, and advantage to the actors. No rant or facial contortions are necessary for "effect," so that the performances have the most conversational character imaginable; while the sterling merit of most of the pieces produced prevents any sense of tedium stealing over the house. The Strand Theatre (house, actors, audience, and all in lump) ought to have been summoned one night before the Parliamentary Committee, as a practical refutation of the arguments of the monopolists, and a crying rebuke to illiberal licensers. It is opened in defiance of the law; it has been threatened extermination by the law, yet it constantly exhibits that which the law is unable to enforce among those which it protects; an audience in the enjoyment of theatric pleasure, without any violation of the decencies of society, unannoyed by noisy uproar, and unpolluted by the presence of those "chaste stars" who outrage and infest every other house in London. Two mythological burlettas, called the "Loves of the Angels and of the Devils," have been severally produced with great success, both emanating from the immortal mind of Mr. L. Rede, who, like Knowles and Serle, Shakspeare and Selby, (Gods! what names to mix in one short line,) unites the qualifications of an actor with the attributes of an author. The former is a kind of paraphrastic version of Moore's prototype without the feathers, and gives to Mrs. Waylett a happy opportunity for the display of a very handsome pair of legs, and of her powers as a vocalist, in a situation so well calculated to give value to the plaintive and gentle music of her voice. Her duets with Mrs. Chapman (who is daily becoming a greater favourite) are charming; the singing of these two ladies is harmony itself.

The "Loves of the Devils" is more creditable to the author as a composition; for it may be classed as one of the cleverest and most stinging satires that have appeared on the stage. It abounds in puns and pungent allusions to the existing naughtiness of the day, whether in law, politics, or morals, and lashes human "infirmities" with merciless rigour. The acting of Mr. Rede as "——" was very good, and gave greater piquancy to this two-act sarcasm. We wish him success in his bifarious efforts.

A light amusing trifle, called "Captain Stevens," composed by Mr. Selby, who also shines in the double glory of actor and author, has been well received, whom, if we cannot compliment in the former capacity, we are ready to yield him much praise in the more distinguished character of a writer of interludes.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Poonah, on 12th February last, the Lady of Captain Stirling, commanding the 17th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, of a son.

At Gazeepore, on 20th May, the Lady of Captain Thomson, Bengal Engineers, of a daughter.

At Overton House, in the county of Cork, on 3d September, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel St. John Clerke, K.H. of a son.

At Cupar-Fife, on 3d September, the Lady of Captain Ashe, of the Bengal Army, of a son.

At Duke Street, Edinburgh, on 5th September, Mrs Waterston, of a daughter.

At Fenwick, on 11th September, Mrs Dr Currie, of a son.

At Forss, on 12th September, the Lady of James Sinclair, Esq. of a son.

At 6, Elm Row, on 14th September, Mrs Williams, of a son.

At Conisbro' Priory, on 15th September, the Lady of George Ramsden, Esq. of a daughter, still-born.

At 13, George's Square, Edinburgh, on 16th September, Mrs John Paul, of a son.

At the Forbury, Reading, on 17th September, the Lady of the Rev. F. Valpy, of a son.

On the 18th September, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Smith, of Baltiboys, county Wicklow, of a daughter.

At Uddens House, Dorset, on 20th September, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James Fraser, Bart. of a son.

On 21st September, the Lady of Sir Thomas Fellowes, of a daughter.

At Montrose, on 21st September, the wife of Captain Bertram, of a son.

At Darnhill, on 21st September, the Lady of Captain F. E. Loch, R.N., of a son.

At Hartham Park, Wilts, on 21st September, the Lady of H. Joy, Esq. of a son and heir.

At the Palace, Hereford, on 22d September, the the Hon. Mrs. Gray, of a daughter.

At 130, George Street, on 22d September, Mrs Alexander Clapperton of a daughter.

At Windsor Street, Edinburgh, on the 22d September, Mrs Maule, of a daughter.

At Craigton, on 22d September, Mrs Henry Dunlop, of a daughter.

At Goodwood, on 24th September, the Countess of Mountcharles, of a son.

At Kells Manse, on 26th September, Mrs Maitland, of a daughter.

At Letham House, near Haddington, on 26th September, the Lady of Thomas Hog, Esq. of a son.

At Tunbridge Wells, on 26th September, the Lady Catherine Bouleau, of a daughter.

At Newbyth, East Lothian, on 27th September, the Lady Anne Baird, of a son.

At Camberwell, on 27th September, Mrs Arnot, of a daughter.

At Edinburgh, on 29th September, Mrs Campbell, of Strachur, of a son and heir.

At Melborne Port, Somersetshire, on 29th September, the Lady of W. C. Medlycott, Esq. of a son.

At Garnkirk, on the 29th September, Mrs Sprott, of a daughter.

At Aldbury, Herts, on 30th September, the Lady of the Rev. James Galloway, of a daughter.

At Duddingston House, on 30th September, Mrs Hay, of a son.

At Teignmouth, Devon, on 1st October, the Lady of Richard Corbet, of Adderly Hall, Shropshire, of a son and heir.

At the Bishop's Palace, Rochester, on 1st October, the Lady of the Rev. Robert W. Shaw, Rector of Cuxton, of a son.

At Friar Bank, Jedburgh, on 2d October, the Lady of James Grant, M.D. of a son.

At 1, Hillside Crescent, Edinburgh, on 2d October, Mrs. Steuart, of a son.

At 22, Howe Street, Edinburgh, on 3d October, the Lady of James Veitch, Esq. younger of Eliock, of a daughter.

At Dunbar, on 3d October, Mrs. C. L. Sawers, of a son.

At Maxweltown, Dumfries, on 3d October, Mrs. D. B. Douie, of a son.

At Moray House, Canongate, on 3d October, Mrs. Cowan, of a son.

At Clapham Common, on 4th October, the Lady of Charles Thorold, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Military Establishment, of a daughter.

At Williamfield, on 4th October, Mrs Robert Macredie, of a daughter.

At 20, York Place, Edinburgh, on 4th October, Mrs Lee, of a daughter.

At Millfield, near Moffat, on 4th October, Mrs. Jardine, of a son.

At Moffat, on 5th October, Mrs Wm. Younger, of a son.

At Arlary, Kinross-shire, on 5th October, the Lady of G. A. Walker Arnot, Esq. of Arlary, of a son and heir.

At the Manse of Kilmancraig, on 5th October, Mrs M'Intyre, of a son.

At Edinburgh, on 5th October, Mrs Spence, 13, Montgomery Street, of a daughter.

At 20, Nicolson Street, on 5th October, Mrs Dr. Fairbairn, of a daughter.

At Valleyfield, on 6th October, Mrs C. Cowan of a daughter.

On 6th October, the Lady of the Rev. W. S. H. Braham, of the Precincts, Canterbury, of a son.

At 26, Home Street, Edinburgh, on 7th October, Mrs Renton, of a son.

At 105, Constitution Street, Leith, on 7th October, Mrs Dean, of a son.

On 7th October, the Lady of the Rev. J. Binney, of London, of a son.

At Holland House, Papa Westray, on 8th October, the Lady of George Traill, Esq. of Holland, of a son.

At Albany Street, North Leith, on 8th October, Mrs William Shiels, of a son.

On 8th October, Mrs Mathers Fleming, Moore Place, Glasgow, of a daughter.

On 8th October, Mrs Williamson, Newton Grange, of a son.

At Rempstone, on 8th October, the Lady Caroline Calcraft, of a daughter.

On 9th October, the Lady Lucy Eleanor Lowther, of a daughter.

On 9th October, the Lady of William Dugmore, Esq. barrister at law, of a daughter.

At Annfield, near Glasgow, on 9th October, Mrs G. M. Auld, of a son.

At Rockbank, Milngavie, on 9th October, Mrs Smart, of a son.

At 21, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, on 9th October, Mrs James Tod, of a daughter.

At Hethe House, Oxon, on 10th October, the Lady Louisa Slater, of a son.

At Shelfhill, on 10th October, Mrs Grieve, of a daughter.

On 11th October, Mrs Macalister of Glenbarr, of a daughter.

At 8, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, on 11th October, the Hon. Mrs Ramsay, of a son.

At Stratford Green, Essex, on 11th Oct., Mrs Alexander M'Neill of Collonsay, of a daughter.

At Trinity Terrace, Southwark, on 12th October, Mrs Tims, of a son.

At 2, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, on 12th October, Mrs Stoddart, of a son.

At the Rectory, East Clandon, on 12th October, the Lady of the Rev. Edward J. Ward, of a daughter.

At 16, Fettes Row, Edinburgh, on 14th October, Mrs William Anderson, of a daughter.

At 8, Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh, on 14th October, the Lady of William Robertson, Esq., of a son.

At 3, Great Steuart Street, Edinburgh, on 14th October, Mrs Christison, of a son.

At Coupland Castle, Northumberland, on 14th October, the Lady of Matthew Culley, Esq. of a son and heir.

At Tealington, 15th October, Mrs Fotheringham, Ocrymsoure, of a daughter, still born.

At 15, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, on 16th October, Mrs Badenoch, of a son.

At Warwick, on 15th October, Mrs Geo. Buknell, of Cadogan Place, of a daughter.

At St. Patrick Square, Edinburgh, on 17th October, Mrs Peter Tait, of a daughter.

On 19th October, the Hon. Mrs. Seymour Bathurst, of a son,

At St. Andrews Square, Edinburgh, on 20th October, the Lady of Colonel Stewart, East India Company's service, of twins.

At Edinburgh, on 20th October, the Lady of William Penny, Esq. advocate, of a son.

In Dublin, the Lady of the O'Connor Don, M.P. of a daughter.

In Great Stanhope Street, London, the Countess of Clanwilliam, of a son and heir.

The Lady of Louis Mirville, Esq. of York Gate, Regent's Park, London, of a daughter.

At Mersham Patch, the Lady of Sir E. Knatchbull, Bart. of a son.

At 35, North Hanover Street, Glasgow, Mrs James Muirhead, of a son, who survived only a few hours.

At Montague Square, London, the Lady of St. G. Caulfield, Esq. of a daughter.

At the Rectory Livermere, Suffolk, the lady of the Rev. Asgill Colville, of a son.

At Sutton Court, the Lady of Admiral Sir R. King, Bart. of a daughter.

At Tagmon, County Wexford, the wife of Mr N. White, innkeeper, of two sons and a daughter.

The Lady of Henry Tredcroft, of a son.

The wife of Mr Edwards of Tregare, Monmouthshire, of three daughters.

At York, the Lady of J. Wood, Esq. M. P. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Meerut, East Indies, on 8th March last, William Henry Graham, Esq., engineer service, to Margaret Reid, eldest daughter of George Stedman, Esq. S.S.C., writer in Kinross.

At Delhi, on 5th May last, Brigade-Major William Ramsay, Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal establishment, to Miss Susan Hay Chrichton, eldest daughter of the late William Ballantyne Chrichton, Esq., Dalkeith.

At the Cape of Good Hope, on 10th July last, Captain Robert Dampier Hallifax, of the 75th Regiment of foot, to Harriet, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomson, commanding engineer at the Cape.

At the Island of Trinidad, on 31st July last, his Excellency Major-General Sir Jervis Grant, K.C.H., Governor of Trinidad, to Isabella Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Alexander Grant, Esq. of Tullochgritan, North Britain.

At Brockville, Canada, on 15th August, Francis Robert Foote, Esq. assistant commissary general, son of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward James Foote, K.C.B., to Charlotte, daughter of Dr. Habbell, M.D.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, on 22d August, Mr. Alexander Henry of Greenock, to Jean, eldest daughter of Mr James Reid, of Edinburgh.

At Bahia, on 23d August last, Frederick Robilliard, Esq. to Juliana, second daughter of John Parkinson, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul in that province.

At Copenhagen, on 25th August, Benjamin Wolff, Esq., formerly of Calcutta, to Julia, third daughter of the late Admiral Sneednoff, Chamberlain to his Majesty, Knight Commander of the Dannebrof, &c.

At Goosnargh, on 27th August, Mr Thomas Smith of Inglewhite, to Mrs Parkington of the Field Foot of Goosnargh. The bride is in her 64th year, and has given birth to 27 children; the bridegroom is the same age, and is the father of 23. This is the seventh time of his appearance at the hymeneal altar—four times at the English church, and three at the Roman Catholic.

At Musselburgh, on 13th September, the Rev. James Forsyth, Morham, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Brown, Esq., of Gilston.

At South Ronaldshay, Orkney, on 13th September, Mr. John Brotchie of Thurso, to Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Theodor Rainy.

At St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, London, on 16th September, John Middleton Meggison, to Emilia, eldest daughter of Sharon Turner, Esq.

On 18th September, Francis Hall Tepping, second son of the late Francis Tepping of Bellurgaw Park, Esq. to Louisa, second daughter of Henry M'Clentock, Esq. collector of the post of Dundalk.

At St. James's, London, on 18th September, Frederick Seymour, Esq. to the Lady Augusta Hervey, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Bristol.

At Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, on 18th September, Lieutenant-General White of Upper Berkeley Street, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Davidson, Esq. of Swarland Park, Northumberland; and also Captain S. E. Cook, R.N., only son of the Rev. Jos. Cook, of Newton Hall, in the same county, to Dorothy Davidson, youngest daughter of the above.

At 25½, Portland Street, Laurieston, on 19th September, Alexander Mitchell, Esq. of Peterhead, to Catherine, third daughter of the late Mr. George Cadenhead, supervisor of Excise.

At Thrumster, on 19th September, James Gregg, Esq., advocate, Sheriff-substitute of Caithness-shire, to Williamina, youngest daughter of James Innes, Esq., of Thrumster.

At the residence of the British Ambassador, Berne, on 19th September, Charlotte, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir John Foster, Fitzgerald, K.C.B., to Otho Leopold Baron Ende, Chamberlain to his Majesty King of Saxony.

At Bolney, Sussex, on 20th September, H. C. Huntly, Esq. R.N., third son of the late Rev. R. Huntly, of Boxwell Court, Gloucestershire, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Skinner of Chesterfield Street, Mayfair.

At Dumfries, on 20th September, James Dykes, Esq., writer, Port-Glasgow, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Pagan, Esq., St. Catherine's House, Dumfries.

At South Stonehaven Church, on 20th September, Captain Lewis Shedden, late of the 15th Hussars, eldest son of Colonel Shedden of the Elms, Symington, to Agnes, only child of the late James Eastmont, Esq. of India Street, Edinburgh.

At Dollar Bank, on 24th September, Mr D. Scott, Edinburgh, to Alison, second daughter of the late Adam Allan, Esq. of Bushel Hill, Berwickshire.

At Edinburgh, on 24th September, Mr. George Goldie, accountant, to Marion, eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Anderson, 40, Hanover Street.

At Belgrave, near Leicester, on 25th September, Mr William Charles of Huntingdon, to Anne Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Barnart of Herts.

At Clapham, on 25th September, Major Casson of the Bombay Army, to Emma, third daughter of Dr. Mann, Borrows of Larkhall Rise, Clapham.

At Nicholas's Church, Great Yarmouth, on 25th September, Richard Gwyn, Esq. of Long-Stratton in Norfolk, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Isaac Preston, Esq. of Great Yarmouth.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on 25th September, the Honourable Russell Barrington, to Maria, only daughter of the late John Lyon, Esq. of Hetton House, in the county of Durham.

At Teignmouth, on 25th September, James Staunton Lambert, Esq. M.P., to the Honourable Camden Elizabeth, only child of the late Camden Gray, ninth Lord Kidcudbright.

At Footing Church, on 25th September, the Rev. Benjamin Chapman, Rector of Westley, Cambridgeshire, to Laura Maria, eldest daughter of the late Jonathan Wilson, Esq. of Footing Common.

At Heath Cottage, near Inverness, on 26th September, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Robertson, of the Bombay Army, to Harriet, second daughter of Robert Peirson, Esq. of Riga.

At London, on 26th September, Robert Paton, Esq W.S., to Isabella, only daughter of Thomas Phipps, Esq. London.

At Tyningham, on 26th September, Mr. James Forest, Baker, Belhaven, to Jane, the daughter of Mr Adam Dickson, Tyningham.

At Aberdeen, on 27th September, John Smith, junr. Esq. advocate, to Margaret, daughter of William M'Kinnan, Esq.

At Arden, Lanarkshire, on 27th September, James Winstanley, Esq. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Christian Speid, youngest daughter of Robert Jamieson, Esq. W.S.

At Kensington Church, on 27th September, William Trighi Hamilton, Esq. barrister-at-law, to Ann Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Major-General the Hon. Sir William Ponsonby, K.C.B.

At the New Church, St. Marylebone, on 27th September, Horatio Clagget, Esq. to Letitia, only daughter of Charles Day, Esq. of Hartley House, New Road.

At 27, Albany Street, Edinburgh, on 28th September, N. Gordon Cobbett, Esq. R.N. second son of the late James Cobbett Porterfield, Esq. of Porterfield, to Margaret, daughter of Patrick Borthwick, Esq.

At Kirkbride, on 1st October, Montgomery Cunninghame, Esq. second son of Sir James Montgomery Cunninghame, Bart. of Corsehill and Kirktonholm, to Miss Charlotte Niven D. Hutcheson, of Southfield.

At Charley, Sussex, on 2d October, the Rev. Charles Goring, to Maria Arabella, eldest daughter of General the Hon. Frederick St. John.

At Collegiate Church, Southwell, on 2d October, Hugh Bruce Campbell, Esq. of Nottingham, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of E. Werge, Esq. of Hargreave Park, in that county.

At Linlithgow, on 2d October, Robert Speeden, Esq. tanner there, to Elsie, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Knowles, Minister.

At Smith's Place, on 2d October, Mr. R. C. Smart, engraver, Edinburgh, to Emily Margaret, daughter of Mr. Samuel Morton.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, on 2d October, Captain R. Wetherell, of the Royal Sussex Militia, eldest son of the Rev. Richard Wetherell of Pashley House, Sussex, to Editha Lee Tebitt, of Park Farm, Hawkhurst, Kent.

At Glasgow, on 4th October, William Todd, Esq. merchant, Cork, to Miss Helen King, daughter of the late John King, Esq. of Fowlwood.

At Knockdrin Castle, near Mullingar, on 4th October, Viscount Forbes, to Frances Mary, daughter of William Ferritt, Esq. of Chilton Hall, Suffolk.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, on 4th October, Lewis Robert, youngest son of John Bellamy, Esq., of the House of Commons, to Harriette Jane, second daughter of the late William Gunnell, Esq., of Margate.

By special license, at Tralee, on 6th October, Maurice O'Connell, Esq. M.P. for the county of Clare, to Mary Frances, only daughter of Blinden Scott, Esq. of Cahercon.

At Moffat, on 8th October, the Rev. Coll Tur-

ner, minister of the Scottish Church, Workington, to Jessy, second daughter of Alexander Craig, Esq. Burnbraes.

At Ludhope, Roxburghshire, on 9th October, John Murray, Esq. M.D, to Colin, youngest daughter of Archibald Gibson, Esq. W.S.

At Paisley, on 9th October, James Orr, Esq. Crofthead, to Catherine, daughter of the late William Orr, Esq.

At Wishaw, on 9th October, Mr. James Hamilton, of New Orleans, to Miss Jane, daughter of the late William Duncan, Esq. writer in Hamilton.

At Astbury Church, on 10th October, Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bart. of Duntreath, Stirlingshire, to Emma, daughter of Randle Wilbraham, Esq. of Rode Hall, in the county of Chester.

At Christ Church, London, on 10th October, Joseph Delpratt, Esq. only son of the late Samuel Delpratt, Esq. of Jamaica, to Sarah Elenor, only daughter of the late Henry B. Barnard, Esq. of Cave Castle, Yorkshire.

At Moy, on 10th October, Thomas Brook, Esq. of Lough Esk, county Donegal, to Miss Donilly, of Blackwater Town.

At the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Suffield, on 11th October, James Russell, Esq. of Aden, to Miss Caroline Lambton, of Gunton Park, Norfolk.

At Addington, Surrey, on 12th October, the Rev. J. Adolphus Wright, youngest son of Ichabod Wright, Esq. of Mapperley Nolls, to Harriet Elizabeth, youngest daughter of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At St Mary's Church, Cheltenham, on 13th October, Henry Hargreaves, Esq. of Manchester, and of Thistle Mount, near Rochdale, Lancashire, to Catharine, sole daughter of Charles James, Esq. of Ham Common, near Richmond, Surrey.

At St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on 13th October, Mr George Mitchell Tweedie, to Janette Harietta, youngest daughter of the late Mr Jean Antoino Chaband of Louisanne, Switzerland.

At Kilbirnie, on the 15th October, Mr Alexander Spiers, surgeon, Bath, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr James Allan of Bridgend, Kilbirnie.

At Perth, on 16th October, Captain R. Matthews, 38th regiment, to Catherine, daughter of the late Andrew Mackenzie, Esq. of Greensburn.

At Glasgow, on 16th Ociober, the Rev. William Carswell of Eaglestram, to Mary, second daughter of the late Thomas Cuthbertson, Esq. of Lyon Cross.

On 17th October, George Reid, Esq. to Sarah Isabella, youngest daughter of the Rev. William Holmes.

At Whitefield, Suffolk, on 16th October, Sidney Smith Dipnall, Esq. of the Grove, Camperwall, Surrey, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Taylor Hecks, Esq. of Chattsham Place, in the same county.

At Edinburgh, on the 18th October, William Alexander, Esq. W.S. to Jessy Merçer, daughter of Alexander Gordon, Esq. 7, Windsor Street.

At Ross Priory, Dumbartonshire, on 19th October, Alexander Wellesley Leith, Esq advocate, eldest son of Major-General Sir George Leith, Bart., to Jemima Jean, second daughter of the late Hector Macdonald Buchanan, Esq. of Ross and Drumakel.

At All Souls, Marylebone, London, the Rev. J. W. Lockwood, rector of Chelsea, to Alicia, daughter of the late S. Davis, Esq. of Portland Place.

At Bath, W. Leaf, Esq. of Manchester, to Miss Rose, sister of Sir G. Rose.

At Bidworth, Notts, E. L. Crewe, Esq. of Repton Park, Derby, brother of Sir G. Crewe, Bart., to Caroline, daughter of Lieutenant-General Need, of Fountain Dale, Notts.

At Broomley, Kent, Lieut.-Colonel Tweedy, Bombay army, to Miss Veitch of Bromley.

At the Chapel of the British Ambassador, Paris, J. Brogden, Esq. to Ernestine Matilda Sophia, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel W. Perks.

At Herriard, Hants, T. Fitzgerald, Esq. of Dover Street, to Sarah, only child of the late Major R. P. Jervoise, of the Royal Dragoons.

At Middleton, Cork, M. C. Forster, R.N., son of Colonel Forster, Gatcombe, Hants, to Mary, daughter of Sir J. Wallis and Lady Harriet Hoare, and niece of the Marquis of Thomond.

At Richmond, the Rev. P. Jacob, to Anna, eldest, and the Rev. J. Money, to Charlotte, third daughter, of the Hon. and Rev G. Noel

At Rostrever, Ireland, G. Bagot, son of M. Gossett, Esq. Viscount of Jersey, and Nephew to Sir W. Gossett, Under Secretary for Ireland, to Charlotte, daughter of J. Douglas, Esq. Belfast.

At St. Albans, J. A. Gordon, Esq. M.P. to Emma, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Wolley of Clifton.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, the Rev. R. A. Scott, to C. F. White, daughter of Lieutenant-General White.

At Twickenham, K. K. Ashford, Esq. son of W. Ashford, Esq., nephew to the Duchess Dowager of Roxburgh, to Maria Cordelia, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel, and the Hon. Mrs Espinasse of Twickenham.

At St. Pancras, London, G. J. P. White, Esq. M.A., professor of mathematics of the New London University, to Dorothy, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Watford, Esq. of Cambridge.

DEATHS

At Calcutta, on 8th April, Lieutenant Robert M'Farlane Campbell, 33d Native Infantry.

At Tobago, on 11th April last, Captain Black, of the 19th Regiment, formerly belonging to the 74th.

At sea, on 12th May last, on board his Majesty's steam-vessel Pluto, off Princes' Island, Bight of Biafra, Africa, James Rae, assistant-surgeon, eldest son of John Rae, of Myre Isle, Orkney.

At Ahmednagur, on 18th June last, Home, eldest son of James Brydon, Esq. M.D. surgeon, Bombay.

At Turks' Islands, West Indies, on 12th July last, Mr James Brydon, assistant-staff-surgeon, son of the late James Brydon, Esq. surgeon, Peebles.

At St. David's, Jamaica, on 5th August, Alexander Hamilton, second surviving son of the Rev. J. M. Robertson Livingston.

At Savannah, Georgia, on 6th August last, Thomas Young, Esq. eldest son of the late Rev. Thomas Kettle, minister of Leuchars.

At Quebec, on 11th August, Andrew Moir, Esq. merchant there.

At New York, in August last, Alexander, second son of the late Mr James Cooper, upholsterer, Edinburgh.

At Halifax, Nova Scotia, on 22d August last, Mr James Wilkie, a native of Fifeshire.

At Statten Island, New York, on 26th August last, John Stoddart, second son of Mr Lockhard Stoddart, farmer, Pentland, Damhead.

At Quebec, on 28th August, Mr Edward Atkinson

At Campbeltown, Argyllshire, on 1st September, Mrs Mary M'Murchy, of that place.

At Lausanne, Switzerland, on 6th September, Louisa, the wife of Sir Thomas Dalrymple Beaketh, of Ruffordhall, Lanchashire, Bart.

At Denbie House, on 7th September, Mrs Mary Irving, relict of Colonel Carruthers, of Denbie.

At Jersey, on 8th September, Horatio, second son of Captain Thomas Power, of Guernsey.

At Dublin, on 11th September, the Rev. William Woolsey of Priorland, county of Lowth, Ireland, rector of Kilsaron.

At Otteringham Hall, on 11th September, Charlotte, the wife of Captain Boss, R.N.

On 11th September, R. Hicks, Esq. of Afton House, Isle of Wight.

At Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square, London, on 12th September, the Lady of the late B. Wes', Esq. President of the Royal Academy.

At Brighton, on 12th September, Edward Michael Ward, Esq. Minister Plenipotentiary at Dresden.

At Evington, Kent, on 12th September, Sir John Courtenay Honywood, Bart.

At 11, Heriot Row, on 12th September, Frances, youngest daughter of John Cay, Esq. advocate.

On 12th September, George Bettesworth, Esq Lieutenant, R.N. third son of J. B. Trevanion, Esq. of Carhay's Castle, Cornwall.

At Southfield, county of Stirling, on 12th September, Mrs Henry John Taylor.

At Paisley, on 13th September, William Gilmour, Esq. provost, and eldest bailie of Paisley.

At Contenthuss, near Mid-Calder, on 14th September, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Nicol, Hewats Mill.

At Dundas Castle, on 14th September, Mrs Dundas, senior, of Dundas.

At Wrinted Court, in Kent, on 14th September, William Cook, Esq. one of his Majesty's Council, and a Bencher of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn

Drowned, in the Lake of Como, on 15th September, Captain Lock.

In Fern's Court, Kevin Street, Dublin, on 15th September, Aaron Botts, a Chelsea extra-pensioner, aged 106.

At 6, Huntly Street, Edinburgh, on 15th September, Helen Scott, wife of Mr David Burn, merchant in Leith.

At Prestwick, on 15th September, Mr John White.

On 15th September, Thomas Farrance, Esq. of Ludgate Street and Norwood, Surrey.

At Ayr, on 16th September, Mr James Sprent, student of medicine.

At Brighton, on 16th September, Mr R. Patching, of the Society of Friends; also his widow, Jane, on the 17th.

At Dunbar, on 16th September, Charles, son of Mr Kelly.

At Edinburgh, on 16th September, Mr David Steele.

At the Manor House, Stokesley, on 16th September, the Rev. Henry Hildyard.

On the 16th September, the Rev. Joseph Shinglewood, of Chegnal, St. James, Essex.

At the Vicarage, Llangollen, on 16th September, Field-Marshal Sir Alured Clark, G.C.B.

At Woodhall, on 16th September, the Right Hon. Lady Ellinor Campbell, wife of Walter Frederick Campbell of Islay, M.P. and eldest daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March.

At Glasgow, on 17th September, Mrs Margaret Davidson, wife of the Rev. Dr Smith.

At Leamington, Warwickshire, on 17th September, Lady Georgiana Buckley, in the 66th year of her age.

At West Pilton, near Edinburgh, on 17th September, Robert Curror, M.D. late of Demerara.

On 17th September, George James, Esq. of Hampton Wick, Middlesex.

At Ballingtemple, near Newry, on 18th September, the Rev. H. Boyd.

At 11, West Nile Street, Glasgow, on 18th September, Robert Shirra, Esq. Calenderer.

At Westbrook Park, Herts, on 18th September, the Right Hon. Richard Ryder.

At Cromarty House, on 19th September, Sir Michael B. Clark, Knight, Physician General, and Member of his Majesty's Privy Council, Jamaica.

At Gellymill, on 19th September, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late George Robinson, Esq. Banff.

At Ballyvaston, parish of Rathmullan, on 20th September, Mr Hervey Murphy, aged 103 years.

At Fort-William, on 20th September, the Right Rev. Dr Ronald M'Donald, Roman Catholic Bishop.

At King Street, Perth, on 20th September, Miss Amelia Hunter.

At Edinburgh, on 21st September, Mrs Christina M'Kay, relict of the late Mr Joseph Finney, optician.

At Gowan Street, Hutchesontown, on 21st September, Mr William M'Queen.

At 24, Hill Street, Edinburgh, on 21st September, Helen, fourth daughter of the late William Drover.

At Inverness, on 21st September, Dr. George Forbes, physician.

At Sansaw, near Shrewsbury, on 21st September, Martha, wife of the Rev. Dr. Gardner, Rector of St Philips, Birmingham, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield.

At Carmel, on 22d September, Mr Andrew Aitken, and in the course of an hour after, Mrs Isabella Aitken, his mother.

On 22d September, Thomas Clark, Esq. one of the surgeons of the Lincoln County Hospital.

At Edinburgh, on 23d September, Mr Lachlan Shaw, printer.

At Huntingdon Lodge, Dumfries, on 20th September, Dr John Laing.

At 1, Salisbury Road, Newington, on 23d September, Alexander Ross, merchant.

At Woolwich, on 23d September, the Right Hon. Lady Emily Macleod.

At Hastings, on 25th September, Lieut.-Col. Edward Earsley Welmot, of the royal horse artillery.

At 7, London Street, Edinburgh, on 25th September, Mr. Walter Turnbull, accountant of Excise, youngest son of Mr Wm. Turnbull, architect, Peebles.

At 8, South Frederick Street, Edinburgh, on 25th September, Captain William Fogo, of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal service.

At Anstruther Easter, on 26th September, Mr James Kyle, messenger-at-arms.

At the Hill Artley, near Stowport, on 26th September, Mr Richard Watson, of Kidderminster.

At 86, Lombard Street, London, on 26th September, Mr W. B. Smith, cutler.

At the Manse of Dunbog, on 26th September, the Rev. James Keyden.

At Perth, on 26th September, Jane Margaret Rose, wife of the Rev. John Johnston.

At Portsmouth, on 26th September, Henrietta Elizabeth, second daughter of Captain Rainier, C. B. of his Majesty's ship Britannia.

At Swainstone, Isle of Wight, on 26th September, Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, Bart.

At Warriston, Edinburgh, on 26th September, Miss Agnes Greig, daughter of the late Alexander Greig, Esq.

At Woodside, near Kelso, on 26th September, Mrs Ann Park, relict of the late Edward Park, Esq. Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

At Dickson's Park, Piershill, on 27th September, Robert Murray, youngest son of Robert M'Kerlie, Esq.

At Dunbar, on 27th September, Mr George Turnbull, surgeon.

At Eldon Square, Newcastle, on 27th September. Walter Skerret, Morson, Esq. M.D.

At Summer Hill, Dublin, on 27th September, Lord Viscount Harberton.

At St Ann's Hill, Wandsworth, on 27th September, Robert Smith, Esq. F.R.S. and F.A.S.

At 31, Clerk Street, Edinburgh, on 28th September, Mr D. Davidson, smith.

At Dundee, on 28th September, John Rutherford, builder,

At the house of his sister, Mrs Livins, near Bedford, on 28th September, Joseph Foster Barham, Esq. of Trecurn, in the county of Pembroke.

At Broke, Halsted, Kent, on 29th September, Peter Pemell, Esq.

At Nicolson Square, Edinburgh, on 29th September, William, infant son of J. Henderson, merchant.

At 13, James's Street, Edinburgh, on 29th September, Mr John Walker, japanner.

On 29th September, George Schroder, Esq. of Stratford Green.

At Broad Street Buildings, London, on 30th September, Mrs Helen Stevenson, relict of the late Hugh Usher, Esq.

At Brighton, on 30th September, Lord De Clifford.

At Dumfries, on 30th September, John Bryden, Esq. wine merchant.

At Edinburgh, on 30th September, Mr George Mirry, tobacconist.

At King Street, Glasgow, on 30th September, Mary Muirhead, wife of Mr Thomas Marshall, merchant.

At Maryborough, 30th September, Mary, the wife of Major C. Leslie, King's Royal Rifles, and youngest daughter of the late Sir Charles Halloway, Royal Engineers.

At Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, on 30th September, Isabella, eldest daughter of Sir W. Milman, Bart.

At Ayr, on 1st October, Mrs Tulloch, relict of Alexander Tulloch, Esq. of Burgie.

At 52, West Nile Street, Glasgow, on 1st October, William Lang, Esq.

On 1st October, Mr Malcolm Morison, merchant, St Andrew Street, Edinburgh.

At Lorient, on 2d October, General Dalrymple, late of the 3d regiment of guards.

At Mudford, Christ Church, Hants, on 2d October, Jane, the wife of Sir George Shee, Bart.

At Blackheath, on 3d October, Beatrice Austin, relict of James Stewart, Esq.

At Buckhaven, on 3d October, Bell Philip, wife of Mr Thomas Morgan, innkeeper there.

At 40, Claremont Street, Edinburgh, on 3d October, Mrs Janet Atken, wife of John Robb, builder.

At Edinburgh, on 3d October, Grace Napier, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Henry Laurie, minister of the parish of Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire.

At 4, Heriot Row, on 3d October, Mrs Christine Jameson, wife of James Robert Hart, Esq. of Drumcross-hall.

At 15, India Street, Edinburgh, on 3d October, Sir George Atkinson, late of Hillsborough, county of Down.

At Manchester, on 3d October, Henry Murray Scott, Esq., 83d regiment, eldest son of the late William Scott, Esq., Receiver General of the Isle of Man.

At 25, Regent Terrace, Edinburgh, on 3d October, Mr William Marshall, jeweller.

On 3d October, Maria, the wife of R. Hillard, Esq. of Stockwell Place School, Surrey.

At Cupar Fife, on 4th October, Mr David Gray, merchant.

At Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, on 4th October, Major-General Sir Alexander Bryce, K.C.B. of the Royal Engineers.

At Leith, on 4th October, Helen Turnbull, spouse of Mr Robert Neilson, cooper there.

At Whitefield House, Leith Walk, on 4th October, Captain Richard Ferguson of his Majesty's 2d regiment of Dragoon Guards.

At his house, 41, York Place, Edinburgh, on 4th October, Alexander Burns, Esq. W.S.

At 38, Minto Street, Newington, Edinburgh, on 4th October, John Chambers, clothier.

At Dunfermline, on 5th October, Mrs. Janet Alexander Harrowar, wife of James M'Farlane, writer.

At Edinburgh, on 5th October, John Hamilton, Esq. Receiver, General of His Majesty's Customs for Scotland.

On 5th October, James, only son of Mr John Cuthbertson, builder, Rose Street, Edinburgh.

At his father's house, 14, Carlton Street, Edinburgh, on 6th October, John, second son of E. P. Wilgress, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Artillery.

At Walham Cross, on 6th October, George L. F. Winfield, Esq. S. C. L. Pembroke College, University of Oxford.

At Langlands House, Kilmarnock, on 6th October, William Ranken, Esq. Chief Magistrate of Kilmarnock.

At Leith, on 7th October, John Thorburn, Esq. merchant.

At Lixmount, on 7th October, Mrs Williamson Ramsay of Maxton.

At her house, 10, Hart Street, Edinburgh, on 7th October, Mrs Brodie, relict of the late Mr. William Brodie, writer.

At Gallowgate, on 8th October, Mary Dickie, wife of Mr. Robert Shallond, merchant, Glasgow.

At Garnkirk, on 8th October, the infant daughter of Mark Sprott, Esq.

On 8th October, the Rev. Robert Hamilton of Kensington Square, D.D., vicar of St. Olave's Jewry, and St. Martin's, Ironmonger Lane.

At Edinburgh, on the 9th October, aged 14, the Hon. Alexander Kennedy, second son of the late Earl of Cassillis.

At 23, Forth Street, Edinburgh, on 9th October, Jane Henderson, infant daughter of James Greig, junior, W. S.

At Edinburgh, on the 9th October, Margaret, daughter of the deceased James Fogo, Esq. of Killorn.

At Dumfries, on 9th October, Mr. John MacMinn, merchant.

At 3, Moray Street, Edinburgh, on 9th October, William Bertram, Esq. late merchant, Leith.

At Newbigging, on the 9th October, Elizabeth Swinton, spouse of George Robertson, upholsterer there.

On 9th October, Mr Samuel Watkins, of Upper Charles Street, Northampton Square; and on the 15th October, Mrs Margaret Watkins, his wife.

On 9th October, Mr. J. Clarke, sawyer.

At Dalkeith, on 10th October, Mr. Robert Aitken, merchant.

At Dumfries, on 10th October, John M'Gie, Esq. surgeon.

At Dunfermline, on 10th October, Mrs Birrell, relict of Mr William Birrell, manufacturer there.

At Edinburgh, on 10th October, Mr George Watson, bookseller, College Street.

At 131, West Regent Street, Glasgow, on 10th October, Mr Alexander Buchanan, Old Monkland.

At Bath, on 10th October, James Stephen, Esq.

At Union Street, Glasgow, on 10th October, Mr. Robert Aitken, wine-merchant.

At Dumfries, on 11th October, Mr. James Thomson, architect.

At Clapham, on 11th October, the Rev. John Ovington.

At Pimlico, on 11th October, Mr. Thomas Hardy.

At 110, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, on the 13th October, Professor Archibald Baird of St. Andrews.

At Sprouston Manse, on 12th October, the Rev. Ninian Trotter.

On 12th October, Thomas Scott, Esq. eldest son of Carteret Scott, Esq. of Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

At Wheatfield, on 12th October, Margaret, daughter of Thomas Peat, Esq. W. S.

At Queen's Square, Westminster, on 13th October, George Gregory, Esq.

At 8, Atholl Place, Edinburgh, on 13th October, Mrs. Isabella Adam, relict of the late Robert Brown, W. S.

At Symington House, Gala Water, on 15th October, Mr William Berwick, brewer, Edinburgh.

On 16th October, William, fourth son of the late Mr. Norie.

At Dalkeith, on 16th October, Peter L. Torrance, son of George Torrance, baker, Edinburgh.

At Bath, C. Roberts, Esq. late of his Majesty's Receipt of Exchequer.

At Beakesbourne, Mrs Hopper, aged 80; also, Mrs. Foster, aged 82.

At Aldburgh, Suffolk, on the 14th October, the Rev. David Reid.

On 16th October, the Rev. Henry Godfrey D.D. President, Queen's College, Cambridge.

On 16th October, at Gore House, Kensington Gore, the Hon. Thomas Windsor.

At St. John's Wood, on 18th October, Sophia, second daughter of George Swayne, Esq.

At Breage, Cornwall, Mrs. Thomasine Symons.

At Brighton, Lady Ball, relict of Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Ball, Bart.

At Charmouth, Dorset, Captain G. Sidney Smith, R.N.

At Falkestone, Mr. Thomas Pilcher.

At Halifax, the Rev. Robert Elliot of Preston.

At Hothfield, the seat of Earl Thanet, Henry Sutton, Esq.

At Kennington, Susannah, wife of J. Emerson, Esq. of his Majesty's Customs.

At Little Hampton, Hannah, mother of Sir S. R. Meyrick, of Goodrich Court.

At Ipswich, Mrs Priscilla Wakefield.

At Ketteringham, Norfolk, Frances, daughter of N. W. Peach, Esq. M P.

At Furnival's Inn, London, Mr Alexande Barry, Lecturer on Chemistry at Guy's Hospital.

At his residence, Trent Park, John Cumming, Esq.

In Clonmel, W. Carson, Esq. proprietor and editor of the *Clonmel Advertiser*.

In Taunton, Mary Trewren, widow of the late T. Trewren, Esq. Cornwall, and sister of Sir T. Hare, Bart. Norfolk.

Lately, Donald MacDonald, a Gaelic bard.

In the Poor House of St. Mary, Lichfield, Ann Jenney, in her 104th year.

In Paris, G. Condorcet O'Connor, son of Lieutenant-General Arthur O'Connor.

Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker, late of his Majesty's 20th Regiment.

Lately, at Montrose, Sarah Susannah, eldest daughter of the late Sir David Ogilvy, Bart. of Barras.

Mr. W. H. Remington, forty years ago the "Charles Surface" and "Puff" of the Liverpool Company, and prompter at York and Hull.

On his passage from the Mauritius, Lieutenant H. Lang, R.N. son of the late R. Lang, Esq. of Moor Park.

Richard Hotham of Handsworth, of the Society of Friends.

At Relugas, Moray, Lucy Anne Drew, daughter of the late J. Drew, Esq. and the late Lady Susan Douglas, and niece to Earl Dunmore.

At Richmond, Lady William Wynn, relict of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

The Rev. George Crane, Clerk of the parish of Ardglass.

At Tunbridge Wells, the Hon. and Rev. H. Duncombe, rector of Ruby Misperton, near Pickering, son of Lord Feversham.

The Rev. J. Griffiths, vicar of St. Margaret's, Rochester, and rector of Hinxhill, near Ashford.

The Duchess de Coigny, mother-in-law of General Sebastiani.

At 19, Dundas Street, Edinburgh, Catherine Horne, relict of Mr. Alexander Hay, leather-merchant, Kirkaldy.

At 2, Madeira Street, North Leith, Captain John Thomson, late of the 3d Royal Veteran Battalion.

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